

AM I WRONG ABOUT RADIO?" ASKS GEORGE M. COHAN

Radio Stars

APRIL
CENTS

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE



HERE'S TO *Irresistible* YOU!



Here's to Irresistible YOU . . . a toast and a challenge! There IS an Irresistible YOU whether you have discovered it or not. To be irresistible, is the art of being a woman. To help you to be irresistible, is the art of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

You'll discover your own allure through the thrilling emotional lift of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It is lasting and as exciting as champagne, gay as cocktails for two. There is further allure in the tender texture of Irresistible Face Powder and in the provocative challenge of Irresistible Lip Lure, the new lipstick. Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.



BUY
Irresistible
PERFUME and BEAUTY AIDS

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. FACE POWDER. ROUGE. LIP LURE. MASCARA. COLD CREAM. COLOGNE. BRILLIANTINE. TALC

Savage!

SAYS
DEBUTANTE

**A DEBUTANTE AND A
DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT
A RIB OF BEEF**

Sensible!

SAYS
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to combat "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is IPANA and MASSAGE)

IN THIS PICTURE, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad... And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally,

gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

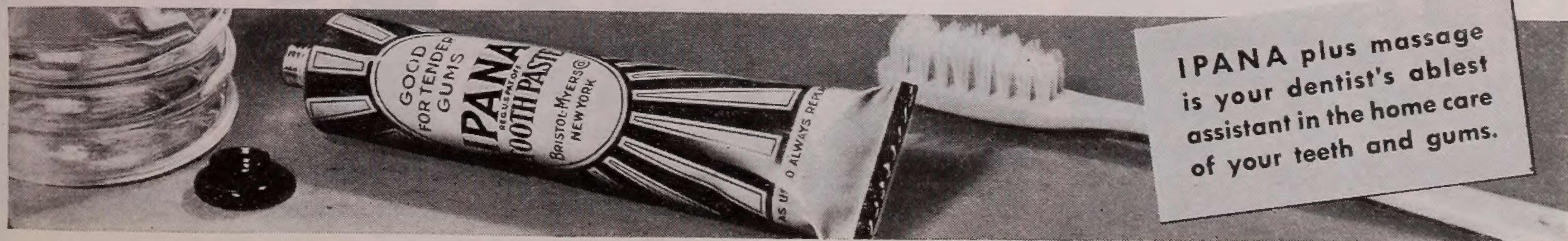
"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage... You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a

little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.



IPANA plus massage
is your dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.

RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE Art Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

29 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

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OVERNIGHT I LOST THAT DIZZY AND BILIOUS FEELING

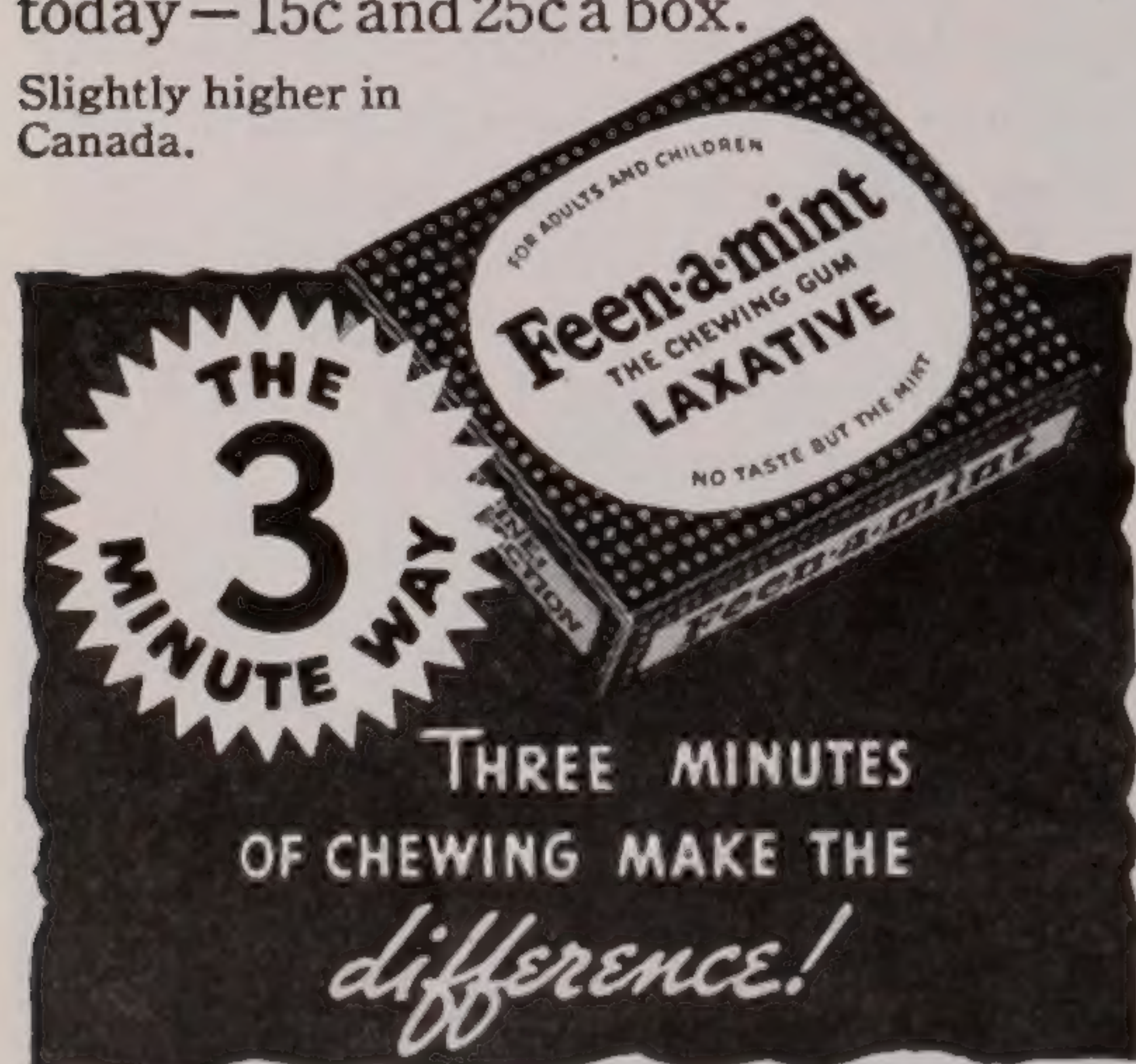


**TODAY I FEEL
LIKE A MILLION!**

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today — 15c and 25c a box.

Slightly higher in
Canada.



THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"

MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke

LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anna Held

VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl

FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's life-long rival

FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie herself

LEON ERROL
With his trick knee

GILDA GRAY
The original "Shimmy" Girl, herself

RAY BOLGER
Eccentric Dancing Sensation

NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man

ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all

HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star

REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager

A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers

BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Cantor

JOSEPH CAWTHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld

W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman

RAYMOND WALBURN
Sage, Ziegfeld's Press Agent

JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld's protegee

HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer

WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck

200 — GLORIFIED GIRLS — 200
Costumes by ADRIAN

Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY MCGUIRE

Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

HUNT STROMBERG
Producer

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman
2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified... great Ziegfeld stars... the melodies he made immortal... and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life... his tempestuous romance with Anna Held... his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke... All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!

BOARD OF REVIEW

OUR NEW SYSTEM

With this issue of RADIO STARS the system of rating the various radio programs changes. The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25%, and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine.

HOW DO YOUR FAVORITES RANK IN THE RATINGS?

Lester C. Grady
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.
Richard Peters
Knoxville News-Sentinel, Knoxville, Tenn.

Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
Si Steinhauer
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.
Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.

Larry Wolters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.
H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.
Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Haefner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew W. Foppe
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal

1. **THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS)**94.0%
Consistently the most popular.
2. **FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY—VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS)**...85.0
Listeners are symphony-minded this season.
3. **FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC)**...83.4
Recent winner of our Distinguished Service award.
4. **GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC)**82.2
Ultra-ultra guest stars with Erno Rapee conducting the symphony.
5. **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS)**...82.1
Lily Pons and Nino Martini on alternate evenings. Distinctive.
6. **LAWRENCE TIBBETT WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS)**....81.6
Gusto, but as you like it.
7. **VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEAKS, AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC)**.....81.3
Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks lending an occasional but unneeded helping hand.
8. **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC)**.....80.6
Regaining much of its former popularity.
9. **FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) (NBC)**.....80.1
One of Fred's many specialties is convincingly rearranging opera to sound like jazz or vice versa.
10. **TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC)**....79.0
Leading all comedy programs, the material being so good and Fred Allen so capable in dispensing it.
11. **JELLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)**78.3
Fred Allen's strongest competition.
12. **PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (CBS)**77.9
Favorite operettas, skillfully produced and featuring prominent guest stars.

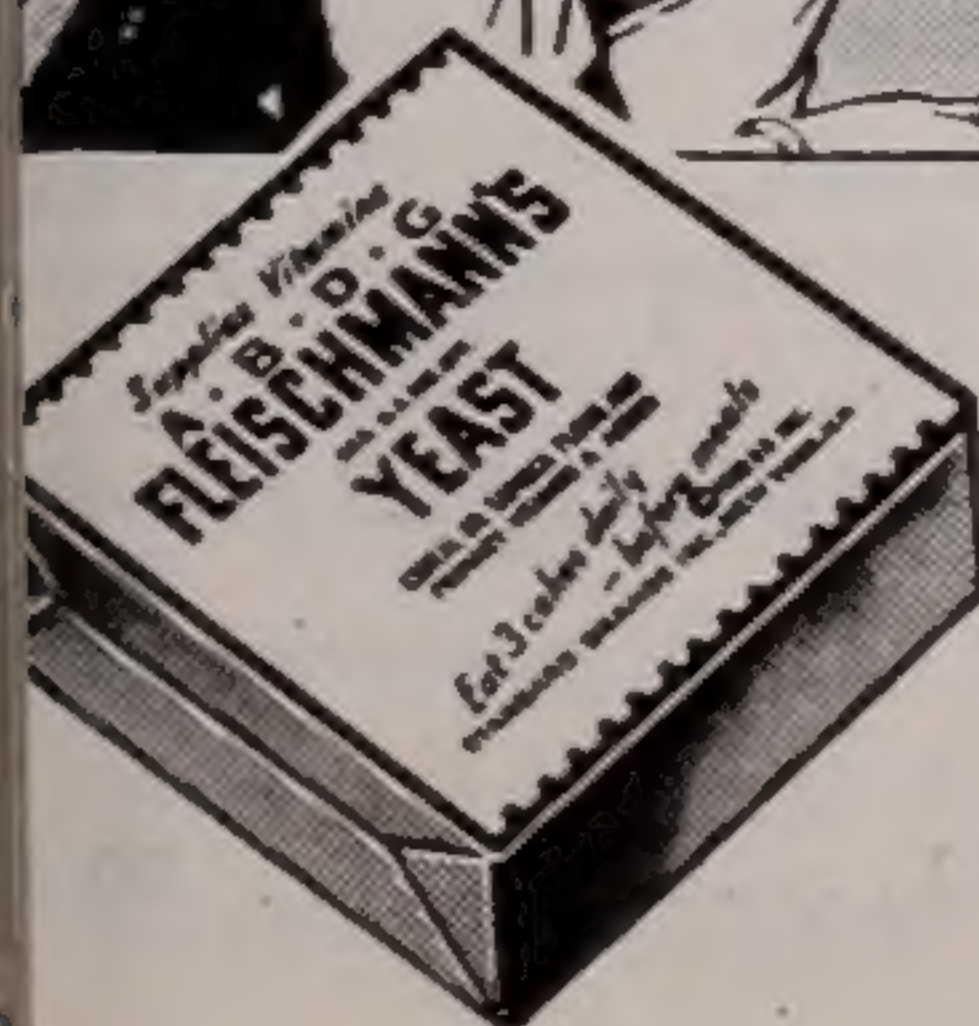
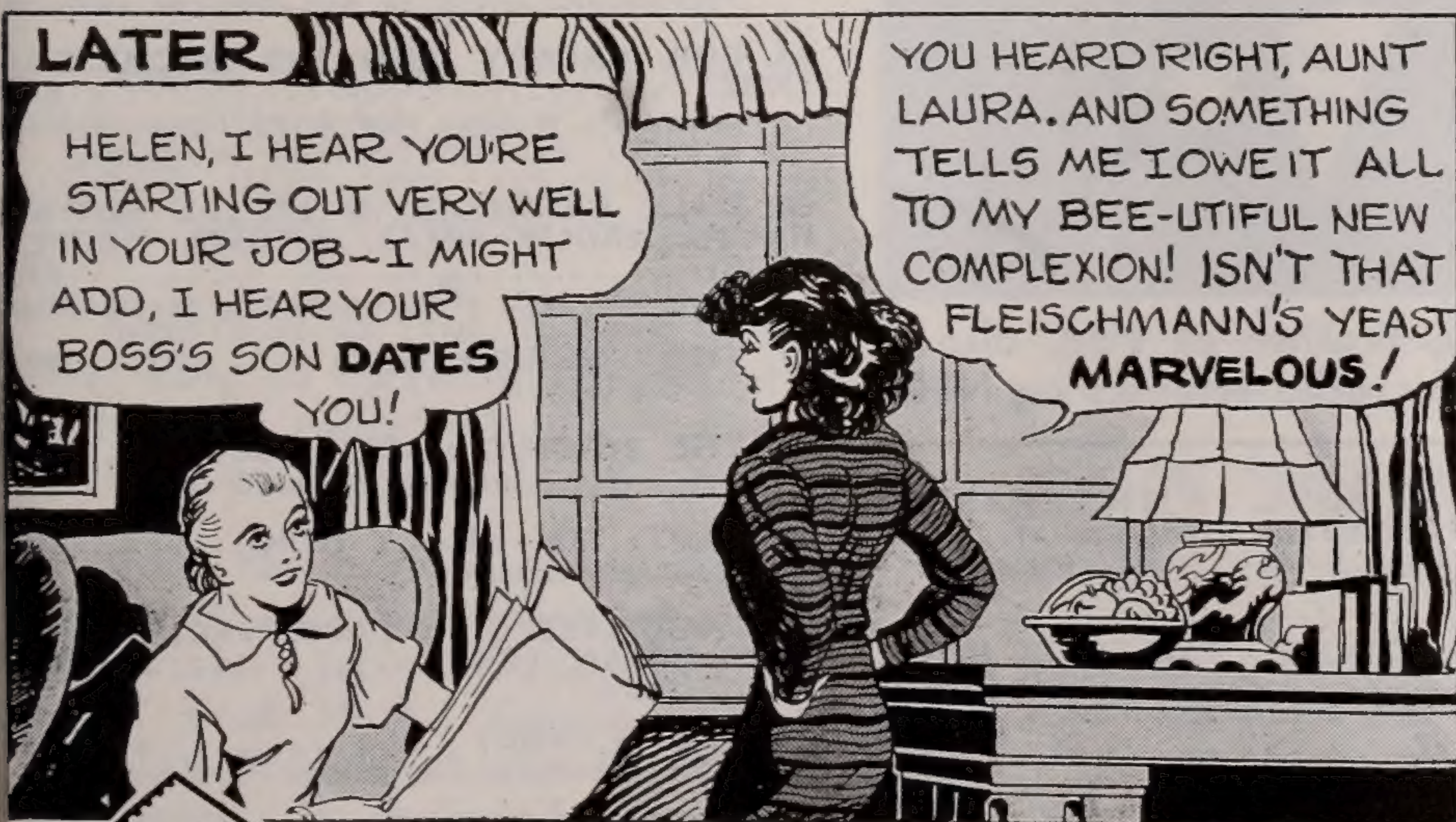
13. **EDDIE CANTOR, PARKYAKARKUS, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GRESS ORCHESTRA (CBS)**77.5
Leading exponents of gag comedy.
14. **MARCH OF TIME (CBS)**.....76.2
Dramatizing in exciting fashion current world happenings.
15. **LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS)**.....76.0
Favorites of the stage and screen in radio versions of Broadway's most popular plays. Direction invariably flawless.
16. **BING CROSBY (NBC)**.....75.3
Bob Burns assisting.
17. **PAUL WHITEMAN VARIETIES (NBC)**75.1
Forty-five frolicsome minutes of gala entertainment.
18. **CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC)**.....75.0
Radio's very own goddess of song.
19. **RICHARD HIMBER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS)**74.6
Smartness in dance tunes.
20. **ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC)**.....74.0
Human frailties under the microscope.
21. **GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN (CBS)**74.0
Allen seems to be the quality name among comics.
22. **JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC)**..73.7
Kindly and effortlessly rendered.
23. **RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC)**.....73.6
Variety on a pretentious scale.
24. **AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE, AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)**73.1
The product does not affect the heart, but its program does.
25. **HELEN HAYES (NBC)**72.9
Appealing Helen in a none-too-appealing yarn.

26. **RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS)**72.8
Connie Boswell featured. Danceable delights.
 27. **NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC)**..72.5
Rural revelry.
 28. **LOWELL THOMAS (NBC)**72.3
News of the universe, not too sparkingly spied.
 29. **THE BAKERS BROADCAST WITH ROBERT L. RIPLEY, HARRIET HILLIARD, OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC)**72.1
Harriet's back again and Ripley's bafflers are as amusing as ever.
 30. **THE GOLDBERGS (CBS)**72.0
More life-like than the "House of Glass."
 31. **LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS)**71.8
Leslie's improved since abandoning the serial.
 32. **LIFE SAVERS' RENDEZVOUS (NBC)**71.2
Phil Duey continues as chief life-saver.
 33. **LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE (NBC) (CBS)**71.0
Still changing bands.
 34. **YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WITH JACK HYLTON (CBS)**70.9
Another Englishman playing our tunes in the gay, continental manner.
 35. **AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (NBC)**70.8
A darn good time for all!
 36. **ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE (NBC)**70.5
Thrilling dog stories.
 37. **BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)**70.3
Walter Winchell's pal and severest critic. Good fun and lively tunes.
- (Continued on page 8)





**But
Aunt
Laura
comes
to the
Rescue**



—clears the skin
**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
give YOU a job problem**

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13 until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

HER HUSBAND THOUGHT MONEY WAS ONLY FOR MEN

By the Doctor of Family Finances



- **HUSBAND**—Darling, I don't want you to bother your pretty head about bills!
- **WIFE**—But I want to! I think I can save us some money.



- **HUSBAND**—But women aren't supposed to know anything about money matters and business.
- **WIFE**—Give me a chance! I'll show you! Please, Jack



- **HUSBAND**—Grace, I owe you a thousand apologies. You've cut our expenses 20 per cent!
- **WIFE**—Would you like to know the secret of my success?



These Household Booklets Taught Me How To Make Housekeeping a Profitable Business Enterprise.

• "Money Management" showed me how to keep a watchful eye on expenses. The "Better Buymanship" bulletins taught me how to buy meat and clothes and scores of other things at a saving. We owe a thousand thanks to Household's Doctor of Family Finances. His ideas, as expressed in these booklets, corrected our money problem in a hurry. Why not write to him today. He'll send copies of these booklets free and without obligation. Tell him *your* money troubles, too, if you like. He'll surely give you a helpful answer.

HOUSEHOLD Finance Corporation and Subsidiaries

. . . one of the leading family finance organizations, with 188 offices in 131 cities

Hear Edgar A. Guest on Household's "Welcome Valley" program each Tues. night, NBC Blue Network.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
in envelope or paste on a penny post card

DOCTOR OF FAMILY FINANCES
Room 3039-D, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send "Tips for Lazy Husbands," "Money Management," and "Better Buymanship." There is to be no solicitation, no follow-up.

Name

Address

City State

Board of Review

(Continued from page 6)

38. **GRACE MOORE (NBC)**70.0
Well chosen numbers by a brilliant artist.
39. **AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC)**70.0
Human nature doesn't change and neither does their popularity.
40. **CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANIS AND GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS)**69.9
Somewhat inconsistent as to comedy, but depend on the music every time.
41. **A AND P GYPSIES (NBC)**69.1
Harry Horlick conducts. Has lost none of its crispness through the years.
42. **RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC)**69.0
Novel arrangements. Virginia Rea, Jan Peerce and solos by Rubinoff.
43. **SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC)**68.9
Sigmund Romberg, Helen Marshall, Deems Taylor and Morton Bowe with much informality.
44. **THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS)**68.5
Eleanor Powell's impersonations, more entertaining than her songs or the sounds of her tap dancing, are sincerely missed.
45. **PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE AND HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)**68.1
Phil's stooges are superb.
46. **SHELL CHATEAU; AL JOLSON, MASTER OF CEREMONIES; GUEST ARTISTS (NBC)**68.0
Al could be more genial as m. c.
47. **WARDEN LAWES (NBC)**67.5
Usually interesting crime yarns with the Warden as himself.
48. **ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC)**67.1
Love and adventure when grandpa was a stripling.
49. **PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC)**66.6
Leo Reisman's music, sophistication and Johnny.



Bob Crosby, brother of Bing, also is well known to radio listeners on NBC.

50. **LIFE IS A SONG, WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)**66.3
Countess Olga Albani's beautiful and well-trained voice.
51. **MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC)**66.0
The critics seem to be losing interest, but are the listeners?
52. **PHIL COOK (NBC)**65.8
Versatility.
53. **MYRT AND MARGE (CBS)**65.7
Two-mile-a-minute melodrama.
54. **MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC)**65.2
How about some amusing facts about your professionals, Major?
55. **ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS)**65.0
Desirable dignity.

56. **LAVENDER AND OLD LACE (CBS)**64.7
Once again the golden voice of Frank Munn is featured.
57. **MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC)**64.4
Lanny Ross has a new leading lady—Winifred Cecil.
58. **WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE, ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)**64.1
They certainly kept you busy, Mr. Munn.
59. **KATE SMITH'S COFFEE TIME (CBS)**64.0
"Let's have another cup of coffee—"
60. **EASY ACES (NBC)**62.4
Genuine humor. The title should be revised for more appeal.
61. **LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS)**61.8
Extraordinary arrangements. Morton Downey does the vocals.



Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, all dressed up for a Chinese number they do in Paramount's "Anything Goes."

62. **JERGEN'S PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC)**61.7
Why can't he be more calm in giving none-too-exciting flashes?
63. **HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)**61.7
Too much time is given Dick Powell and the picture preview.
64. **"VOX POP—THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" (NBC)**61.3
Professional questions and amateur answers
65. **BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC)**61.2
Gradually proving that being Bing's brother is not his sole right for being on the air.
66. **DALE CARNEGIE IN LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE (CBS)**61.1
Well told items about interesting personalities.
67. **THE O'NEILLS (NBC)**60.9
Family frolics.
68. **THE SINGING LADY (NBC)**60.8
Truth and beauty in song and story.
69. **CAPT. TIM HEALY (NBC)**60.3
Adventure stories.
70. **SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS)**60.1
Churchly.
71. **JUMBO (NBC)**60.0
Script trouble and no Jimmy Durante.
72. **MYSTERY CHEF (NBC)**59.6
Women enjoy him for the tips and men appreciate him for the satisfying results.
73. **SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC)**59.5
"Who was that lady I seen you with last night, Mr. Bones?"
74. **TITO GUIZAR (CBS)**59.3
Romance in song.

(Continued on page 70)

Studio Sidelights

COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE, of the New York City Police Department, in commending Phillips Lord for his *Gang Busters* stated: "If, with the *Gang Busters* broadcast, you can make citizens of our country more conscious of this dread disease called crime, you indeed will have performed a great public service."

"*Sherlock Holmes*" has returned to the air over the Mutual network, being broadcast every Saturday night. The cast again is headed by Richard Gordon, who portrays the popular pipe-smoking sleuth.

John Charles Thomas recently has been broadcasting from Miami, Florida, where he's been enjoying a six-weeks' vacation. Most of his spare time has been spent aboard his boat "The Masquerader." He's long been an enthusiast of boats and the sea. His "Myne 11" is one of the swiftest speedboats afloat.

Elizabeth Farnsworth, veteran research worker, does all the checking of facts in those news dramatizations on the *March of Time* program. She investigates all possible angles relating to a story.

A recent survey conducted among 1,200 dance instructors by the National Institute of Social Dancing showed Hal Kemp and his orchestra to be the most popular among dance bands. The runners-up were as follows: Guy Lombardo, Eddy Duchin, Glen Gray, Wayne King, Ray Noble, Emil Coleman, Horace Heidt, Ted Fio Rito, Jan Garber.

Jessica Dragonette, The Revelers, Rosario Bourdon and his concert orchestra have been renewed by the Cities Service Company for 52 weeks.

Believe It or Not, Robert L. Ripley, king of incredible facts, probably leads radio's eligible bachelors in leap year proposals.

Since the first of the year, Ripley, has received more than 160 proposals. Jerry Belcher, heard on NBC with Parks Johnson, in the Sunday "Voice of the People" interviews, is believed runner-up with 62 proposals in 20 days, two of which were delivered in person.

Ripley's proposals came from as far north as Saskatchewan, Canada, and as far south as Guadalajara, Mexico.

(Continued on page 106)

Blonde



Brunette



Yet—both should use a
brunette powder

THE ONE—Flaxen-haired. Serene gray-blue eyes. A cool ivory skin.

THE OTHER—Soft brown hair. Eyes the same color, alight with mischief. Skin creamy, almost olive.

THE two girls are utterly different. Who would think they could use the same shade of powder?

But look!—the blonde's cool coloring would certainly fade with too light a powder shade. Her skin lights up, warms—only with a certain brunette shade. The very one the other girl uses to clear and freshen her creamy skin!

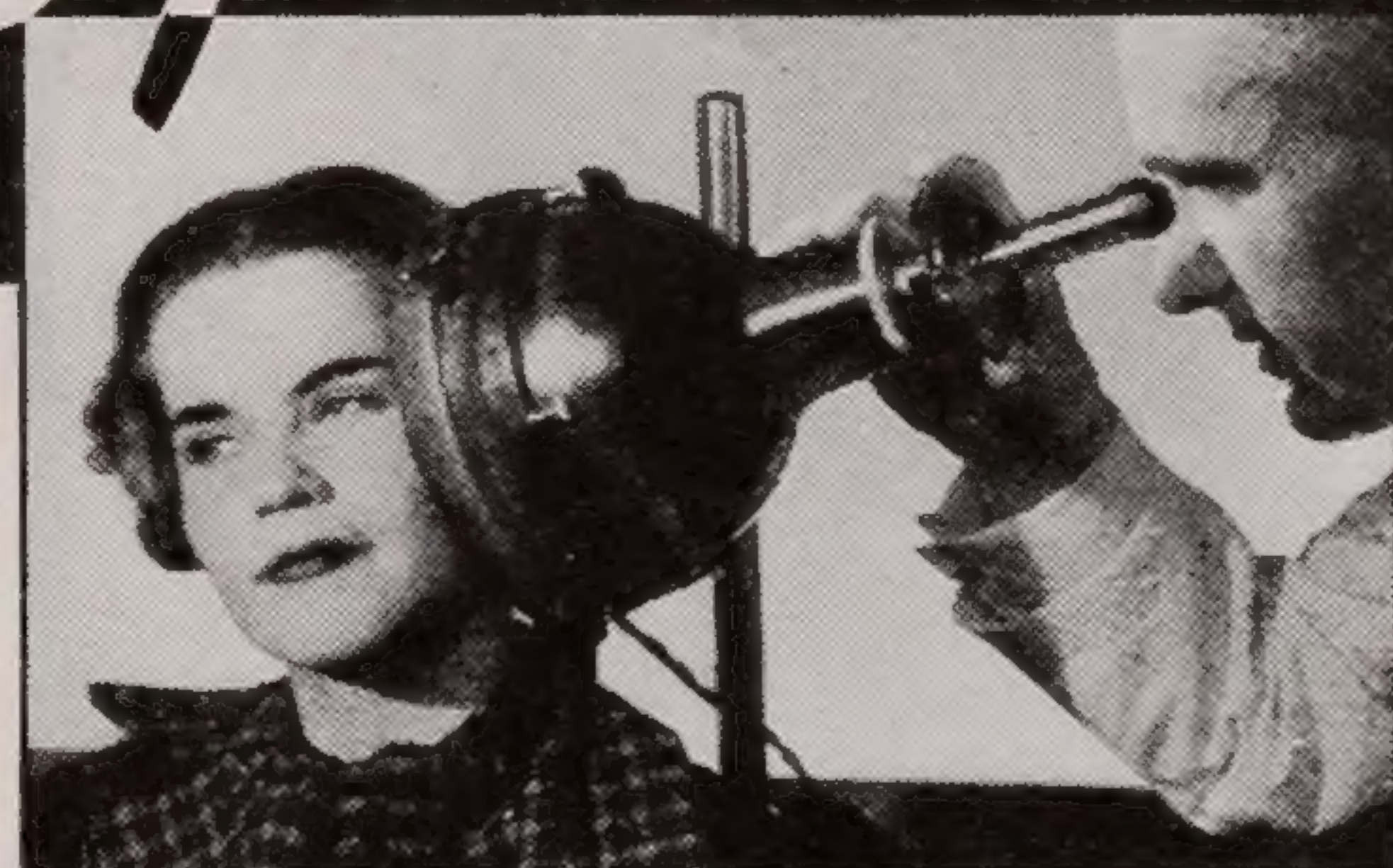
It's Pond's lively Brunette shade that gives each one what she needs!

New shades enliven skin

Which type are you? That's a thing for your skin to decide—not your hair. See whether your skin needs brightening, clearing or warming up. Then choose the Pond's shade that does that very thing!—one of the five offered at right.

Every one contains new important tints that add life to the skin. With an optical machine, Pond's discovered these tints hidden in skin itself. Among them, the *bright blue* that makes fair skin dazzling! The *brilliant green* that makes creamy skin glow!

Now, these beauty-giving tints are blended *invisibly* into Pond's new



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed!

Powder shades. Thus, they bring transparency and glow to any skin!

BRUNETTE clears, brightens creamy skin
ROSE BRUNETTE warms dull, faded skin
ROSE CREAM gives fair skin a radiance
NATURAL brings a blonde transparency
LIGHT CREAM gives a cool, velvety finish

Fine textured, Pond's Powder feels smoother on the skin. Spreads softly, easily. Never cakes or clogs. The larger sizes come in lovely glass jars—to show shade and texture, keep the powder perfumed. Prices reduced, 35¢ and 70¢. 10¢ and 20¢ boxes, increased in size.

FREE 5 Lively New Shades
Mail Coupon today

(This offer expires June 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. D126, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

The big boys below were photographed between scenes on the set of "Let Freedom Ring." Jack Benny is threatened by the Warrior Brave Dink Riesner



RADIO RAMBLINGS



"AND IT COMES OUT HERE!"

Now that it definitely has dug its own grave, we offer this requiem:

After endless going "'round and around" with that recent masterpiece of musical mischief, we welcome music of a different sort.

One of the curious quirks of radio is that almost at once it can popularize a song and, through ceaseless repetition, make it intolerable. Like a child whose cleverness has won it commendation, repeating its act until what first earned praise inevitably is rewarded with a spanking!

Singers, band leaders, musicians in every field, there is so much good music . . . Time isn't long enough to give us all that we might love to hear. Please register our plea for some of the best and all too seldom heard music.

PROGRAM MAKERS

The Firestone programs, we are told, are the result of a close examination of thousands of letters from listeners and

If you had X-Ray Eyes



Top left, Harry Von Zell, Portland Hoffa and Fred Allen, with this magazine's award for Distinguished Service to Radio. Next, Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in a scene from "The Petrified Forest." Lower left, Having finished her first screen rôle, Harriet Hilliard rejoins husband Ozzie Nelson. Next, Oscar Shaw and Elizabeth Lennox of "Broadway Varieties." Above, Fred Astaire with Randolph Scott, in the film "Follow the Fleet."

daily consultations between the singers and orchestra leader William Daly and other program advisers. The uniformly high quality of music on these programs suggests good listeners. As we have remarked before: "Good listeners make good programs."

Leopold Stokowski, long the noted conductor of the world famous Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, says: "My purpose and ambition is to play the greatest music to the most people. There is now in America a vast music-loving and music-understanding public which did not exist even five years ago. Almost the whole new generation, those from thirteen to twenty-five in particular, (Continued on page 102)



you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

Be sure the laxative YOU take is correctly timed

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking and jolting your system. No wonder its violent action leaves you weak and exhausted.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains. Drastic purgatives should be employed only upon the advice of a doctor.

What a correctly timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And the effects are thorough and complete, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. And Ex-Lax is so easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children . . . for *every* member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole world. The next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. *And refuse to accept a substitute.* Ex-Lax costs only ten cents—unless you want the big family size, and that's a quarter.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-46
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... Age.....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

RADIOITES DIET

Would you lose or gain weight? Here are diets radio stars have been using

By RUTH GERI

More **CHIC**
for your Money



FASHION points to your finger tips and you answer with lustrous nails tinted by Chic. A deluxe polish in a large exquisite bottle that is a revelation in nail polish satisfaction. Chic is smooth, non-chipping and although instant-drying it refuses to thicken in the bottle. Chic applies so easily it makes changing your polish a pleasure. Chic wears, too, and with a variety of shades, either transparent or creme, you are ready to tone your finger tips to either a demure or dashing mood. There is a Chic Polish Remover and a Chic Cuticle Remover of equal value!

Chic Manicure Aids, at all
Five and Ten Cent Stores. **10¢**

ACTIVE MENU

BREAKFAST

Whole Wheat Griddle Cakes
Broiled Crisp Fat Bacon
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

LUNCHEON

Vegetable Soup
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Mayonnaise Dressing
Vegetable Plate without Potatoes
Dessert: Fresh Fruit

DINNER

Cream of Asparagus Soup
Celery Curls Ripe Olives
Avocado and Orange Salad
French Dressing
Roast Crown of Lamb
Baked Carrots Minted Peas
Dessert: Cherry Custard

(For Rudy Vallee and all other people who work very hard and need a lot of energy.)

RADIO STARS know just as well as their less fortunate fellows in more prosaic fields of endeavor the truth of the old saying that "early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." They know it, but there isn't a great deal they can do about it.

In the first place, radio stars, as a rule, can't go to bed early, and that's that. In the second place, the majority of them become fairly wealthy, as wealth goes, without going to bed early. And you can't hang around Broadway without getting wise, so their main concern, therefore, is that of becoming healthy. Their answer? One big little word: Diet.

Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Melton, Benay Venuta, Lawrence Tibbett, Jane Williams, and a score of others diet to lose weight and retain slenderness after once having recovered it. Lily Pons diets for a diametrically opposite reason—to gain weight she

lost through overwork attendant upon her operatic, radio, and movie work. Rudy Vallee diets to ward off the ravages of nervous indigestion brought about largely by the responsibility of organizing his programs. Tito Guizar diets to overcome a larynx ailment which for a time threatened to necessitate an operation with the possible curtailment of his singing career. Phil Baker, Ted Webb, Phil Duey, Connie Gates, Bernice Claire, and a long, long list of others too numer-

SLIMMING MENU

BREAKFAST

All the Grapefruit Juice Desired
Buttermilk

LUNCHEON

Fruit Cup
Asparagus and Lettuce Salad
French Dressing
Baked Whole Tomatoes Stuffed with Chopped Vegetables
Dessert: Baked Apple

DINNER

Tomato Vegetable Broth
Cucumber Rings Carrot Sticks
Orange, Apple and Celery Salad
Lemon Juice Dressing
Broiled Lean Steak
Buttered Cauliflower Steamed Green Beans
Dessert: Sliced Unsweetened Pineapple
(Used by Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Melton, etc.)

ous to mention diet on what, to coin a term, you might call "the Chinese principle." The Chinese, you will remember, pay their doctors only when they are well. That is simply another form of preventive treatment, and that is the system upon which the stars just mentioned and their friends operate

Any time during the lengthy office



Benay Venuta diets to retain slenderness.

GAINING MENU

BREAKFAST

Sliced Oranges
Milk
Steamed Raisins with Nut Meal and Cream

LUNCHEON

Cream of Onion Soup
Fruit Salad
Mayonnaise Dressing
Casserole of Creamed Vegetables
Baked Turnips
Dessert: Steamed Sun-dried Apricots

DINNER

Ripe Olives
Cabbage, Carrot and Cucumber Salad
Sour Cream Dressing
Baked Sweet Potatoes, Broiled Crisp Fat Bacon
Creamed Baby Green Lima Beans
Steamed Broccoli
Dessert: Chocolate Ice Cream
(Lily Pons' diet.)

hours of Dr. William Howard Hay that you chance to drop into his offices in lower Fifth Avenue you will find one of the stars mentioned above or some other radio luminary awaiting a consultation, for it is to Dr. Hay they flock to learn what they must and what they must not eat in order to retain their voices, their efficiency, their figures, or just plain ordinary health, as the case may be.

George Gershwin first spread the gospel of diet along radio row more than two years ago, since when it has spread like mayonnaise on a club sandwich. Few devotees of Gershwin's music are aware that a little more than two years ago he was only a couple of jumps ahead of an obituary notice. Suffering from a stomach ailment that had been variously diagnosed, George finally listened to the majority vote of a lot of high priced (Continued on page 60)

From Heartache to HEART-THROBS



Before you dress! . . . clothe yourself with the lasting fragrance of MAVIS

Recipe for feminine charm . . . a daily dusting with the fragrant glamour of Mavis. Mavis is more than a talcum—so protective to your skin, but with the added allure of tantalizing Parisian fragrance. You'll love the velvety feel of Mavis, and the way it protects your

skin from dryness. Be lovely, be feminine, keep the constant flower-like freshness that men adore—*try Mavis!*

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—convenient coupon below.

MAVIS

Genuine
Mavis
Talcum

IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

MM-4



Helen Hayes breakfasts with her little daughter, Mary MacArthur, in their sunny California home.



Looking remarkably like pictures of England's late Queen, Helen Hayes, in "Victoria Regina."

THE RADIO HOSTESS

NANCY WOOD PRESENTS

Helen Hayes

OUTSIDE, through the murk of a wet New York afternoon, lights on the marquee of the Broadhurst Theatre proclaimed that here one could see Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina."

Inside, the auditorium was dark and deserted for there was to be no matinee that day. The stage, however, was populated with shadowy figures in the court attire of the past century, while a very modern photographer, in his shirt sleeves, rushed about focussing his lights and his camera. Then into the golden glow of the spotlight there stepped the tiny, graceful figure of a young girl in a dress of rich brocade and lace, a jewelled locket above the low neck of her gown, the ribbon of some ancient order extending from the shoulder to the waist. For one startled moment I almost expected to hear someone pronounce those traditional words, "Gentlemen, the Queen," while courtiers and ladies bowed and curtsied.

For here indeed was Victoria come to life again—not as "the widow of Windsor," of whom Kipling once wrote, but as the girl-ruler when first she won the hearts of her subjects.

Then, as she spoke to the busy photographer, her voice, with its strange enchantment, reminded me that this was not Victoria but Helen Hayes, charming star of screen, stage and radio, whom I had come to interview. This then was the accomplished actress who not only recreates

England's Queen on the stage but who also enacts on the air, with equal skill, Penelope Edwards—a rôle written especially for her—in "The New Penny," which comes to you every Tuesday evening over the NBC network.

Most of you, doubtless, share with me rich memories of Helen Hayes in other rôles on stage and screen . . . *Madelon Claudet*, which won her the award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences . . . the brave and lovely heroine in *Farewell to Arms*, the sweet young wife in *Another Language*, to mention but a few of her movie parts.

Miss Hayes' list of stage successes is even more impressive. But though her present rôle and the one immediately prior to it (that of *Mary of Scotland*) show her as a queen, I still love to remember her best as the make-believe child of *Dear Brutus*—a part recently made famous over the air by Leslie Howard's talented daughter, Leslie Ruth. For not all the parts Helen Hayes has played since then can dim in my memory the sob in her expressive voice (and the lump in my throat) as she stood in the center of the stage, a tiny, solitary figure and called after the retreating figure of her artist-father: "Oh Daddy, come back, come back. I don't want to be a *might-have-been*!"

Well, certainly, the good fairies who have watched over Miss Hayes' career have richly granted that wish

Charming hostess, versatile star, Helen Hayes discusses

“Dolly . . . you’ve started a lot of gossip!”



Despite bright laurels won in stage, screen and radio, success has not changed her.

expressed so early in her career. Above all other actresses I know of, and through her own talents and hard work, she has removed all possibility of becoming a *might-have-been*—not in one, but in every field of dramatic entertainment, the screen, the stage and now the radio.

But do you think all this success has changed her? Not a bit! Her fellow players call her Helen, her secretary and constant companion adores her. And, as you probably have gathered from the preceding effusion, your Radio Hostess was completely captivated. So much so that I almost forgot the subject on which I had come to interview her, namely her favorite foods.

I was certain, however, that the wife of Charles MacArthur, the proud and devoted mother of Mary MacArthur (aged 6), the chatelaine of a lovely country home in Nyack and an apartment in New York City (not to mention the Hollywood houses over which she has presided at certain times) must know a great deal about the fine art of entertaining. Nor was I disappointed, for, between Miss Hayes and her secretary, Adele Carples, I was given countless suggestions for interesting dishes—all favorites in the Hayes-MacArthur household.

These food preferences were as varied as Miss Hayes' other interests. “Obviously,” I thought, as I wrote (Continued on page 66)



1. “Look at these panties, Mother. They’ve got everybody on the block talking about dolly and you.”

“Why, what’s the matter? I wash dolly’s clothes right in with my regular wash.”



2. “I told ‘em you do—and that nice new lady up the street said *that’s* the trouble. She’s afraid your washes have tattle-tale gray like hers used to. Even though you work hard, your soap leaves dirt behind and the clothes show it.”

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .



3. “Dear me! Is that all the new neighbor said?”

“Nope! She said you ought to change to Fels-Naptha Soap same as she did—’cause its wonderful *golden soap* and *heaps of naptha* chase out every teeny speck of dirt—and clothes look a million times whiter.”



4. At the new neighbor’s house. “So Mother tried Fels-Naptha Soap just like you told me. And now her clothes look so swell she baked you this apple pie.”

“Well! Well! Tell your mother that Fels-Naptha is a wonder for silk things, too—and maybe she’ll bake me a big chocolate cake!”

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish “Tattle-Tale Gray”

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

KEEP YOUNG

and

BEAUTIFUL

BY MARY

BIDDLE



Fifty years ago Josephine DeMotte Robinson was a star in Barnum and Bailey's circus. Now seventy-five, a star in *Jumbo*.

"If you want to reach the top, you've got to keep trying, over and over again." That is the song that echoes over and over again through the vastness of the Hippodrome, New York's most famous theatre, where Billy Rose's gigantic super-circus holds forth, broadcast to you as the Jumbo Fire-Chief Show on Tuesday nights. "If you want to reach the top, you've got to keep trying, over and over again. Perhaps you'll fall, but then, a year from now you'll do it with ease, over and over again." In this song is the code of the circus, and surely there is no more gallant representative of it than the tiny bareback rider with the saucy gray curls and the pink tulle costume, who rides gracefully into the ring at this announcement: "*And now, ladies and gentlemen, Billy Rose presents an artist who fifty years ago was a star in the Barnum and Bailey Circus, and who now at the age of seventy-five, is still a star . . . Josephine DeMotte Robinson!*"

There is from the audience a little shiver of responsive admiration which grows and grows and bursts into tumultuous applause, over and over again, as Josephine DeMotte Robinson rides into the ring. Just a slip of a girl, she seems, this over-seventy-year-old lady, as she pirouettes on her snow white horse, does her twinkling ballet steps with thistle-down grace, and finishes with a daring headstand against the neck of her horse, a stunt which won her fame fifty years ago. It's a curious sensation, the feeling of responsiveness which electrifies the atmosphere and pays emotional tribute to the courage and gallantry of this woman who is over seventy years *young*.

I knew that you would want to know more about this

amazing woman, that you would want to know what message she could give *you* for keeping a youthful figure, a youthful face, and a youthful spirit; for cheating the years of their discouragement and their middle-aged slump. So I went backstage several nights after I had seen the "Jumbo" performance from "out front" to talk to this little person, who was to me the most sensational

of all the sensations in "Jumbo." I found her doing headstands and limbering up exercises in the hall near her dressing-room. She is just about as big as a minute, and she has eyes as big as saucers. She would remind you of some dainty Dresden figurine, suddenly come alive.

All the feminine "old-timers" who appear in the "Memories of Madison Square Garden" act, have their dressing-rooms on the same floor. I liked the atmosphere of gay camaraderie, of friendly concern one for the other, that is evidenced among them. Voices call back and forth, gay, bantering, teasing. They are amazing, truly, all of these old-timers. . . . Tiny

Kline, whose life has been one series of hair-breadth exploits after another and who is slim and trim enough for any of us to envy; Helen LaNole, who with her husband does a tricky ladder revolving stunt; and others. Keeping the body fit is, of course, almost like a second religion to circus people. It has to be. Their profession and their very lives depend on the fitness of their bodies.

We sat and chatted in her dressing-room, Josie DeMotte and I, while she added the final touches to her make-up, and donned her slim pink tights. (Everyone, incidentally, from star to stagehand, calls Mrs. Robinson



Josephine DeMotte Robinson is seventy-five years young.



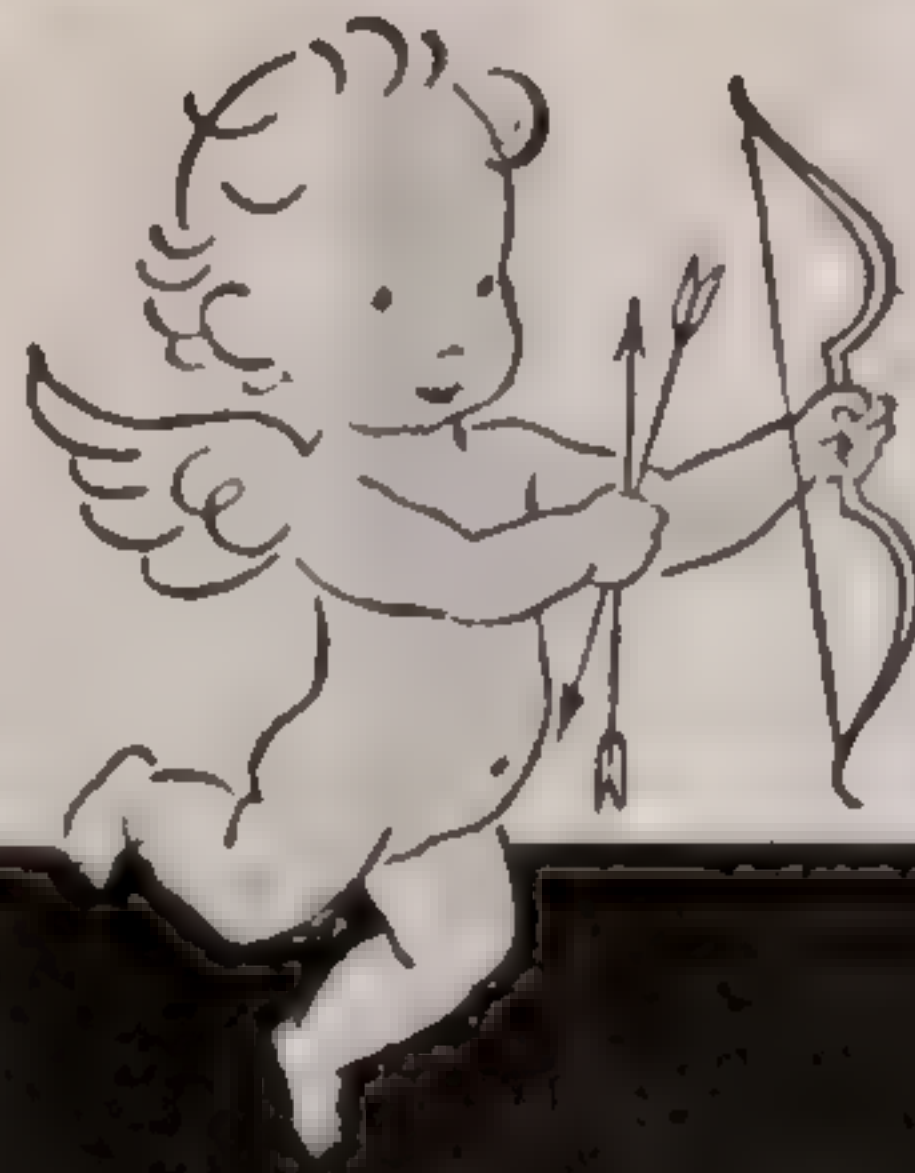
Fresh air, diet, exercise and a hobby are four essentials in the art of retaining youth.

"Josie.") She told me something of her life, along with the exercises we discussed and while that may not ordinarily be part and parcel of beauty advice, I think it warrants mentioning in this particular case because of its inspirational value. If anybody tells you that something can't be done, just you set your teeth, think of Josie DeMotte, and go to it!

She started riding at the age of five in the Hilliard and DeMotte circus, of which her father was one of the owners. From the time she was thirteen until she married C. M. Robinson, youngest son of the founder of the Robinson circus, she was a star in her own right. One night in Mexico City, the president, Porfirio Diaz, conferred on her a silver laurel leaf, the highest honor that Mexico could give her. Then for a while her life reads more like the proverbial endings to similar stories. She married and retired and, with servants and a beautiful house, lived a life in which she was never quite happy, because it was such "soft living," as she will tell you now laughingly, albeit a bit scornfully. "Soft living!" Suddenly she and her husband went on an expedition to Alaska and were stranded there for three years, above the Arctic Circle, first ice-bound, then penniless.

In 1906 Josie DeMotte Robinson returned to (Continued on page 18)

"Camay can bring Every Girl's



Loveliness to Light"



BALTIMORE, MD.

Camay made my skin lovelier than I thought it ever could be. With Camay, every girl can bring her own loveliness to light.

Sincerely,

Leslie De Buske

October 2, 1935

(Mrs. Charles De Buske)

THERE'S a girl in the heart of Maryland—the former Leslie Condon. Athletic as a boy by day, she's unusually lovely across the dinner table. And how does she manage it—how does she keep her skin so smooth, so young, so alluring? Mrs. De Buske's own answer—is Camay!

And once you try Camay, your answer will be the same. For Camay's rich lather cleanses so thoroughly—but always very, very gently. It

leaves your skin feeling fresh and smooth—leaves it with a flower fragrance—leaves it with a youthfulness that wins admiring eyes. Convince yourself that Camay is an efficient—a true beauty aid. Do it today—do it now. The price of a half-dozen cakes is surprisingly low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

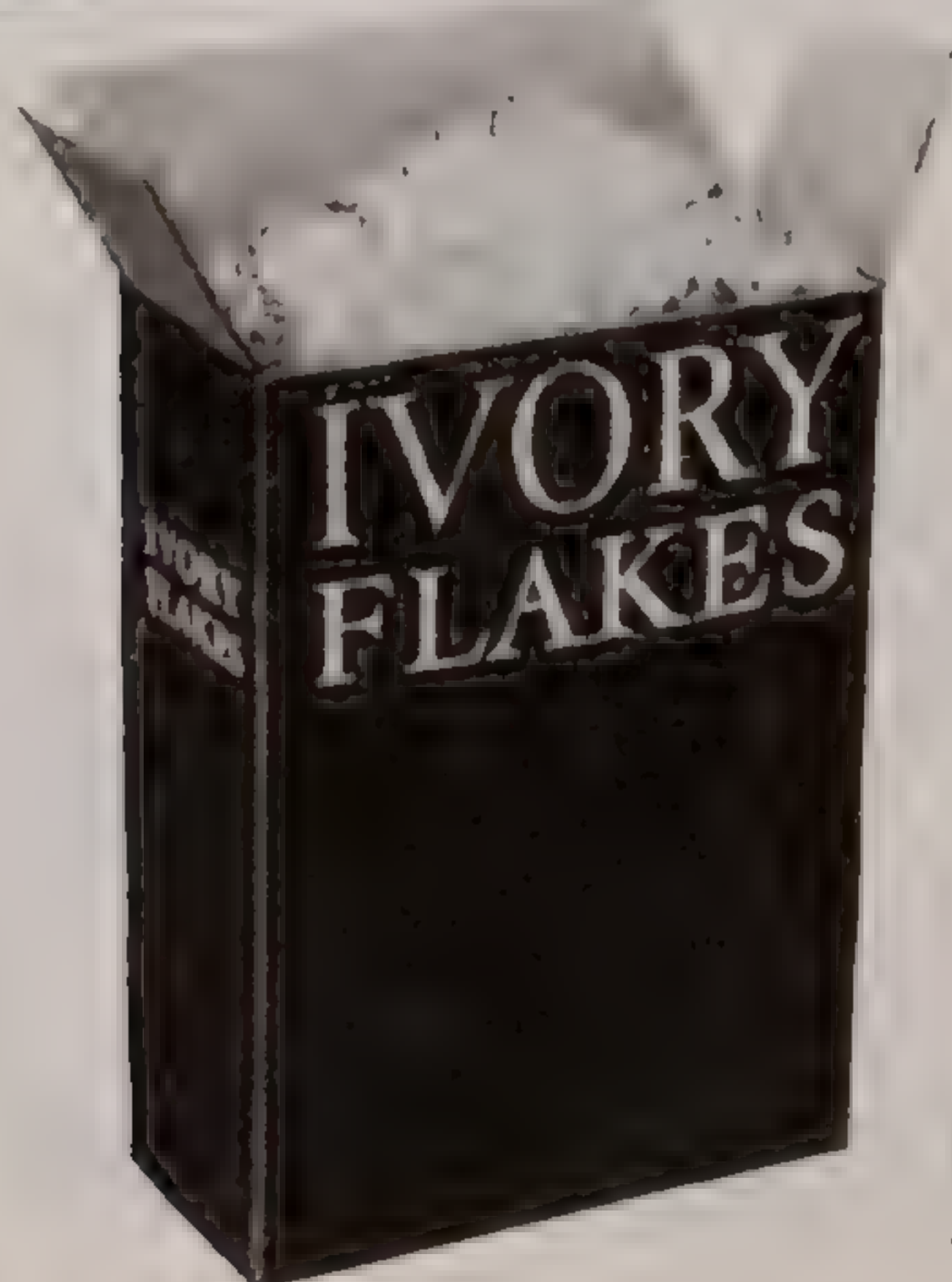


What's her secret?

CINDERELLA* tags these dresses



"Wash with Ivory Flakes"



These adorable dresses are the heart's-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks!... And don't you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they'll *stay* that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That's the finest way to wash dainty little girls' clothes (as often as you please)—and the *safest*!

* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.

99 ⁴/₁₀₀% pure

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 17)

the circus, her first love. It wasn't as easy as that, though, the "returning" part of it. When she talked about going back, at first, everyone said that it was impossible . . . that she had been out too long . . . she was too old. But she didn't let that stop her. She just set to work and began the long discouraging task of reconditioning herself after fifteen years of "soft living." Every day she went through the allotted set of exercises which she had worked out for herself. Muscles ached and groaned, her body cried out against its unaccustomed regime, but she kept on. And she did the impossible. She went back to the circus, and performed the same feats that had made her famous as a girl.

"And remember this," cautions Josie, "I know how easy it is to alibi yourself out of doing your exercises each day. But you can't let a headache, or a sleepless night, or anything else prevent your doing your daily exercise chore. Lots of times it's hard, and you hate it, but you've just got to have the courage to stick to it."

I interrupted her as she was rubbing her dainty little ballet slippers in rosin. "But, Mrs. Robinson, so many of my readers complain that they have so much housework to do, dishes and dusting and beds to make, that they are too tired to do any exercising."

"Well, now, that's exactly the point," retorted Josie, "they've got to build up the energy to do away with that tired feeling!"

Mrs. Robinson herself doesn't know the meaning of being tired, that is, tired in the sense that most of us mean it, with a feeling of sluggishness and ennui. Her exercise classes call her "Pep." Oh, yes, in between the two shows daily at the Hippodrome, she manages to teach a couple of classes in posture and carriage at the Traphagen School of Fashion. And when she teaches, she doesn't just stand up and give directions, she enters right into the spirit of things with her pupils.

They called her "Up-and-Up" Robinson, too, those who know her well, because her advice always is to stretch—stretch—stretch. *Up—Up—Up*. Pull yourself up out of your diaphragm, and keep your chest high. The trouble with most of us is that we settle down on our hips. We slump. The pressure resulting on delicate inner organs leads to easy fatigue, and sometimes even organic trouble. Hold yourself up, says "Up-and-Up" Robinson, when you stand, when you sit, when you walk. The uplift movement gives you chest expansion, balance, poise. Toe raising exercises are excellent for balance and poise, if you keep your back in nice straight alignment when you're doing them. Mrs. Robinson always does them before going on for her act. Alternate by raising your toes and then your heels, but keep your back straight and your stomach flat.

(Continued on page 78)

For DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Eddie Cantor

DESPITE the expected adverse criticism of Eddie Cantor's essay contest, "How Can America Stay Out of War?", it is generally agreed that the idea was particularly constructive and came at a most opportune time. The judges are now at the tedious task of determining the winner of the \$5,000 scholarship. The contest, as you recall, was open to all and free of obligations, and should the lucky individual who wins be unable to accept the scholarship, for any reason, he or she has the right to designate another for the award.

Even though the prize-winning essay may not be an absolute formula for keeping America out of war, nevertheless, the contest itself spread anti-war propaganda throughout the nation and somehow, we suspect, that Eddie Cantor's basic purpose was to make all of us anti-war minded. In this he succeeded quite definitely.

To Eddie Cantor, beloved for his good humor and sense, RADIO STARS Magazine, because of his purposeful contest, awards him its medal for Distinguished Service to Radio.



Letter C. Grady
—Editor.

IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT



After her film debut Jane Froman vacationed at Miami.

Helen Marshall, lovely soprano singer with Sigmund Romberg.



Little Sybil Jason, Al Jolson and Busby Berkeley, dance master.

Harriet Hilliard and Randolph Scott in "Follow the Fleet."



Rose Marie warns Jimmy Durante to play softly.

Lanny Ross with his new singer, Winifred Cuccia.





(Above) Gladys Swarthout at a Paramount studio with some guests. Behind Gladys is her husband, Frank Chapman, with his small daughter, Patricia. (Left) Helen Jepson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Thomas and Harold Bauer at Mrs. Jascha Heifetz's.



I

N THE RADIO



Yes, suh, it's Honey Chile herself, as the camera caught her unaware, at the CBS radio playhouse, and she needn't fear television. She is the dainty miss whose soft southern voice is a delightful highlight of the Atlantic Family programs, featuring the songs of Frank Parker, on Saturdays.

Here are three important figures in the world of music, at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season. (Left to right) Stage Director Desire Defrere, Director Edward Johnson and Deems Taylor, noted musician and composer.



The gentleman over at the left, of course, is the radio's marvelous "Mystery Chef." Above, Olga Albani, who is studying art, with her teacher, Laura Van Pappelendam.

SPOTLIGHT . . .

Charming Elizabeth Day plays the part of Sally Jones, wife of reporter Tom, in the "Five Star Jones" dramatic series broadcast Mondays through Fridays. When not pursuing news in the air sketches, Elizabeth lounges around the house in satin pyjamas.

Old radio favorites these (below). Reading from left to right they are: singers Ralph Kirberry and Vaughn De Leath and band leader Irwin Rose, lunching together at the Savoy Plaza after a morning broadcast.



Above are Jack and Loretta Clemens, also getting a spot of lunch at the Savoy Plaza. And (right) Eugene Ormandy, a new maestro of the Philadelphia orchestra.





Wide World Photos

"I've been approached frequently to take a radio hour," said George M. Cohan, "but my answer always is 'No!'"

An ex-president and "The Phantom President" discuss a song which Cohan composed for the Washington Centennial.

AM I WRONG ABOUT



IF YOU had a pain and wished to know what caused it, you wouldn't ask your garage man, and if you wanted to buy liquor, you wouldn't go to the butcher's. That's simple enough, but in the past few

years, people who believe that radio definitely lacks something, have been inviting diagnoses from men in various professions, doctors, lawyers, rich men and prison wardens.

Since radio is a form of entertainment, it occurred to us that possibly a more accurate judgment might be obtained from one who knew something about the theatre. And, in looking for one who knows the theatre and showmanship, you can do no better than George M. Cohan. Cohan was born into the theatre, has lived there and fondly hopes to die there.

Cohan has written as many plays and songs as the average man does letters. Actor, producer, playwright, director, George has been through every phase. He has scored more knockouts over the footlights than Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis have under the ringlights.

It required no urging to get Cohan to discuss the

calibre of entertainment coming over the air these days and nights. Back stage at the New Amsterdam Theatre when his latest opus, *Dear Old Darling*, was in rehearsal, George took time out to sum up the radio situation, putting his finger on the weak-spots as deftly as a master surgeon wielding a scalpel.

"The trouble with radio is not difficult to determine," declared Cohan. "There is so much of it that much of it must be bad, or at least poor entertainment. You can't ladle out entertainment as though it were soup, twenty hours or so a day, seven days a week. There isn't that much talent in the world. The result is that only a few programs click and the rest aren't even worth tuning in on."

"Another fault, which is the natural result of radio's efforts for continuous entertainment, is that not only is the great majority of programs below par but so many of them are alike. Outside of the commercial blurbs for whatever product a program happens to be plugging, one is much like another. Just as there isn't enough talent to make every program a hit neither is there enough originality to make each program different."

Dean of the entertainment world, George M. Cohan discusses radio

By TOM MEANY



And here is Cohan as he arrived in Hollywood to star in that amusing Paramount film, "The Phantom President."

RADIO ?

"I don't mean these criticisms to be construed as an attack upon radio," explained Cohan, "for these are faults due to the conditions that force most stations to keep going from eight in the morning until two or three the following morning.

"Entertainment over the radio differs vastly from that offered by either the theatre or movies. A radio program reaches its entire field the instant it goes over the air and is dead stuff the next night. A show or a movie catches its audience in groups of three or four hundred at a time, or possibly three or four thousand in the case of the bigger movie houses.

"Admitting that this is a condition which hardly can be remedied, there is no doubt that the sameness of radio programs has an annoying effect on the listeners.

"Take the bands, for instance. Personally, I'm fed up on bands. Every time you turn the dial, you hit a band. I'll admit that some of them are excellent, but what of it? A succession of band numbers may provide group entertainment at a large party, but one band after another, with a repetition of the same numbers, isn't calculated to keep an individual amused very long.

"Another thing—the amateur hours. I enjoyed them when they started but now they're vastly overdone. I knew there was unemployment in the country, but I never realized how many people were out of work until the amateur craze hit the loud speakers. An evident spuriousness is to be noted in them now and their entertainment value has been cut sharply by the fact that, by now everybody has heard so many of them that they know just what to expect." (Continued on page 89)



"WHEN I SAY, Welcome to Pickfair!" Our Mary told me—and now the radio fans as well as the movie fans can say "Our Mary"—"it's welcome to Pickfair in a very real sense. Not just a welcome from one microphone set up in one corner of the house. For when I say over the air that I am broadcasting from the Book Room or the 49 Room or from the living-room I *am* in the room I mention. There is not just one mike in Pickfair—there are several scattered about informally in various places.

"It seemed more intimate this way, somehow," said Mary, "less like being stiffly formal and keeping guests restricted to the living-room. I feel that people love Pickfair and I want them to feel at home in it, not just segregated in one room, but free to roam with me wherever I may go. . . .

"Of course," said Mary, with her little diffident laugh—Mary who now is Producer, Author, Our-Mary-of-the Movies *and* radio star—"of course I am very young in radio. And when you ask me to criticize, I feel somewhat as a child might feel if called upon to comment on the Einstein Theory.

"Let me say this first—not as a 'babe' but as a screen actress and a deep and loyal lover of my profession—I believe that radio, and especially television, will be the greatest fatalities the motion picture profession has yet sustained. If radio and

then television develop as pictures have developed over and above what they were in the dear old Nickelodeon days—well," said Mary, "as a producer, I shudder. . . ."

And she did shudder. And she looked small and grave and very young and very wise all at one time, as Mary has a way of doing. We were sitting, our feet under us, on a small divan in the Book Room of Pickfair. And Mary, in her slender black frock with diamond and emerald clips at her throat and her golden bobbed hair in slight disarray owing to the strenuous life she leads these days, talked from her eager, humanity-loving heart, as she always talks. . . .

"For radio must develop, of course," she said. "We must remember how young it is, too, before we judge some things about it too harshly. We must remember the funny, crude mistakes of pictures in their infancy—now passed. And for the extreme youth of it, considerable dignity already has been attained, I think. Some of the programs are mature and worth-while and delightful. General Motors hour is very dignified. Firestone, also, is on the same high level. Some of the lectures are completely worth while. The symphonic music is delightful. . . .

"But—my main criticism of radio is—the Commercials. They are the moths in the eyes of radio. They are too long, for one thing. Oh, mercy,"

WELCOME TO
PICKFAIR!

moaned Mary humorously, "*how* long they are! They over-emphasize their points. They overstate their premises. They have, too often, not-very-good-actors and actresses delivering long, fulsome diatribes on, say, the virtues of Washwell Soap! Some woman with a much-too-gushing, too-effusive voice will go on and on, promising the Tired Housewife surcease from all care if she will only wash well with Washwell! The socialite on Park Avenue is promised equal if somewhat different miracles if she will forsake all other brands for Washwell. By the time the too-in-earnest lady is feverishly finished most of us feel that the very sight of a cake of soap, Washwell or any other, would be the one thing we could *not* bear!

"And the really serious part of these commercials is that they force people to tune out on programs they would otherwise listen to. For they precede good programs. They break into the middle of good programs. They are like flies buzzing about a delicious, edible apple—until the apple loses its savour and no one eats it.

"It is also rather gruesome, when you are feeling depressed or have, perhaps, recently sustained the loss of someone near and dear to you, to hear a creamy voice unctuously proclaiming the beauty and convenience and desirability of this or that local cemetery! Telling you, far too earnestly and even gaily, that you must, you really *must*, you know, get busy about (Continued on page 85)

The Lady of "Pick-fair" and her pet terrier enjoy a care-free hour.

Mary Pickford speaks of radio's gifts and faults

By FAITH SERVICE



"WHAT KIND OF LOVE

Asks Nelson Eddy

"YOU CAME here to ask me questions," Nelson Eddy said to me, his lips smiling but his eyes steel-blue and very grave as they are when he is entirely in earnest. (Which he very often is.). "But *I* want to ask *you* a question this time. And then I want to ask you to put the question for me in the pages of RADIO STARS. I want to put my question to the 126,000,000 people of these United States. Especially, of course, to the people who are radio fans—who are my radio fans.

"It's a burning question. It matters enormously to me. I ask it from my heart. Upon its answer depends my whole future on the air, what I do and how I do it.

"It's this: *Can I do better stuff on the*

air? Do the fans want me to sing better quality music? Or not? That is my question and it is of terrific import to me. And only my fans can answer it.

"I know . . . *I know the world wants love.* I know that the fans want love on the air. Of course they do. They want love on the air as they want love in pictures, in the theatre, in novels and poems. And I want to give them love on the air—but *not cheap love*, not a *low-class type of love.*

"The love I give them in most of the songs usually requested is not love at all, it's—*necking!*" Nelson gave a short laugh. "It's necking in song," he said, "It's kisses in the moonlight, lightly given and soon forgotten. It's the 'down-the-old-mill-stream-with-you-in-my-arms-Baby' sort of thing.

"I say, *let's have love*—but let's have rich deep love—*great love.* Let's have the supreme happiness of union. Let's have the splendor and the sacrifice and the transfiguring glory.

"Let's have the magnificence of The Pil-



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie."



The stars of "Rose Marie" lunch with the director, W.S. Van Dyke.



Preparing for his "Voice of Firestone" broadcast.

"If music be the food of love," as the poet has said,
Nelson wants to give his fans great music—great love
By GLADYS HALL

DO YOU WANT...?

grims' Song or the Don Juan Serenade of Tschaikowsky. Let's have the thundering passion of Strauss, the truly exquisite romantic sentiment of modern English composers.

"Let's have the music that will open the door to millions of people . . . the kind of music that will not make people think only of the song or even of the singer . . . not music that is confined to the merely personal . . .

(Continued on page 80)

Ted Allen

Nelson Eddy—the latest portrait sitting of the famous baritone.

"I LIKE RADIO"

Best

By MILDRED
MASTIN

It is difficult for those who know her to imagine Eleanor Powell divorced from footlights and dancing. But she may devote herself wholly to the air-waves.





The "find" of the year, Eleanor Powell brings her versatile talents as tap dancer, singer and actress to the CBS microphone as star of the "Flying Red Horse Tavern," capturing radio audiences as she did those who saw her film "Broadway Melody of 1936," and her Broadway stage hit, "At Home Abroad." Above, with Robert Taylor.

Fascinating Eleanor Powell, sensation of the stage, screen and air, frankly explains the reason for her choice



ELEANOR POWELL always vowed that she never would tap before the microphone. Even when she won the championship award of the Dancing Masters of America and was given the title, "*The World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer*," she refused to broadcast a brief, staccato routine to listeners over the air.

Yet now Eleanor, favorite of the stage and newest darling of the screen, is likely to desert Broadway and Hollywood if they don't watch out, and devote her talents entirely to the air-waves.

Ever since Eleanor was a youngster, practicing acrobatic stunts on a wide sandy beach during the day and dancing in an Atlantic City nightclub evenings, her amazing career has taken unexpected, unthought-of twists and turns.

It was unthought-of in the first place that Eleanor ever should become a dancer. That wasn't what her mother had in mind at all when she took her daughter, at the age of six, to her first dancing class. At that time, Eleanor was the most bashful child in Springfield, Massachusetts. She was shy with the other children at kindergarten and tortured when her teacher spoke to her. She hid from visitors at home and even when her mother dressed her in her prettiest frock and tied a new ribbon around her chestnut curls, the little girl couldn't face "company." Finally someone suggested that dancing lessons in a class with other children might make the child forget her shyness, give her poise. So Eleanor was dragged to dancing school.

Once the music began and the other children started their simple little routines, Eleanor dropped right into the rhythm. Her mother and the teacher were amazed

at her grace, the ease with which she picked up the steps. In a little while the other children paused to watch and admire. And from that day on Eleanor Powell was dance-mad!

There were times when Mrs. Powell wondered if, maybe, she hadn't made a mistake. Perhaps it would be better to have a shy child in the house than this strange little creature who scarcely sat still long enough to eat. Her recesses at school were spent practicing splits and noon hours devoted to trying a new toe routine in stocking feet. When guests at the Powell home were startled by a loud thump, there was the explanation: "*It's Eleanor, perfecting a leap!*"

Mrs. Powell says: "When she was naughty, the greatest punishment I could inflict was to tell her she could do no more dancing that day. At school her grades were always high, for she knew if she brought home a report card with a low mark, the penalty would be to miss her Saturday dancing class. She danced constantly and she took it seriously, even when she was a tiny child. She would go over and over and over a difficult routine, as intent and earnest as a danseuse preparing for the opening of a ballet."

Then one summer Mrs. Powell, fearing that the child's health might be impaired by her rigorous, self-imposed practice, decided to take her to Atlantic City. She thought that there, with the ocean at her front door, Eleanor would enjoy surf-bathing, playing on the beach, exploring the wonders of the boardwalk and perhaps the dancing would become less important. But Eleanor found the smooth beach ideal for acrobatic routines and the practice went on as strenuously as ever.

One day while the child was (Continued on page 62)

Here is Albert Payson Terhune, whose delightful dog



ALL a dog needs, or has the right to expect, is a square deal . . . To be treated with normal care and kindness and comradeship. Not to be fondled and spoiled; above all, not to be neglected or treated cruelly or to serve as a vent for his owner's bad temper. If a man can't control his own filthy temper and his fits of babyish impatience, how can he expect to control a dog? Or any fellow human, for that matter? We learn from our dogs when we learn to practise self-control and justice on them. And it builds human character to do so. Inversely, the child who terrorizes or teases his dog is laying up within himself the seeds of bullying and of cruelty which will be a curse to other humans in later years. That point has never been stressed strongly enough to parents."

That is Albert Payson Terhune speaking—a man who needs no introduction either to readers or to radio listeners—the man whose absorbing dog stories in books and magazines and whose equally sentient dog dramas broadcast weekly over NBC have made his name a household word and endeared him to countless thousands.

Reading him and listening to his radio programs is a source of unqualified pleasure. Talking with him is a richly gratifying experience. He speaks easily and rapidly, as if time inevitably would be too short for all that he might say, and with a warmth of human understanding and quick sympathy. And he is uncompromisingly forthright in expressing his convictions.

"There are easier ways of exhibiting your inferiority to a dog than by kicking it," he comments tersely.

Your first impression, on meeting Albert Payson Terhune, is of his physical stature, his height—something

over six feet two—and his well-proportioned breadth, his erect, easy posture, eloquent of health and vigor and belying his numbered years. And your next impression, as you talk with him, is of a corresponding mental and spiritual stature—a fine reach of intellect, a breadth of experience and understanding. Here is a man who towers above the average, any way you assess him.

Listening to him, I was reminded of some words written two thousand years and more ago by a Hindu poet, who said: "*The world was not made for man alone, and man attains his true stature only as he realizes the dignity and worth of life that is not human.*" These words seemed aptly to account for Albert Payson Terhune, who obviously appreciates the dignity and worth of animal life.

Mr. Terhune began raising collies at his home, "Sunnybank," in New Jersey, prompted by the urge to have sons of his two dogs, Lad and Bruce, to take their places when these loved friends should be gone. Then, inevitably, he began selling some of the puppies—though not so many as might be supposed, for some of the so-called "Sunnybank collies" have never seen Sunnybank. But that is not Mr. Terhune's fault.

"My dogs would have to litter nearly every month," he said, "to produce all the puppies that are sold as Sunnybank collies. . . A man came up to me once," he went on, "and told me: 'I've got one of your dogs—a son of Bruce—and he's a mutt!' 'A mutt?' I said. 'How old is your dog?' 'Five and a half months,' he said. 'That's not a mutt—it's a miracle,' I told him. 'Bruce has been dead six years!'"

Sunnybank, itself, is to "the Master and the Mistress"

You need only to look at those dog faces to know what manner of man is Albert Payson Terhune. Here are three of Sunnybank's collies and the Irish terrier known as "Chips."

THE MASTER OF SUNNYBANK

BY NANCY BARROWS

stories charm and thrill you in books and broadcasts

something that few of us are fortunate to achieve—it is, for them, the Ultima Thule attained, the Land of Promise possessed. Wherever they have lived and traveled, here and abroad, it remains the ideal home of their hearts. There they spend at least nine months of each year with their dogs, their garden with its flowers “from everywhere,” the birds that yearly return to this lovely refuge as if sharing the passionate ardor of its Master and Mistress, and the “Little People”—little creatures of the wild that have become their friends. Its forty acres of hill and woodland were purchased some seventy-odd years ago by Mr. Terhune’s father,

the Reverend Doctor Edward Payson Terhune, prompted by the desire to save from destruction at the hands of wood-choppers its magnificent two-hundred-year-old oaks. And the rambling house which Dr. Terhune built before Albert was born still stands in its leafy setting of tree and shrub and vine, looking out toward a mirror of lake.

It is a place of peace and beauty. Small wonder that so much delight for the rest (*Continued on page 96*)





A beauty contest winner at seventeen, High School graduate at eighteen and radio singer at nineteen—that's Pat Gilmore, who sings with Enric Madriguera. Over across, Olga Albani, lovely soloist of the "Life is a Song" program. She was born in Barcelona, Spain, August 13th, 1905. Her favorite color is blue.

PATRICIA



GILMORE, OLGA ALBANI



BING CROSBY,
FRANCES LANGFORD

Bing to you, but Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr., to the home folks, was born May 2nd, 1904, in Tacoma, Washington. He first performed on radio as half of the vocal team of Crosby and Rinker, in 1927, and first achieved radio stardom in 1932. Lovely Frances Langford's sweet singing voice and winsome personality are carrying her to the top in pictures as in radio. She is in Paramount's show, "Collegiate." Frances is heard on the "Hollywood Hotel."





Ray Lee Jackson Photos



Lucy Monroe

WAS HER BIRTHRIGHT

Child of a famous star, Lucy Monroe finds her star



LUCY MONROE made her stage debut at the age of two, when her mother caught her up in her arms at the end of a performance and carried her before the curtain as she took her bow.

A few months later, during that same vaudeville tour of her mother's, Lucy cut her head against the sharp corner of a dressing-table.

She doesn't remember that first bow at all. Doesn't remember the surge of applause that swept through the theatre or the brilliance of the footlights or the other performers cooing at her behind the wings. But she does remember hurting her head that day in the hotel.

Most children would have remembered the glamour and forgotten the hurt. But even at the age of two Lucy was different from other children. For her world was built on make-believe and glamour so that they were the realities and the commonplace was the unusual.

A childhood is bound to be different from other childhoods when a girl's mother is a famous actress and her world is peopled by glamorous personalities instead of just anybody's comfortable Aunt Susie or Uncle Bob. When the conversation in the home centres about So-and-so's terrific success at the opening of the season's biggest hit or the 'round-the-world tour of some close

friend, instead of the mundane things it falls to the rest of us to hear. Everyday things like the cost of butter and eggs, or Mary's engagement or somebody's new hat.

Even the exotic becomes commonplace when it is everyday's rule. To Lucy the stage always has been as real as the stove in the kitchen or the piano in the living-room and not a whit more exciting. That is why she is so far along in her career while other girls of her age still are in the chorus on the stage or the chorus of radio programs, or doing bits in front of the camera. That's the reason she's going places so rapidly.

She isn't stage-struck. Her feet are firmly on the ground. Because she knows what it's all about. That's

why she hasn't accepted any of the offers Hollywood has made her.

"I want to be sure of my place in Radio first," she said simply. "Really sure. When I feel I have reached the mark I've set for myself, then I should like to try Hollywood. But not before I'm sure that I'm ready for it. I think it's a mistake to go on to something else while one thing is still unfinished."

It isn't strange that Hollywood should try to steal Lucy from the networks. Hers is the perfect screen face with its far apart blue eyes and wide vivid smile and the softly moulded high cheek bones that have been the

By ELIZABETH

BENNECHE PETERSEN



Five Glimpses of Lucy Monroe, young soprano with the "American Album of Familiar Music."

rising on Broadway

delight of camera men since the days of Mary Pickford's glory.

But it is strange that a girl as young as Lucy Monroe, a girl so pretty, should turn down the glamour that is Hollywood. Only a girl brought up as she has been would be far-seeing enough to do it.

For she never had to learn what most stage-struck girls have to find out for themselves. That radio and the theatre and the movies aren't just glamorous roads along which a girl travels to diamonds and orchids and champagne suppers. That they don't just mean Patou models and mink coats and Park Avenue apartments and country estates. That for the most part acting in any of them is a hard way to make a living and that work and work and still more work is the day's routine for success in any one of them.

"Mother worries about my taking my career so seriously," Lucy said, as the door closed behind Mrs. Monroe, a tiny, sparkling woman who was Anna Laughlin and the toast of New York when "*Babes In Toyland*" and "*The Wizard of Oz*" were Times Square sell outs.

"You see, she went on the stage when she was only eight years old and she knows how a career can shut out other things. Of course she's glad that I'm doing the thing she did before me and she has been such a grand help in an inconspicuous way, always keeping (Continued on page 64)



Amos



Smiling Amos, on the left. Andy over across. And above, center, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll broadcast their continuously popular radio serial. Correll, at the left, speaks up for Andy, while Gosden, right, contributes Amos' entertaining characterization.

IS Andy going to get married?

No one knows, not even Andy himself. But at that, it is a pretty safe bet that he is, because of the fact that Amos has recently taken unto himself a wife and Andy is already finding that situation pretty hard to bear. Besides, Charlie Correll, who is Andy, knows just how it feels to have his partner, his pal, his buddy, desert him to join the ranks of the benedicts—if it is possible for one Siamese twin to desert the other! And nine years ago he found but one satisfactory answer to the problem. And that was, of course, to get married, too. He admits he endured his lonely state a mere seven months!

Siamese twins, I called them. Andy says: "We're just like pork and beans." It is an actual fact that one can't go anywhere without the other, except on brief expeditions around the city. And for fifteen years, it has been like that. Only once since Amos 'n' Andy hit the airwaves have they been separated. On January 14th, Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) broadcast an entire program alone. Lordly Andy, Henry Van Porter, the Landlord, Jenkins and all the other characters portrayed by Charles J. Correll were absent because Correll was away, surprising his father, Joseph B. Correll, at a party in

ETERNALLY

Peoria, Illinois, celebrating the seventieth birthday of the elder Correll. In the absence of his partner, Gosden introduced Amos, the Kingfish and Brother Crawford—three characters which Gosden regularly plays—for a discussion of the ups and downs of married life.

Apart from that single occasion they've worked and slept and eaten and played together for fifteen years without a break. In all that time of intimate sharing of each other's life, each other's very thoughts, they've never lived further than three miles apart, and that only recently when Freeman Gosden's (Amos') growing family seemed to require larger quarters.

Here are the famous twins, Amos 'n' Andy, "incorporated,"



Andy

By MIRIAM
ROGERS

YOURS . . .

Today they live in beautiful apartments on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago—fifteen years ago they shared a small room. Today they share a large, luxurious office in one of Chicago's skyscraper buildings and are served by an efficient secretary. But they haven't forgotten that not so many years ago they traveled all over the country putting on amateur shows for Junior League, Kiwanis, and other organizations, for a small fraction of the salary that is theirs today.

Fifteen years brings many changes in anyone's life and today we are used to the magic lamp of radio, that has brought world-wide reputation and a corresponding finan-

cial success to so many young aspirants for fame and fortune. But of all the success stories to be told in this new field of entertainment, Amos' and Andy's story is outstanding. They are radio's favorite sons. It isn't only that they have been on the air so long—"Amos 'n' Andy" was the first fifteen-minute program to be broadcast and the first continued story, with an episode broadcast nightly. But theirs is a wide-spread appeal that defies analysis. Young and old, rich and poor, black and white, they all tune in night after night on Amos and Andy. Long ago the two boys, gallantly struggling to train within a week or so the awkward, small-voiced society boys and girls selected from the local talent for a musical show and trying to whip that show into at least semi-professional shape, had theatrical dreams of a sort themselves but not in their most optimistic moments did they dream of anything like the fame that is theirs today.

Outwardly it has changed the pattern of their lives entirely, but inwardly it has left them much the same. They are just two friendly, unassuming men who, giving the major part of their days to radio, nevertheless find time to lead the normal, pleasant lives of the average man. They are happily married, to non-professionals, and Amos—or rather, Free- (Continued on page 54)

who claim this is the best story of them ever written!

RADIO NIGHT LIFE



Above, Bob Ripley and Eve Love.
Below, a serious Graham, with
laughing Mrs. Graham McNamee.

Above, Queena Mario, Ford Bond
and Helen Jepson. Below, Edith
Mason and Mario and Mrs. Chamlee.



Below, noted organist, Jesse
Crawford, and Mrs. Crawford.



Below, Lanny Ross, with his
voice coach, Maestro Sturati.



Thursday night is radio night
at Gotham's Rainbow Grill

GLORIOUS

Gladys

Glamorous Gladys, gifted Gladys—and a host of other friendly and grateful adjectives for Gladys Swarthout in this delightful new Paramount picture, "Give Us This Night." Jan Kiepura, famous European Grand Opera star, is her leading man. The scenes pictured above are, as you may imagine, taken from a "Romeo and Juliet" sequence, which more or less characterizes the story of a fisher lad who, by a freak of fortune, becomes an opera star and finds that the singer whom he adores is pledged to the opera's manager.





White Studio

Eva LeGallienne as Marguerite Gautier, "La Dame aux Camelias," with Richard Waring, as Armand Duval, in Alexandre Dumas' stage play, "Camille."



Ben Pinchot

And here is the charming young actress in one of her most noted and most popular rôles, that of "Peter Pan," in Barrie's play of the boy who wouldn't grow up.

Eva LeGallienne discusses certain problems of radio



RADIO IS the most sensitive medium in the world for dramatic purposes, but it too often is used badly," Eva LeGallienne told me as we sat down in the book-lined library of her New York town apartment. "The very limitations of radio make it an

important and demanding new problem and account for its sensitivity," she continued.

Miss LeGallienne believes radio to be a great machinery for projecting all the things we see and hear and feel in the theatre, but the use of sound only removes the 'dimensions' of the theatre and makes the difficulty of the artist much greater. Of course, this difficulty to her is only an added incentive.

Where the stage is difficult because it is the most complex of the arts, paradoxically radio is more difficult because it is perhaps the simplest in its demands. That is the thing which must be kept in mind in any approach to radio as a means of transmitting dramatic productions, according to Miss LeGallienne.

"Radio can use a lot of practical and intelligent ideas," she said, "but someone with discrimination and judgment must direct the development of good ideas, too. I

remember that before I began rehearsals on one of the several dramatic broadcasts I have done, the program director questioned my judgment of the value of the material in the script. I told him that there was great power and 'punch' in the manuscript. He doubted it, but we went ahead and he told me afterward that he was

amazed at the beauty of the program. He said that unless he had been certain, he would have sworn the program was not done from the manuscript he had first read. Of course, this merely proves that people who know the theatre, and know it thoroughly, should be used in the dramatic programs of the air. The finest directors, actors and authors must be used

if radio is to continue as a dramatic medium. I have heard a few good programs of this kind, chiefly in the Lux series, but I also have heard so many dreadful attempts that for a long while I was discouraged with the possibilities of radio. The bad programs far outnumber the good ones."

Miss LeGallienne knows whereof she speaks. Her ideas on production have culminated in some of the highest acclaimed presentations in the theatre. "Peter Pan," "Hedda Gabler," "Romeo and Juliet," "L'Aiglon," "Alice in Wonderland," "Liliom," "Camille," "The Cradle

By FRED
SPOONER

"LET'S HAVE BETTER RADIO

The actress as Juliet, in her own stage production of "Romeo and Juliet."



Miss LeGallienne with one of her Cairn terriers. Raising Cairns is her hobby and she has a kennel of them.

plays

Song," "Alison's House," to name a few, are among the great successes she has produced, directed, and in which she has acted in leading rôles. She's thirty-six, and has managed to cram into twenty years of activity in the theatre a list of accomplishments that rival those of the great figures of the stage of all time.

Asked about her willingness to consider radio as a means of expression for her ideas, she said:

"As a matter of fact, I have some very detailed plans worked out now for the presentation of radio programs in the dramatic field. I really would like to use radio for the (Continued on page 100)

PLAYS . . . "



THE STRAIN WAS TERRIFIC

BY JIMMY DURANTE



Jimmy tells you himself why he is now off the air



HELLO FOLKS, dis is Claudius B. Bowers speakin'—"B" for Brainy. *Ah-h-h-h-h* . . . dere it goes! Still in character. Believe me, folks, de strain wuz terrific! It wuz colossal! It wuz stupenjuous! An' I couldn't take it.

When we finally got de stage show, *Jumbo*, opened and runnin' smooth, I t'ought my troubles wuz over. But dey wuz just beginnin'. It got so every time I seen a circus poster, or smelled a elephant, I held out my hand for a script an' got ready for a rehearsal. It wuz a vicious circle, dat's what it wuz. When I seen a circus I t'ought of a microphone; an' when I seen a microphone I t'ought of a circus. A vicious circle—an' I wuz goin' around in it. It wuz bewilderin' . . . it wuz exasperatin' . . . an' it wuz positively remunerative!

I got dat word from a lady dat interviewed me once. "Mr. Durante," she says—and wit' dat I perks up my ears. It's been weeks since anyone called me *Mister*.

"Mr. Durante," she says, "what is your dominant reason for engaging in this occupation?"

I looks at her shrewdly. I gives her de penetratin' eye. "It's a lie!" I says. "It's a conspiracy, dat's what it is. You been talkin' to my enemies."

I intimidated her. So she modifies d' statement. "I mean," she says, "are you in this work because it is remunerative?"

"Naw, lady," I tells her wit' perfect candor. "I gives my all for my art . . . because dere's money in it. Sacrificin' my genius on d' altar of commercialism, dat's what I'm doin'."

She was chagrined. She turns her head away to hide her embarrassment. I turns my nose away, to hide my head. Dey finds us dat way two hours later, covered wit' confusion. To make her feel better, I sends her a autographed picture. She sends me a dictionary. De score is tied, wit' Durante leadin' by a nose!

An' speakin' of noses . . . let me tell you about mine. When I was a little kid, down on the East Side of New York, I didn't take the schnozzle serious. Dere was plenty of nasal competition in dem days. All kinds 'a noses: long noses, short noses, eaglebeaks and polly beaks, hook noses and Roman noses. An' mine was de noblest Roman of dem all. It was roamin' all over my face! Noses was a staple commodity—every kid had one. Universal, dat's what dey was. An' mine was Paramount.

I used to be self-conscious (Continued on page 94)

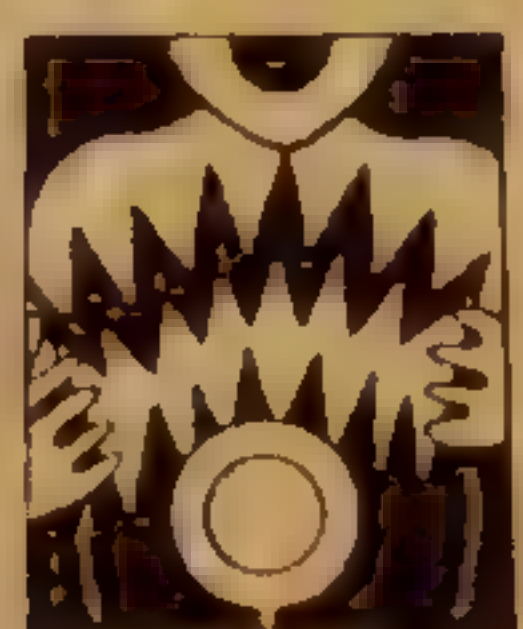
Jimmy
Duranter in
"Jumbo."



IT TAKES TIME AND *talent*

Irving Berlin offers advice
for eager young composers

BY HELEN HARRISON



IF THERE is anyone who could be regarded as knowing all there is to know about writing song hits, it would be Irving Berlin, who recently has been named in a nation-wide radio poll as the composer most popular with American audiences, runners-up being Victor Herbert, George Gershwin, Beethoven and Franz Schubert, in the order named.

Berlin, who brilliantly composed the first complete musical score of his career for *Top Hat*, which co-stars Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, is, in a manner of speaking, "going into his dance" on *Follow the Fleet*, with these same stars.

Yet radio, the veteran composer insists, offers an unparalleled opportunity for tunesmiths to get their songs before the greatest number of people in the shortest space of time. It may be said that when a number is popular it rolls up a vast tidal air wave which literally sweeps the country!

But how does one write a song hit?

Does the music come first, or the lyrics?

Is it inspiration, pure chance or just plain hard work?

Could you do it, or could I?

These are some of the questions being hurled in the direction of Berlin, Gordon and Ravel, Kern and other Royal Highnesses of Hits who are turning out tunes we whistle and hum or to which we tango.

"Writing music and lyrics," he says, very seriously, "is a peculiar 'business' without formulae—it is really a mixture of inspirational bolts from the blue and long and wearisome sessions of sweatful grinding. If a composer isn't satisfied to plug and plug and plug some more, he might better give it up at the first bar—of music I mean!"

It took Berlin exactly six weeks of intensive grinding and two months of polishing for him to complete *No Strings*, *Isn't This a Lovely Day*, *Top Hat*, *Cheek to Cheek* and *Piccolino*. But, as he says, "they don't all come alike." For instance, he wrote the *Cheek to Cheek*

song in a single night, starting one evening and finishing music and lyrics shortly after daylight! He didn't even touch the number again, since it was received with gratifying enthusiasm. On the other hand, he spent three weeks

(Continued on page 91)

The micro-radio-phone gives Irving Berlin an immediate check on his work, as he composes his melodies and lyrics and plays them back.



By HELEN

IRWIN



Mr. and Mrs. James Melton on their yacht, "Melody". Center picture, scene from "Stars Over Broadway."



THAT HANDSOME DEVIL OF



HAVE YOU ever dreamed of success and money and what you would do when you had them? Travel, maybe. Or indulge in lovely clothes or some expensive hobby? But most of all you've probably imagined being able to make any choice you wished. "*Now that I'm a success, I can do whatever I want!*"

Like all of us, James Melton had those dreams. Now he is achieving them. For eight years he has sung over the air and long has been one of radio's favorite tenors. Perhaps you saw the recent picture he made for Warner Brothers? It won him a long-term contract. He has just signed a new radio contract as well. Jimmy, that handsome young devil of the air, is at the place in life where he can look around and decide what he wants to do with his success.

I asked him the other day what his choice would be. I know he likes boats and owns a beautiful one. I pictured him spending long hours lazing around on the

deck, with his wife and a few friends, enjoying the security hard work had won for him. Gay, good-looking and friendly, I thought of him flitting about from one gay place to another, laughing, talking, being admired. I saw him saying to himself, as many other successful people have said:

"I've got the world by the tail. Watch what I do with it!"

So I was hardly prepared for the jolt.

"What am I going to do?" Jimmy said. "I'm going to learn to sing."

It was like hearing Paul Whiteman announce that he was going to learn to lead a band, or Fred Astaire declare that he would take a few tap lessons. I must have looked my amazement.

"Look," Jimmy went on, "all my life I've wanted to sing. Sometimes I sing well and sometimes I don't. I know it. But now, for (Continued on page 98)"



THE AIR

"I'm going to learn
to sing," says Melton

James Melton

FRENCH GIRLS ARE WISER!

Odette Myrtil reveals
some pertinent facts!

By HELEN HOVER



YOU American women," said Odette Myrtil with an impatient nod of her sleek, well-coiffed head, "you do not know it, but your bridge games—they are your worst enemy."

She was seated in her Hotel Plaza suite, high up in New York's smart Fifties. Two telephones were jangling constantly and, in spite of a maid and secretary to take the messages, la Myrtil always bounced up and answered the phone herself. Her voice is throaty and hearty, with but a slight French burr and she was receiving and accepting invitations right and left. Luncheon at the River Club? Yes, yes. Cocktails at Clara Belle's this afternoon? I'll be there! Meet you



William Haussler

Odette broadcasts in "Evening in Paris."



Odette Myrtil

Ray Lee Jackson

at dinner at So-and-So's this evening. Au revoir until eight, chérie. A theatre first-night tomorrow? Just love it!

How *does* she do it?

Two immense chows leaped in from another room and immediately deposited themselves on either side of their mistress, so she let the telephones hang while she caressed their silky backs and continued talking. The dogs, incidentally, are named "Foo" and "One-Two." "One-Two" because he is her second dog.

"A group of women will get together and play bridge, bridge, bridge," Odette returned to her subject. "All afternoon long. Soon what happens?" A shrug of those expressive Gallic shoulders. "You dress to show off

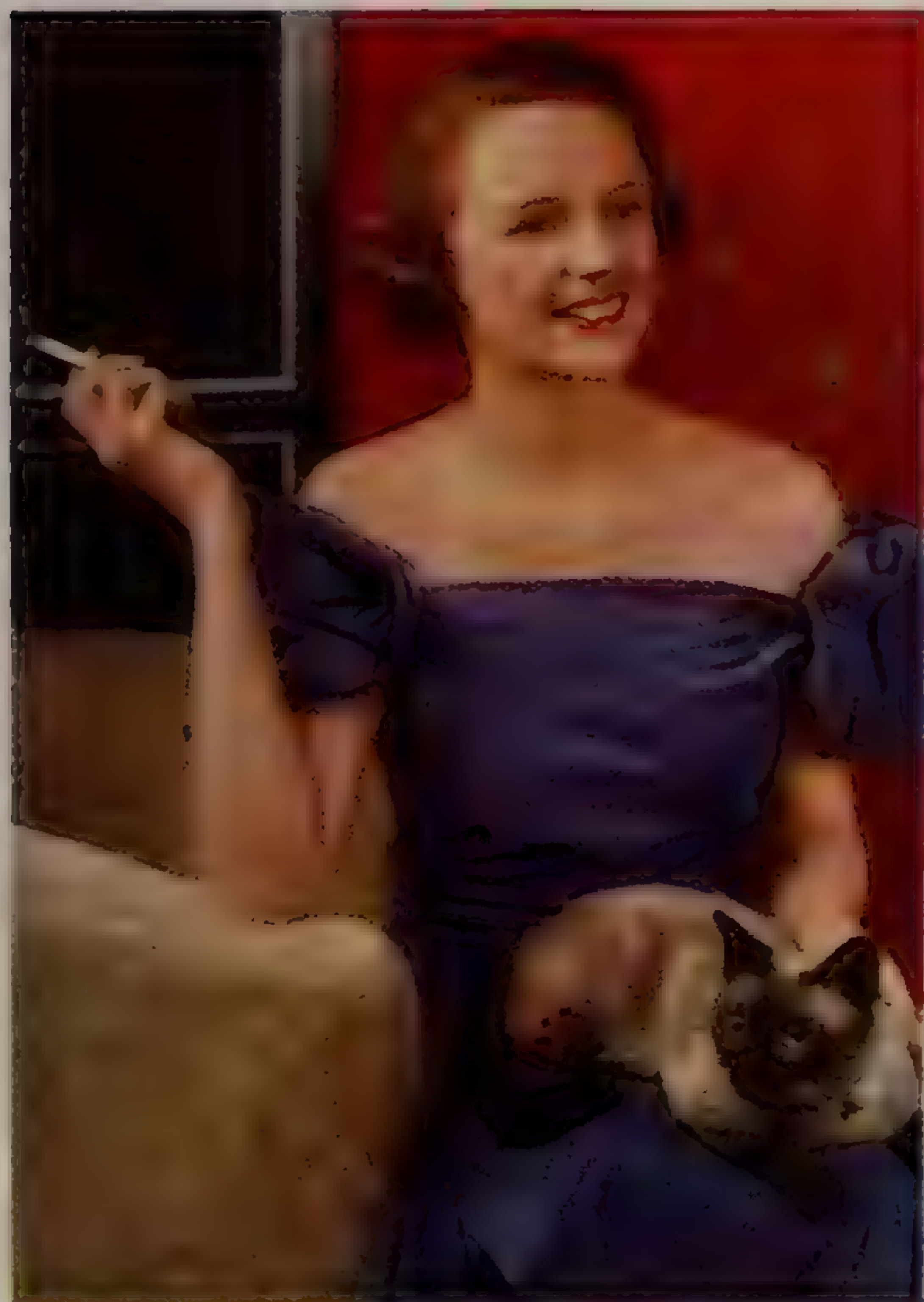
before these women, you talk to make an impression on these women. *Women—women—women.* A man does not like the same personality that a woman does. Nor the same type of clothes, either. So when you try to please your many women friends, very often you displease your men friends. That is why French women have very few women friends. They dress, talk, act—to please men. It is an art."

Crossing her long, tapering legs, she went on: "America is a feminine country. In France, a woman is under the thumb of her parents and, after she is married, her husband dominates her. She is not allowed to think as freely, or to act as independently as the American girl. There are not as many divorces in France as here because the woman resigns herself to her mate, come what may. In a way that is a great pity. There is no unhappier sight than that of a woman who, for financial reasons, must continue to live with a man she does not love. American women are lucky because they generally can get along on their own. They know how to stand on their own two feet. They do not have to hang on to a man merely because he is a meal ticket."

That you will admit, is mighty plain language, and with a bitter edge of truth to it. But she isn't talking through her new Milgrim chapeau. Odette herself has been married twice. She has a handsome, sixteen-year-old son, Bob Adams, by her first husband. But it is with her present husband that she has found her greatest happiness. He is Stanley Logan, a director with Warner Brothers. His job made it necessary for Odette to pack up her doodads and live in Hollywood for a while.

"There," she says, "I thought I would go in the movies. So I get myself a manager and soon I am before the attention of all the big executives in Hollywood. They look at me and beam. Oh yes, yes, they say, I am a—what you call it?—oh, 'a natural' for pictures. 'We will make of you another Fifi Dorsay,' they tell me. But I don't want to be another Fifi Dorsay—" an emphatic stamp of her well-shod feet. "I (Continued on page 58)

Unless Camels thoroughly please you— they cost you nothing!



Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel's costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don't agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (*Above*): "I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (*Above right*): "Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm all tired out, a Camel sets me right again."

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (*Right*): "Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos."



Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Irene Rich

Lovelier than the lilies,
that speak of Easter
and Spring and the joy
of new beginnings.
Irene herself reflects
the beauty Time cannot
touch. Stage, screen
and radio offer their
varied mediums for her
varied gifts.



WIN BACK

*Smooth
Line-Free Skin*

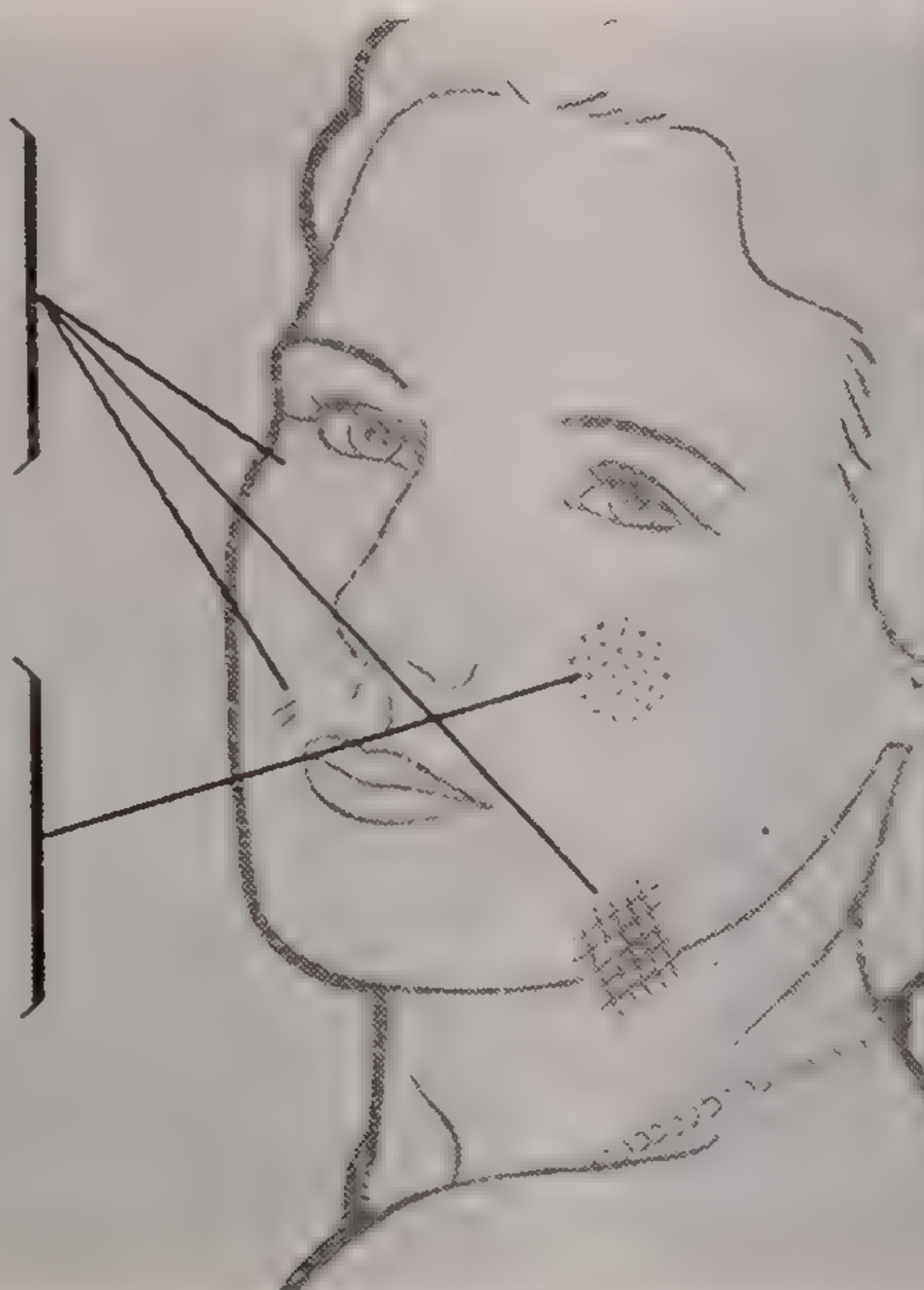
QUICKLY



Miss Isabel Parker has that exquisite but delicate type of skin which often gets lined early: "Pond's Cold Cream actually ends dryness—smooths away little lines."

**LINES,
DRY SKIN**
say: "Getting
on in years"

COARSE PORES
say: "Slim chances
for good times!"



—rouse that faulty Under Skin

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! It's not surprising that a coarse or dull skin is the reason many a nice girl is hardly noticed. Blackheads, blemishes draw positive criticism. Men seem to think that a good skin comes naturally!

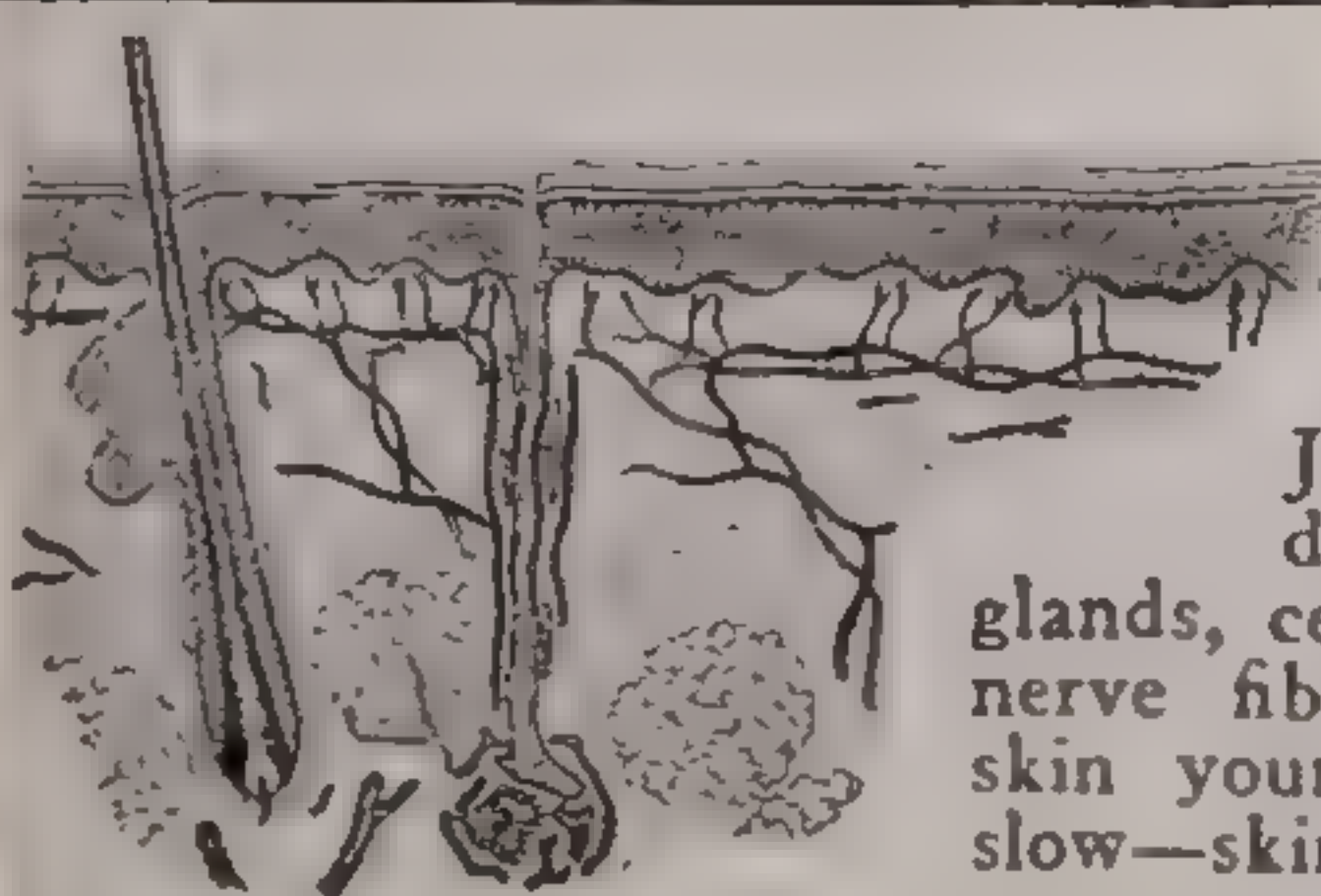
But actually that good skin is something most of us have to work for—And can win!

When lines come—blackheads, blemishes—it's a sign that *under* the skin you see, something has gone wrong.

How to reach the under tissues

Look at the diagram of the skin below. See the nerves, fibres, glands in the under layers. In your teens, these busily carry nourishment to your skin. When they slow, skin faults begin.

You've got to fight these skin faults off



**Where Skin
Age begins..**

Just below that dark layer, tiny glands, cells, muscle and nerve fibres keep outer skin young. When they slow—skin dries out, ages!

... rouse that faulty underskin. And you can!—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed fine oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it softens dirt—Floats out the clogging matter.



Eleanor Gould

now Mrs. Ludlow W. Stevens, daughter of the late Jay Gould: "Even the first treatment with Pond's Cold Cream made my skin seem finer textured."

Now your pores are free! Your skin is ready for a fresh application of this youth-giving cream. Pat it in smartly. Feel the blood tingling. Your skin alive! Glowing. You have awakened that sleepy underskin!

Do this regularly—note the improvement. Color livened. Skin smoother. In time, pores refined. Lines softened.

This famous Pond's treatment does more than cleanse. It brings to skin that fresh vital look that we all call beauty...

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up, skin secretions... Wipe it off! Pat in more cream briskly... to rouse that faulty underskin, to win back smooth, line-free skin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment—Your skin becomes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

POND'S, Dept. D-128 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

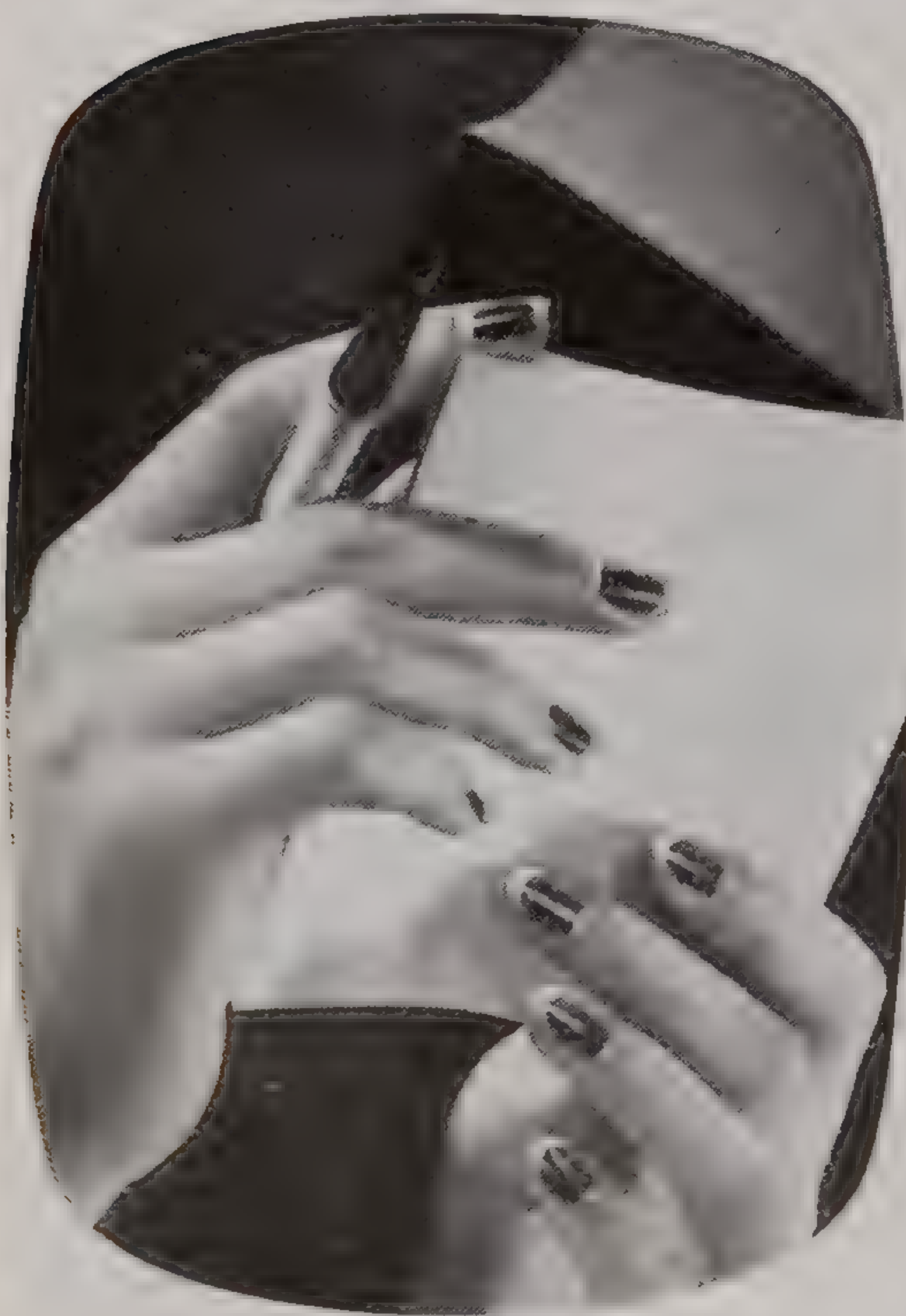
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City _____ State _____

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Your hands

**WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE
ALL . . WEEK . . LONG!**



**GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS
FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR**

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!



... The Smart Manicure

Eternally Yours

(Continued from page 41)

man Gosden—has two growing children, a boy of seven and a girl of five, to whom he is as devoted as any fond parent.

There is only one difference, one divergence from the norm! And that is the enforced duality of their lives. If Amos wants to go to New York, Andy must go, too. If Andy wants to go to Washington, Amos must pack his bags and go along. Once they got as far as making separate arrangements—Andy was to go to New York on some pleasure trip of his own and Amos was to stay at home, so that he could attend a football game he was interested in. But they began to think: Suppose the weather changed, suppose something happened to delay Andy in New York. Suppose they were unable to bridge the distance and get together for their broadcast Monday evening? The time was too short, the distance too great—they could not take a chance on disappointing the eager thousands who would tune in on their favorite program at seven or eleven (eastern time) Monday night. (To satisfy the demands of their listeners in west and east, Amos and Andy broadcast at seven o'clock for the eastern circuit and again at eleven, Eastern Standard Time, for the western audience.)

So that plan was given up and an adjustment made. Many adjustments have had to be made in the course of fifteen years of twinship! Two men could not possibly live together so intimately without some arguments and many inevitable compromises. But they have learned each other's foibles, learned to avoid fanning the little sparks that so easily might cause a conflagration.

"We know each other pretty well by this time," Charlie Correll, who is Andy, chuckled. "We each know what the other wants and we don't antagonize each other."

But this living closer than most brothers ever do has its compensations. In the beginning, when they first met as representatives of the same producing company, they felt an immediate attraction for each other, a definite bond of liking and interest that the years have but strengthened and cemented. That bond became the foundation of their very lives. On it was built their career, their success. But it has brought them more than can be summed up in those two words. It has brought them a deeply satisfying companionship, an understanding friendship such as all men dream of and few are fortunate enough to realize.

What fun, for instance, in the midst of a busy hour of working on the preparation of their script, to say: "Let's go to Washington tonight, for some hunting or fishing." And to know that the other will agree enthusiastically: "Let's!"

Fun, too, the actual preparation of their scripts. They come into their office, two well-dressed, successful-looking men, confer with their secretary, read their personal mail and their fan mail. Then, spurred on by a sense of fleeting time, they strip off their coats and get to work

in real earnest—Charlie Correll at the typewriter, Freeman Gosden on his feet, on his toes! They go over the broadcast of the preceding night, mull over the current events, decide what they want to talk about tonight. And as they talk, the two men their friends know as Gosden and Correll merge into the two more widely known characters of their own invention, Amos and Andy. Amos dictates, with Andy's helpful suggestions, and Andy's nimble fingers take it down. Thus it takes shape on paper and in their minds and without further rehearsal, the two are ready to go on the air at the appointed times. And thousands of eager, responsive listeners chuckle over the complicated situations Amos and Andy get themselves into, enjoying the dialect and the characterizations so typical of the race they portray.

They used to write their scripts in advance, particularly when they were planning one of their frequent hunting trips. But they found it didn't work: the scripts lost in freshness, in interest. This other method of writing but a few hours before they go on the air gives them a chance to keep up to the minute in their choice of subjects, to incorporate such newsy items as the Louis-Baer fight last fall or the general trend in current events. Also it keeps them on their toes. There is no relaxing, no taking their job for granted. No getting slipshod or careless or indifferent, or reading lackadaisically something written and lost interest in weeks before.

They've got to be keenly, alertly on the job, day in and day out—even those before-mentioned days when they seek a little relaxation and rest in their favorite sport of hunting. They choose Washington for these outings usually, because they have many friends there and because they can broadcast from there on open wires. But they've got to prepare their script and do their day's job no matter how the fish run or the birds fly! They have had only one real vacation in the last ten years—it is just a little over ten years (ten in January) since they started doing dialogue together on the air.

The road that led them to the present pinnacle on which they stand so firmly was not too easy or too plainly marked. They had no theatrical background, no training on the stage. Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) was born in Richmond, Virginia. He has a real southern background, with a Kentucky mother and a father who served in the Confederate army—which accounts for the authenticity of his dialect and characterizations. He began his business career as a salesman, first for a tobacco company, later for an automobile concern and was in the navy during the war.

Charles J. Correll (Andy) was born in Peoria, Illinois, but he, too, had southern connections, for his grandmother was a cousin of Jefferson Davis. He went into the construction business with his father

(Continued on page 68)

The Girl who Married your Husband



Have gnawing fears and worries
withered the bloom of her
romance? Or did she discover
"Lysol" in time?

LIKE every woman, you started
out with certainty that *your*
marriage would be different. No mis-
understandings. All harmony.

Some marriages *do* succeed in pre-
serving those ideals. You might be
surprised to know how often they
owe much of their success to "Lysol".

Doctors know that back of *most*
marriage failures is the old, old story
of a woman's fear—bred of misin-
formation and half-truths about
marriage hygiene. Fortunately, more
and more women today are learning
the *facts*...that much of their fear is
needless. "Lysol" has *earned* the
confidence of the millions of women
who have used it.

Two special qualities of "Lysol"
make it exceptionally valuable in
antiseptic marriage hygiene. First,
it has the property of *spreading*, of
reaching germs in folds of tissue
where ordinary methods do not
reach. And second, "Lysol" *remains*
effective in the presence of organic
matter (such as mucus, serum, pus,
etc.)—when some other antiseptics
lose their germ-killing power partly
or even totally. Yet the dependa-
bility and gentleness of "Lysol"—
in the solutions recommended—are
such that leading doctors commonly
use it in the delicate operation of
childbirth.



You will find that the use of
"Lysol" brings you a reassuring sense
of antiseptic cleanliness. But more
important—it relieves your mind of
that constantly recurring worry, fear
and suspense, which no husband
ever *really* understands.

A booklet of valuable information
on this important subject, is yours
for the asking...just mail the coupon
below.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reli-
able. It contains no harmful free caustic
alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true*
germicide, which means that it kills germs

under practical conditions...even in the
presence of organic matter (such as dirt,
mucus, serum, pus, etc.). Some other
antiseptics don't work when they meet
with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, be-
cause of their low surface tension, spread
into hidden folds of the skin, and thus
virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is con-
centrated, costs less than one cent an
application in the proper solution for
feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol"
disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full*
strength, no matter how long it is kept,
no matter how often it is uncorked.



NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP...

for hands, complexion, bath. A
fine, firm, white soap, with the
added deodorant property of
"Lysol". Protects longer against
body odors, without leaving
strong after-odor. Washes away
germs and perspiration odors.
Get a cake at your favorite drug
counter.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., RS-4
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS",
with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of
"Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH ?



Jerry
Cooper
of "Tea
at the
Ritz."

Stars of the air frankly
answer their fans' questions



Lower left, Margaret Speaks, soprano soloist of "The Voice of Firestone." Next above, Kate Smith, whose fine program is continuously popular. Upper left, Frances Langford, successful both in radio and in movies. Center, above, Eddie Cantor in a scene from his movie, "Strike Me Pink." Upper right, Major Bowes, whose Amateur Hour remains unrivalled.

Do You Resent Having People Ask You to Perform at a Party and, if So, Why?

Harriet Hilliard: "Yes . . . one always appears at a disadvantage, and people never take that into consideration, so it boils down to doing yourself a great deal of harm."

Al Pearce: "I'm not fond of performing at parties, but if they get me started it's just too bad for all concerned."

Ted Hammerstein: "Yes!"

John Barclay: "That depends . . . being turned on like a faucet is sometimes annoying."

Donald Novis: "Not under ordinary circumstances. But I find that when I'm working, performing at parties is quite a strain on my voice, coming as it does on top of three or four daily shows."

Myrtle Vail: "I most certainly do . . . and 'celebrity nites' give me

a pain in the neck . . . it isn't nice to have to 'sing for your supper'."

Lucy Monroe: "If the people are my friends and I'm not tired from work, I'm delighted—if they just want to see the elephant jump the fence, I'll be darned if I will!! Just a mean type!"

Fritzi Scheff: "I do not resent it, if it is done at the right time and in the right way by my friends."

Jerry Belcher: "Not in the least . . . I never get a chance over the air. In our show I am not the performer. The person being questioned does all the performing."

Anne Jamison: "I love to be asked and enjoy doing it."

Betty Lou Gerson: "Yes, I do. One's friends are so much more critical and seem to regard one as something similar to a court jester."

Margaret Speaks: "No."

Odette Myrtil: "I don't mind if I have someone who can accompany

me well."

Claude Hopkins: "In a way, since I seldom get the opportunity to attend a party, and, when I do, I like to enjoy myself and get away from music for a while."

Peter van Steeden: "I have not played an instrument for several years, and, therefore, have a very good excuse not to perform."

Eddie Cantor: "The only parties I ever attend are those given by intimate friends. They know better than to ask me to 'perform'."

Ossie Nelson: "I do . . . unless there happens to be a capable accompanist. I hate to impose a bum performance on my friends."



Countess Olga Albani, lovely soprano soloist whose voice is a sparkling feature of the Sunday night "Life Is a Song" program on the NBC network.

Donna Damerel: "That depends on what kind of party it is."

Major Edward Bowes: "I am not a performer in the ordinary sense of the word."

Frances Langford: "Yes . . . because singing for small groups makes me nervous as a cat."

Elsie Hits: "I don't resent it, but I haven't any parlor tricks other than singing a little, and I always get nervous doing that."

Patti Pickens: "If I go to a party prepared to sing, I don't object to being called upon. But if I go to have a good time it is terribly annoying to have someone insist on my 'warbling'."

June Meredith: "Very much so. Were I a singer or a musician I shouldn't be averse to favoring my friends with a selection. Being a dramatic (Continued on page 71)

HE'S SO IN LOVE WITH HER NOW- AND YET...



Only a year ago everyone felt so sorry for Ellen. She was terribly in love with Bill, yet she knew how indifferent he was.



I was the one who had courage to be frank with her—"You have really lovely eyes and hair, but I'm afraid you're getting Cosmetic Skin" . . .



I told her this complexion trouble develops when powder and rouge are not thoroughly removed. She began to use Lux Toilet Soap . . .



Her skin began to improve, and Bill was almost the first to notice. They're going to be married in June . . .

Don't risk Cosmetic Skin!

LOVELY skin wins romance. You don't want to lose out!

If you're worried about Cosmetic Skin—coarseness, dullness, tiny blemishes—use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics *thoroughly*, guards against dangerous pore choking. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—*always* before you go to bed.



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP**, I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BENNETT



French Girls Are Wiser

(Continued from page 50)

want to be *myself* and nobody else. So we argue and argue and argue and then—"shrug signifying resignation—"then we call it quits."

Tossing up a four-figured weekly salary just because she "wouldn't be like someone else" may not quite make sense to some people. But this doesn't surprise those of us who know the story behind Odette Myrtil. In the past five years or so, her whole career has been packed with a silent rebellion. She has fought against being labelled a violinist. And when you consider that from the age of ten she has steadily been building a name for herself as a violin virtuoso, it seems astonishing.

Both her parents were opera singers and wanted Odette to have a concert career. From the time she was able to walk, they tucked a violin under her chin, a bow in her hand and she proceeded to fiddle away under the supervision of some of the finest teachers in Europe. If young Odette hadn't been of an exploring turn of mind, she might not have suddenly become the "child Prodigy." As it was, though, one morning she happened to run into the empty theatre where her parents performed, stepped on the stage, and proceeded to practise on her violin there, instead of in the privacy of their hotel room. The manager chanced to be sitting in the darkened theatre at the moment. As he saw the child drawing the

bow across her violin, he sat upright. There, his shrewd showman sense told him, was a good bet for the stage. The child had remarkable stage presence, he observed and her intense face, as she caressed her violin, would be further heightened under the dramatic glare of the spotlights. So that night little Odette Myrtil, ten years old going on eleven, stepped on the stage as the "child wonder of the violin."

She was a tremendous hit instantly. And from then on Odette Myrtil and the violin became stage-partners. They toured through France, Spain, Germany, Italy, England. They appeared at private musicales. At large public concerts. At sumptuous garden parties. Everywhere, it was "Odette Myrtil, the violin virtuoso."

But concert work was very exacting and young Miss Myrtil was very restless, so she went into a revue which was much less exacting and much more exciting. And as the "child wonder" grew and blossomed into a tall, vivacious woman, she was more and more in demand by revue producers. She crossed the Atlantic several times, playing in America's "Ziegfeld Follies" one year, in England's "Charlot's Revue" the next. Until the Shubert producers of Broadway caught up with her and tied her down to a contract which kept her on the New York stages. Then started Odette's rebellion.



DOES BOTH JOBS

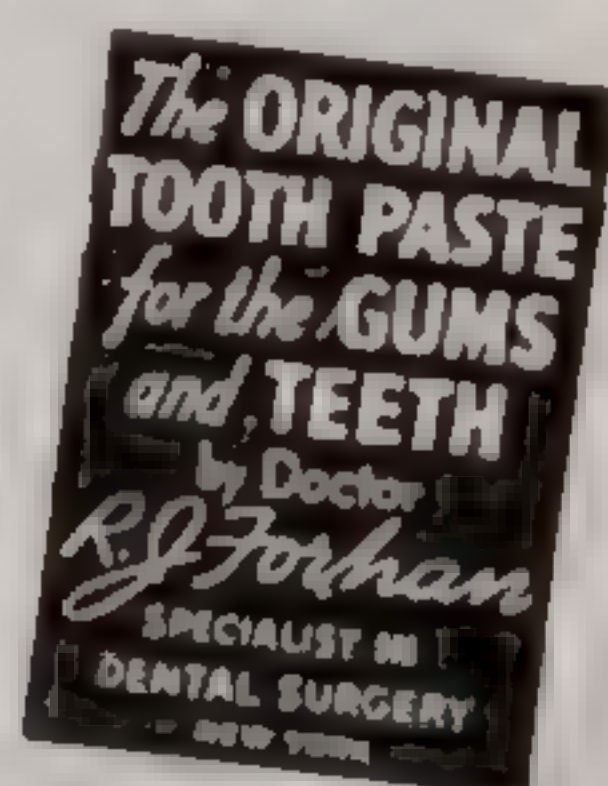
CLEANS TEETH

Half way care of the teeth is fooling thousands of people. They clean their teeth regularly. Yet they leave the door wide open to the greatest cause of dental trouble—soft, spongy, bleeding gums. Why run this risk? Forhan's costs no more than most other tooth pastes and gives you double protection—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

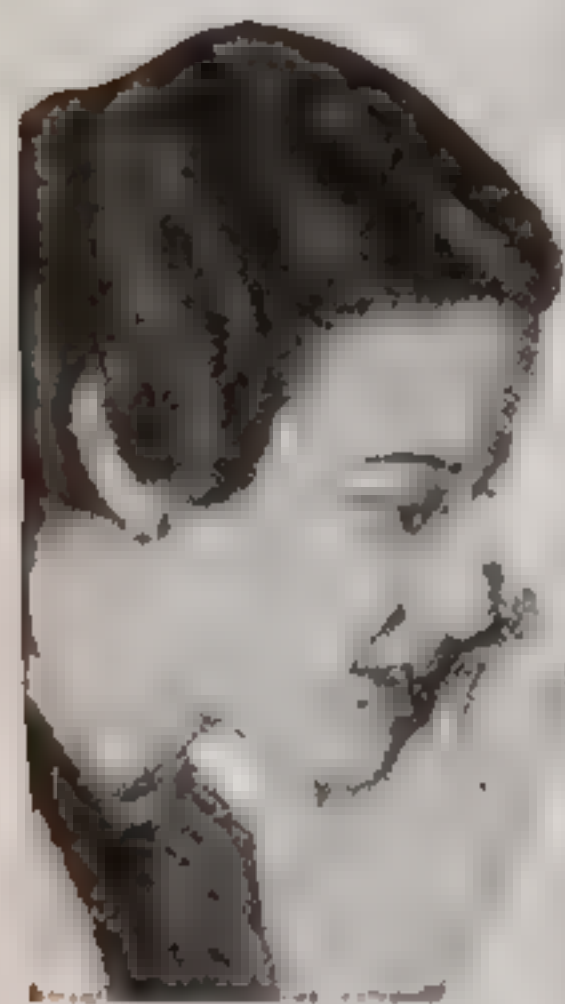
SAVES GUMS

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What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "onedge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly



alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight.

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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

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Yes—it's Jack Benny! The cigar is sure evidence. Jack, as you may know, is fond of cigars. And, from his expression, this must be a good one!

"I do not want to play the violin any longer," she told the amazed Shuberts. "I am an actress, a singer, a comedienne. Please—please do not have me carting out my violin every time I walk on the stage. I want to forget about it. Let the people see me in some other rôle."

But her producers, remembering her reputation on the concert and revue stages of Europe, were aghast at her request and proceeded to tuck the innocent little violin under her protesting arm.

"Always—always the violin," she says, running her hands through her chic black bob. "No matter what show I am in, or what character I portray, there it was. They would inject my violin in the script on the silliest pretexts. Sometimes it would be hiding under a sofa, or in the fireplace, or on the chandelier, and then I would walk out on the stage and find it. I would have to squeal in surprise, 'Oh—a violin!' and play it for a while."

"Sometimes it was so far-fetched, it was positively funny. Like the time when I am chosen to play the lead in 'White Lilacs.' I am to play the rôle of George Sand, the novelist, and Miss Sand she hated—absolutely hated—music. At last I am happy. But Mr. Shubert say to me during rehearsal: 'You will have to play several numbers in the show.' Then I see red. 'But Mr. Shubert,' I say, 'I am to be George Sand, and she would never even touch a musical instrument. You will ruin your character.' We fight like mad over that, but in the end he wins. I have to yank my violin out of my trunk and play it once more."

That is one of the reasons why she is particularly keen on her new radio show. To date—and she keeps her fingers crossed—she has not yet been required by her sponsors to play her much-abused instrument. And she hopes they won't ask her to, either. For she feels that radio has really put her on her own as singer and mistress-of-ceremonies.

The Myrtil femme, with her lithe, tall body seems to have been blessed with what she calls "the American figure." But her personality is all French. No mistaking it. With her quick, staccato voice and infectious laugh, she is a vivid example of the observation that French women, no matter how plain their faces may be, suddenly become beautiful when they talk. Her eyes snap, her strong, slim fingers gesticulate, her generous mouth parts in frequent wide smiles, her head bobs in animation.

"American girls are so glamorous and lovely!" Odette returned to the subject of dress, which to her, as to any French woman, is an important matter. "They are slimmer and taller than the French. French girls," her lips pouted reprovingly, "they eat too much. And they do not exercise enough because France is an inland, over-crowded country and has not enough room or facilities for many sports. Consequently the French women are shorter, stockier. You talk about Paris styles. Yes, Paris styles are chic and set the fashion trend for the world, but do you know—they are made for the American figures, not for the French! They have the long, graceful lines for the long, athletic American forms. A tiny, curvy French woman in those same clothes would look ridiculous."

THE END



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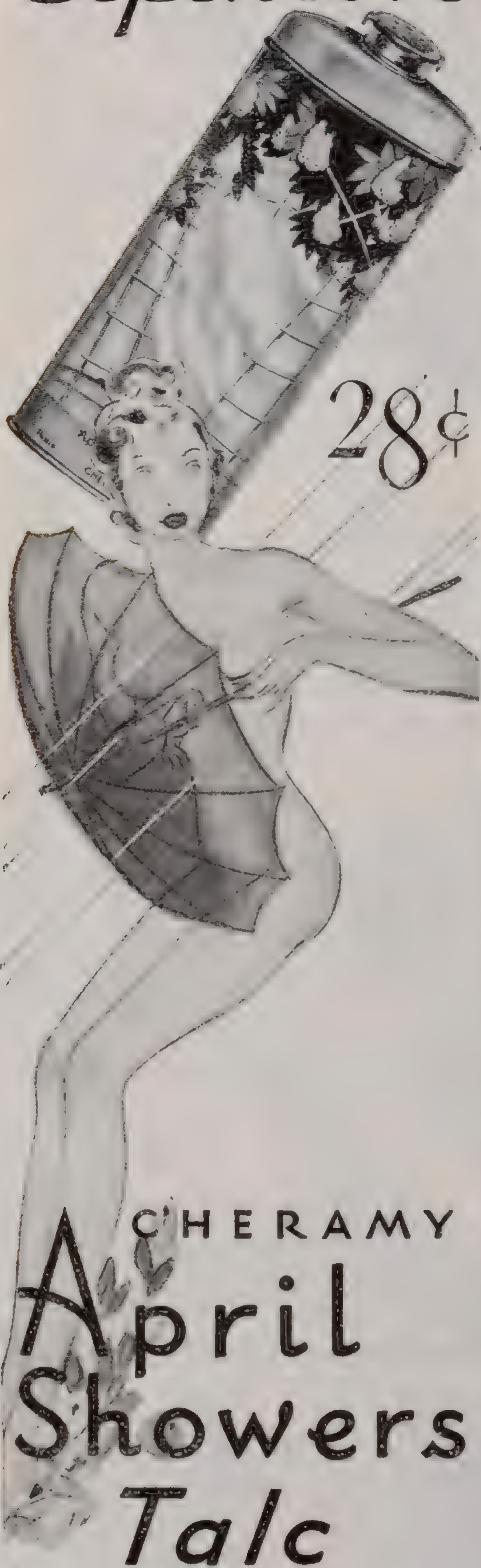
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Radioites Diet, Too!

(Continued from page 13)

specialists and concluded that he probably had ulcers of the stomach. He found that his only relief was in a carefully supervised diet, so he consulted Dr. Hay and, by adhering rigidly to the prescribed menus, George today is entirely well.

At about that time Paul Whiteman, Gershwin's close friend, had succeeded in reducing his waist circumference from—oh, well, don't let's be personal—to—er—well, to more reasonable proportions. He had brought his weight down, all right, but was experiencing an even more bitter struggle to keep it down. Indeed, for a time Paul's health was threatened and all who are familiar with the tragic careers of the late Lilyan Tashman and Barbara LaMarr realize what danger attends too strenuous weight reduction. Gershwin, however, sent Whiteman to Dr. Hay.

The semi-starvation diet upon which Whiteman had placed himself to keep his figure slim had him headed in the general direction of the place where very good orchestra leaders go when they die. He was suffering from chronic headaches and nervousness and his resistance was at such a low ebb he was constantly catching colds. Dr. Hay, however, showed him that he could eat plenty and still remain slim—that is, slim for Paul—and although he has been on the diet now for more than a year, he has regained none of the weight he lost, and he eats all he desires.

Just by way of sharp contrast is the case of Lily Pons. The singer consumed quantities of cream, butter and rich foods of every description in order to gain weight, but the net result was to cultivate a few facial blemishes. Miss Pons had fallen off alarmingly as a result of overwork and despite every effort she was unable to regain the weight she had lost. Whiteman, meeting her one day, jokingly remarked that maybe she could get some of his weight from Dr. Hay, but Lily took him seriously enough to consult the dietician. For her the doctor naturally prescribed a different regimen from that which he had ordered for Whiteman, but today Miss Pons' weight is, to the pound, where she wishes it to be.

Whiteman couldn't persuade Jimmy Melton to consult Dr. Hay when Melton was trying to lose weight in order to be a more romantic screen figure. Jimmy persisted that skipping the rope, boxing, and other forms of violent exercise would bring about the desired result, but all they did was to give him a better appetite and, consequently, a more rotund appearance. Wise Marjorie McClure, in private life Mrs. Jimmy Melton, listened to Whiteman, however, and paid a secret visit to Dr. Hay. She told him Jimmy's trouble, and went triumphantly home clutching a purse in which was carefully secreted a diet list. P.S.: Jimmy got the job, and is going to make a second picture.

With Gershwin and Whiteman preaching diet from Times Square to Columbus Circle—not to mention all over the rest of the United States—it was not long before their fellow radio stars were flocking to Dr. Hay seeking aid for every ail-

ment from overweight to low sponsor pressure.

Tito Guizar, romantic Spanish tenor, was on the verge of cancelling his program because of a throat ailment and had been ordered by different doctors to submit to a tonsilectomy. Mrs. Guizar, one of radio's most devoted wives and mothers, sought the aid of Dr. Hay, tearing a leaf from Mrs. Melton's book. She had heard that in most cases a throat operation of that seriousness cuts four or five notes from either the upper or lower register of a singer's voice and wisely she divined that such an operation, should it become necessary, might seriously imperil Tito's career. Dr. Hay, however, prescribed a diet that thus far has corrected the difficulty—and Tito never knew it until it was all over!

Not even Rudy Vallee's closest intimates were aware of the terrible toll of his vitality the long-drawn-out litigation over his marital difficulties took. Rudy never complains of overwork or tiredness, but his nerves were stretched to the breaking point, and he was unable to digest any food at all when he sought dietary aid. It was a haggard and worn Rudy who, scarcely able to concentrate sufficiently to listen to Dr. Hay, carried away with him a prescribed diet which, in two weeks, returned him to his old self.

All those are cases of corrective diet, but it is as a preventive measure that most of radio's stars seek Dr. Hay's aid. Webb, Duey, Connie Gates, and a host of singers, aware of the dictum of the late Herbert Witherspoon, president of the Metropolitan Opera Company and a noted vocal teacher, that "correct eating is as important to the singer as vocal lessons," realize the importance to their work of correct eating.

Dr. Hay, with regard to the layman's awe of such expressions as "alkali," "acid condition," "carbohydrate," and what not, sums up briefly and succinctly the one big "don't" for radio stars.

"Don't," he warns, "mix your proteins and starches if you want to keep in perfect broadcasting form."

That's about all there is to it. Here, for instance, is the simple regimen that Dr. Hay ordered for the first week in each case, except those of Rudy Vallee and Lily Pons.

First three days: nothing but citrus fruits juices—from lemons, oranges, grapefruit, or tomato juice.

Remainder of week:

BREAKFAST

Fruit juice or fresh fruit
Milk

LUNCH

Vegetable soup or cooked vegetable
Fresh vegetable salad, oil and lemon
dressing or sour cream
Buttermilk

DINNER

Grape Juice
Carrot Sticks Cucumber Rings



When they were making "Give Us This Night," at the Paramount studios, afternoon tea was a feature of the daily routine. Gladys Swarthout, who plays the leading rôle in this musical, opposite Jan Kiepura, enjoys her tea before resuming work.

Lettuce and tomato salad, sour cream dressing
Steamed Asparagus, Hollandaise
Fresh Fruit

The diet for the second week is less exacting, although still restricted. During the second and third weeks, the same breakfast and luncheon menus are adhered to. For the second week:

DINNER

Apple juice *Ripe olives*
Vegetable Soup
Shredded fresh vegetable salad, French dressing
Creamed cauliflower
Diced steamed carrots
Sliced oranges

The dinner for the third week is even more elaborate, and after that, regular meals may be resumed with the sole injunction against mixing proteins and starches. Even sweets may be taken although only with starches. Three starch dinners and four protein dinners per week are eaten. For the third week:

DINNER

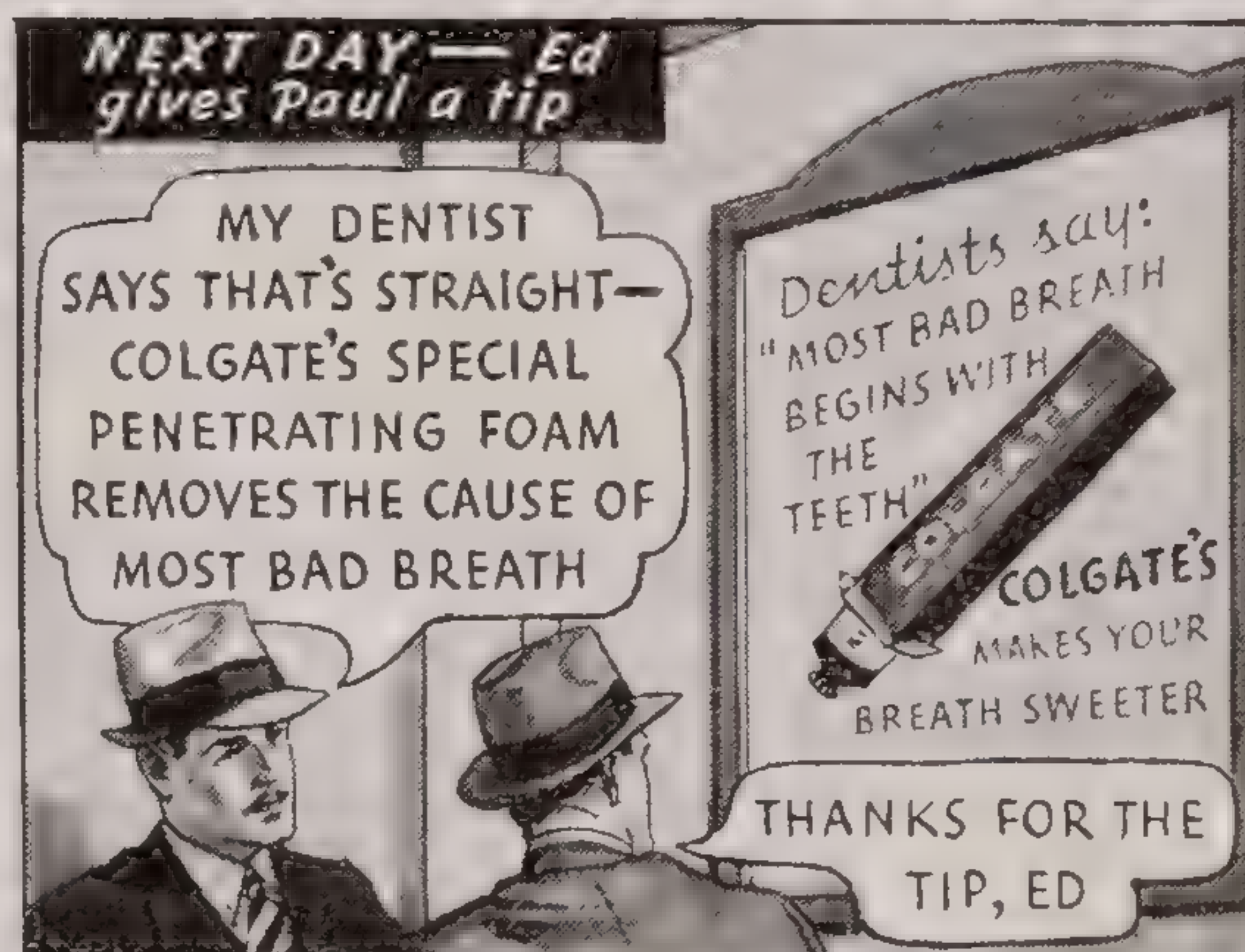
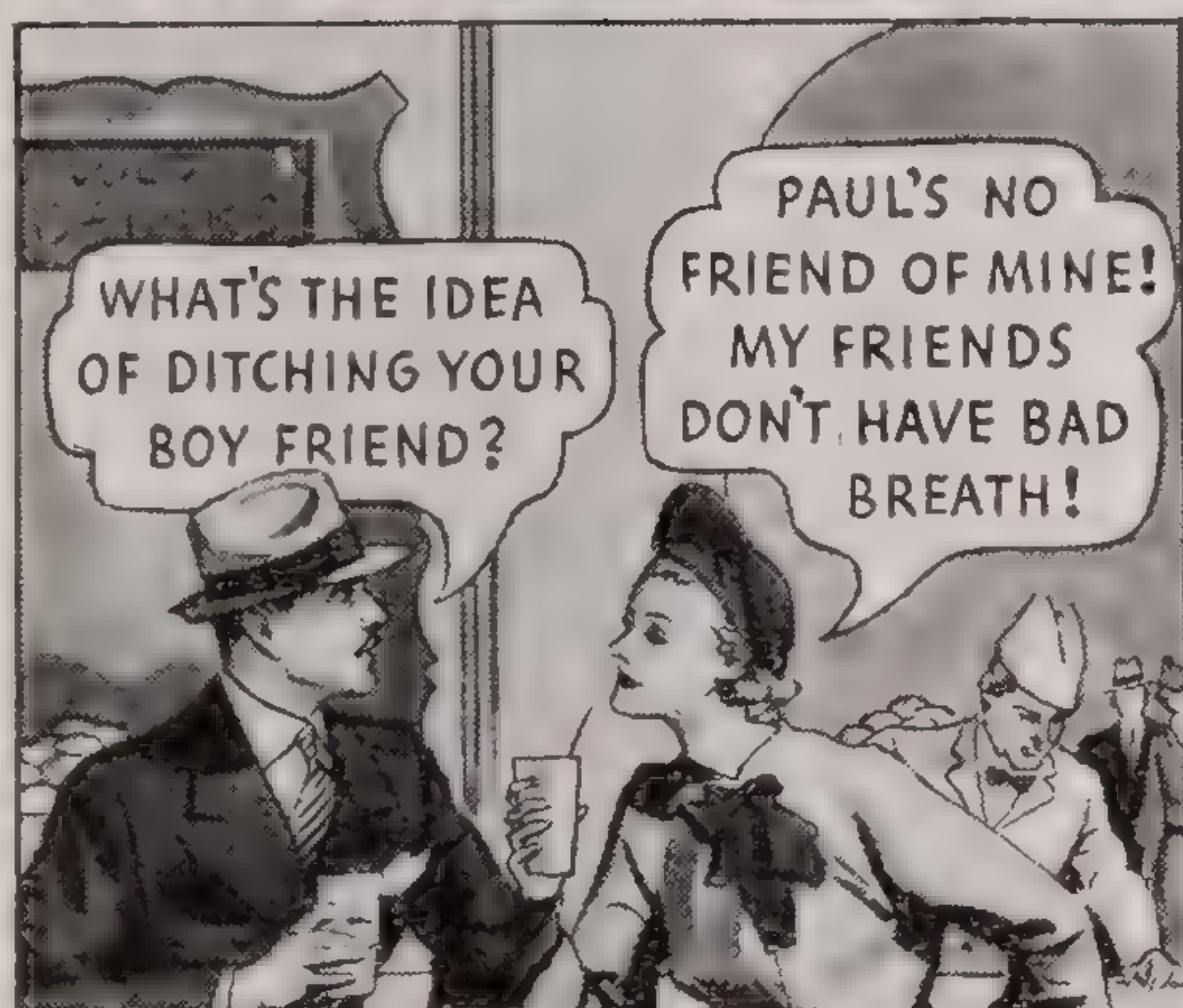
Half grapefruit *Scallions*
Carrot Sticks
Cream Mushroom soup *Crisp fat bacon*
Cole Slaw *Beet greens*
Small peas *Summer squash*
Baked Apples with raisins
Milk or buttermilk

That's all, as Ethel Barrymore would say. There isn't any more. Oh, yes. There is one thing more. There is the criticism of Dr. Hay voiced by one star of the air, lovely Vivienne Segal.

"That diet is fine," conceded Vivienne, "except for one thing—one thing I don't like at all. Dr. Hay says strawberries are bad for the voice. And I love strawberries."

THE END

Paul wins the ring and the Girl



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BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH ...AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!

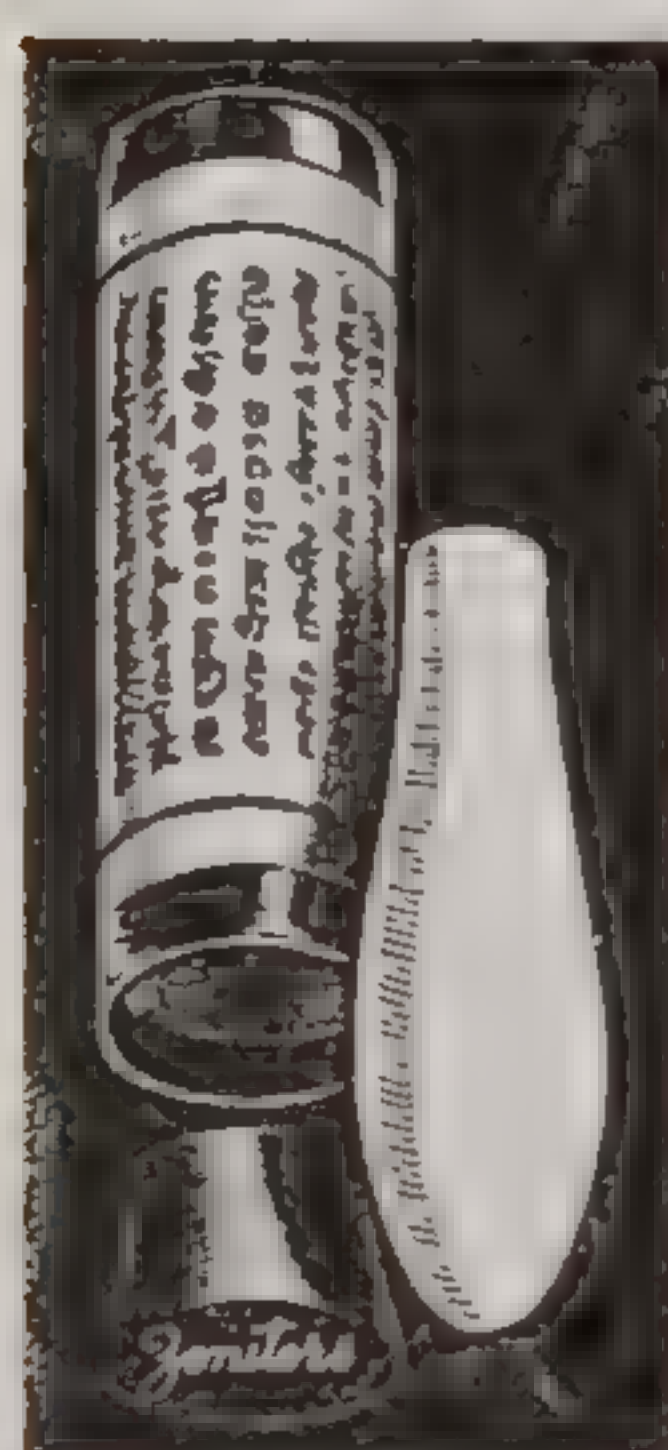


Now-NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!





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I Like Radio Best

(Continued from page 31)

doing a series of difficult leaps, Gus Edwards, theatrical producer, walked by and noticed her. It took Mr. Edwards some time to persuade Mrs. Powell to let Eleanor do just one dance nightly at the famous Ritz Grill. The child was a spectacular success, and if Mother hadn't been there to take her firmly by the hand and lead her home when her act was over, the night club crowds would have kept her dancing for hours.

For the next three years, Eleanor went to Atlantic City in the summers, practicing on the beach during the day, dancing at the Ritz in the evening.

When she was sixteen and ready for college, she announced to her dismayed parents that she wasn't going to school, she was going on Broadway. No parental arguments, no pleading, threatening or persuading could change her decision. So Mother Powell packed up, left Father Powell in Springfield to tend to business, and brought Eleanor to New York. That was just six years ago.

Until then, Eleanor's dancing had been entirely classical. She had supreme contempt for tap, for jazz. She was a finished toe-dancer and did exquisite ballet work. Various producers interviewed her. They admired her ballet and toe work, they were impressed by her acrobatic dancing. But could she tap? One after another they turned her away. Her dancing was amazingly fine. But it wasn't "box-office."

"Now will you come back to Springfield like a good girl?" her mother asked.

The answer was: "No!" Instead, Eleanor registered in a Broadway dancing school. She would learn to tap. Her teacher was the late Jack Donahue. She took just five lessons. People had warned her that good tap-dancing took years to perfect, that her style of dancing was so different, it was probably futile for her to think she could learn quickly to tap. But after the fourth lesson she was doing the most difficult and spectacular steps, creat-

ing her own routines and her reward was a featured spot in the Broadway show, "Follow Through." The show ran for a year and a half, and Eleanor Powell was the sensation of the Main Stem.

Success followed success on Broadway and before one show closed she often was starting rehearsals on another. In the meantime Hollywood was clamoring for her and she was turning down offers to go on the air.

Hollywood won.

The first day Eleanor worked in "Broadway Melody of 1936" there were five hundred visitors on the set—all come to watch Eleanor Powell. Among them were many of Hollywood's most famous stars—stars too important to be refused admittance or hushed. Yet yards of film and sound track were ruined because the crowd, delighted at the youngster's dancing, would cheer her or applaud before the take was finished.

"It was the most exciting and flattering audience I ever had," Eleanor says. "I knew lots of people on Broadway, of course, but I hadn't met any movie stars before. You can imagine how thrilled and how surprised I was to have people like Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford come over and congratulate me. I had to laugh when I remembered that people on Broadway had warned me I wouldn't like the screen work because I'd miss an audience. Heavens! What an audience!

"But everybody in Hollywood is crazy about dancing. They love it so, I could have danced for them day and night." She paused, and a trace of the old shyness crept into her eyes. "You know," she said, "one of the people I wanted most to meet was Tullio Carminati. I love good music, and I've always admired his voice so much. But I didn't like to ask to be introduced to him. After all, I felt that an opera star wouldn't be interested in meeting a tap dancer. Then one night a



Milton Watson, popular young tenor from California, is the vocal light with Jacques Renard's orchestra on the Burns and Allen program, and Gracie's reluctant "Miltie-Wiltie!" He has starred in stage productions throughout the country and has been featured in Broadway successes. In college days he was a champion athlete. Milton is 6'1" tall, and weighs 170.

a party, he was there, and *he* asked to be introduced to *me*.

"In his charming accent he said:

"'Mees Powell. Eef I could do only one leetle step like you, with the feet, I would be the happiest man in the world!' Well, believe me, that was my big moment!"

It was after she returned from Hollywood that she listened to radio offers. The Socony program attracted her because, while she loves dancing, she doesn't want to be identified only as a dancer and the radio program gave her a chance to play down the dancing and play up the acting. She objects to broadcasting a tap routine because she feels that is something that should be watched as well as heard and she considered tops among bores the tap dancers who broadcast their foot-work. She only gives one brief little routine on her program now and that's at the end, a kind of Powell sign-off.

"I like the radio work better than anything I've ever done," she says, "because there are so many different phases to it. You know, it sets you up to feel you're being versatile. On the stage and screen I'm given a dialogue script to memorize, I'm told what to wear, when to come on, just what to do. Of course I do make up all my own dance routines, but aside from that I don't have much to say about the production. On the air, it's different. We all work things out together. They expect me to help think up ideas for the programs and I write all my own dialogue. You know, there's just as much thrill in thinking up a keen idea for a broadcast or writing a bit of smart dialogue as there is in giving an especially good performance on the stage."

But it is almost impossible for those who know her to imagine Eleanor divorced from footlights and dancing.

Even on matinee days, between the afternoon and evening performance, when she should be resting, Eleanor sneaks down to the stage after the theatre is emptied and darkened, and practices new steps. Shortly after "At Home Abroad" opened, one little usherette came back to the theater after a matinee and saw Miss Powell going through her routine. The news spread. Next matinee day all the usherettes came in early and within a few weeks all the young people working in the theater stayed around between performances while Eleanor entertained them. "Some of them can sing or dance," she says, "and we put on little impromptu shows."

Her energy is tremendous. Her ambition and ideals are high as the highest mountain. Winning the title of the *World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer* didn't satisfy her. In fact, she is trying to live the title down. Many times after she has rehearsed a difficult routine for hours and finally perfected it, she says to her pianist: "Now play some *good* music," and she will dance the lovely rhythms of a ballet for her own enjoyment.

It's difficult to predict her future career, to tell along which path she will find her greatest triumphs. But this is certain: there's nobody in the entertainment world better equipped to triumph than this twenty-two year old girl with six years of Broadway success behind her and laurels stacked high beside her name in radio and motion pictures.

THE END

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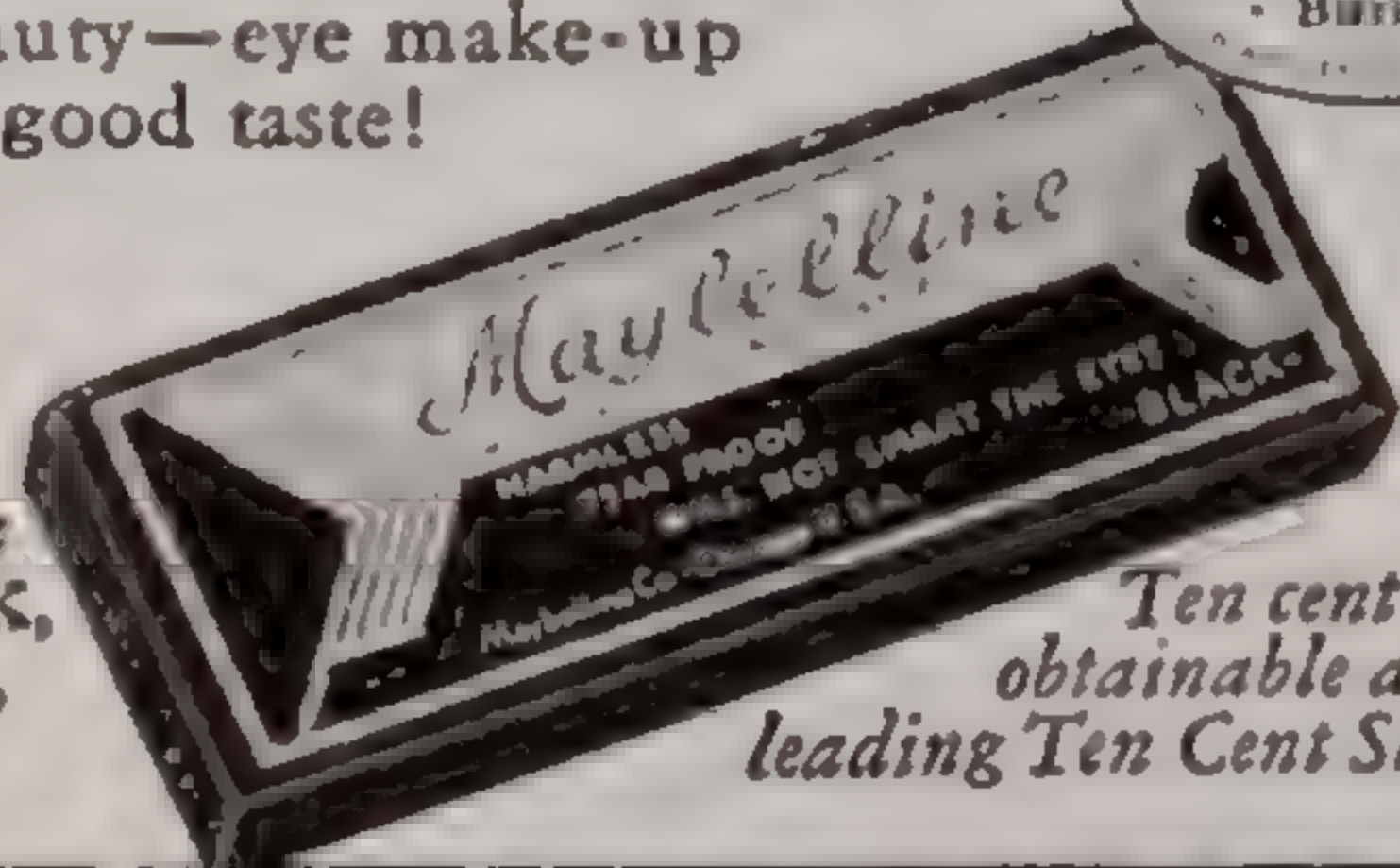
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Glamour Was Her Birthright

(Continued from page 39)

in the background and yet always there to advise and encourage me when I need her. But I always have to coax her out of hiding. She has such a horror of being the regulation stage mother.

"But sometimes she feels that I'm shutting myself away from the things every girl should have. Parties and beaux and fun. Her own childhood was spent in one touring company after another and she was a star on Broadway at the time most girls still are in school.

"Then at nineteen she was married and, except for an occasional vaudeville tour when family finances ran low, the stage was crowded out of her existence. And I know she counts those happy years with my father as far more important than the success she had on the stage. That's the reason she wants the same things for me.

"I want them, too. All of them. But not right now. In a year or two, maybe, when I'll be older and better equipped to handle both marriage and a career. There isn't any reason why a woman shouldn't have both if she marries a man who is sympathetic and understanding. A man doing more or less the same thing I'm doing myself. That's the most important thing in marriage. Marrying a man who thinks as you think and speaks your language."

She laughed then and her laugh was as musical as any of the songs her lovely voice has brought us.

"I sound very sure of myself, don't I? Tomorrow I might meet someone and fall in love and then all my plans and resolve would probably be kicked into a cocked hat! As if anyone really knows what they would do when love comes along!

"But I do think a girl who finds excitement in her work is not so apt to mistake infatuation or wanting to be in love, with love itself. A girl who really finds a thrill in her work isn't out looking for thrills in anything else. When she falls in love it's usually because she can't help herself. A girl bored because she has nothing to do is much more apt to romanticize any suitor who comes along and make the mistake of marrying without really being in love.

"One of the grandest things about doing the work I enjoy above anything else is the absence of the boredom that dulls a more leisurely life. After all, my work always is exciting and new and unfinished. Every song is a new experience. Every broadcast a first night.

"When I'm happy my singing swings along with my mood and when I'm unhappy it comes as a solace. And both joy and sorrow have their own way of enriching life. But boredom, not being able to feel or to work up an enthusiasm for anything is the one thing I fear. For monotony would certainly stop the song in your heart and the song on your lips. If the day should ever come when life bores me, my work will suffer for it."

Lucy Monroe can't help reaching her own particular star when she sees herself and her career so clearly. Sees more than that really, for she's looked beyond the

success that is hers today and seen the one thing that can stop her. Boredom.

Grand Opera is the goal she's set for herself and if she keeps on wanting that more than she does anything else in the world, she will get it. For Lucy Monroe is the kind of girl who would be a success in anything she tried. When her father died and suddenly there was a need to make a living she turned to the stage as naturally as any other girl would turn to stenography or nursing or teaching.

After all it is her life. It has always been her life.

For as some babies are born with gold spoons in their mouths, Lucy was born with the taste of the theatre in hers. Blanche Ring, who became her godmother, was with Mrs. Monroe the whole night before Lucy was born. And certainly in that anxious, waiting time those two close friends must have talked of the things they shared together. First nights on Broadway and the excitement in the wings at curtain time and the curious, electric tension that creeps over audience and cast alike when a play is destined to become a hit.

Her childhood was peopled by the great of Broadway. Twenty minutes after she was born Lucy was introduced to Jerome Kern whose songs she was to sing twenty years later on Broadway. Stage stars who were celebrities to most people were just her mother's and father's friends to Lucy.

It made the theatre real to her. To others Blanche Ring and Marguerite Clark were far-away, make-believe people. But when Lucy was taken to see a new play everybody was talking about, the Prima Donna was Aunt Blanche, as real to her on the stage as when she went into their kitchen to make her favorite spaghetti. And Marguerite Clark wasn't a shadowy movie star but one of her mother's best friends. When she saw W. C. Fields doing his amazing juggling act in the Follies she wasn't awed at all. After all, he often juggled tennis balls for her sole delight when she sat on the court watching him play tennis with her father.

Strange that it was Lucy's father, who wasn't of the stage at all, who taught her her first song. She doesn't remember the name of it now but she does remember how she sang it on street corners until her mother found her and brought her home.

"Just the exhibitionist in me," Lucy laughed as she told about it. "I wasn't allowed to perform at home when we had company so I took it out on innocent strangers. Mother never brought me into the spotlight when her friends were around. And I'm eternally grateful for it now. But when we were alone we often sang together and even then Mother was critical and not at all the adoring parent who thought everything her wonder-child did was perfect.

"That's what helps me now. Knowing Mother has the professional's attitude towards me and not just the fond mother's. For when she does praise me I know it's sincere."

It's a grand thing, that companionship



Terry La Franconi is heard Wednesday and Friday afternoons over NBC.

of Lucy and her mother. Lucy's father died when she was in her early teens and she went from one end of Broadway to another looking for a job in the chorus. It would have been hard to come home to a different type of mother with the day's sad story of disappointment and rebuffs.

But Mrs. Monroe understood. She had been through it all herself. There was no railing against stage managers who didn't recognize talent when they saw it, no bridling against producers who didn't grab the most beautiful girl in the world when they had the chance. Instead there was the calm assurance that some day Lucy would make the grade. No soft soap or empty compliments. But something real. Something that gave confidence to a youngster when she needed it.

Lucy finally got her chance, just as her mother knew she would. It was as one of the chorus of freaks in Ziegfeld's "Comic Supplement." Then, after seven weeks of rehearsal, the great man fired her.

There again it was Mrs. Monroe who helped Lucy. Though unconsciously this time. For if she had been different, the type of mother whose every thought was concerned with spreading rose petals in her daughter's path, Lucy probably would have yielded to that first impulse to run home and cry it out in her mother's arms.

Instead she listened to the dance director who patted her on the shoulder and said: "Baby, you don't want to be a freak anyway. Run across the street where they're casting for "Louis Fourteenth" and get yourself a job."

So Lucy ran and got the job.

That's what makes her a veteran today, in her early twenties, with eight years of musical comedy and opera behind her. For it wasn't only her voice, glorious as it is, that carried her along the way. Grit and courage take their own place in her personality and her career.

And along with them stand her mother and those early formative years. That childhood association with people who were doing things . . . great things . . . and whom Lucy Monroe was fortunate to know, not as exotic personalities but as human beings.

THE END

MORE NEW STOCKINGS! THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY?



Then
his wife
learned about
elasticity
and now...

OH,
EXCUSE
ME!

BUT, JOHN, I CAN'T
HELP IT! MY
STOCKINGS GO
INTO RUNS ALL THE
TIME

COME IN,
MRS. BROWN, SO
YOU CAN HEAR
WHAT A BRUTE
I AM

NOW, I
USED TO GET
RUNS, TOO, UN-
TIL I TOOK TO
LUXING MY
STOCKINGS. LUX
SAVES ELAS-
TICITY SO I
HARDLY EVER
GET RUNS

LATER

WELL,
LUXING SEEMS
TO SOLVE THE RUNS
PROBLEM, DOESN'T
IT, HONEY?

IT
CERTAINLY
DOES,
JOHN! BEST
STOCKING
ECONOMY
I'VE EVER
FOUND!

CLEVER WIVES
all over the country
save on stocking

bills the Lux way. Luxing stockings after each wearing makes them last longer—helps to cut down runs. Lux saves the *elasticity*—then threads give instead of breaking easily under strain.

Soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing *weaken* elasticity. Threads are apt to break—runs start.

Lux has no harmful alkali—avoids rubbing. A few cents' worth of Lux can save you *dollars* on stockings!

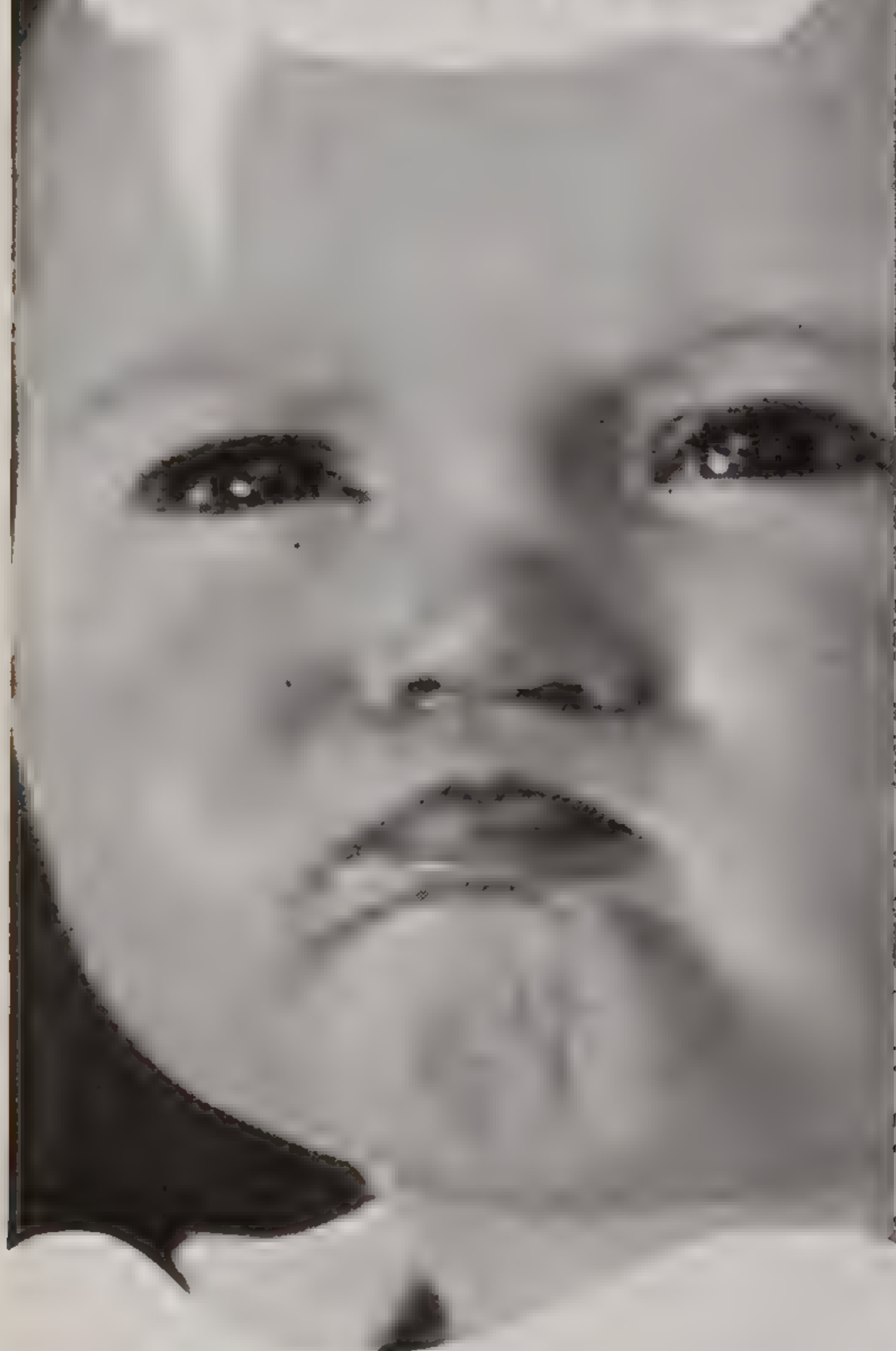
Save stocking
E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y with



The Radio Hostess

(Continued from page 15)

**YOU
HEARD ME !
I DON'T WANT
ORDINARY
BABY POWDER**



**Give me the
ANTISEPTIC kind
--that scares
germs away !**

"Honestly now—do you think I'm askin' too much when all I want is protection 'gainst germs and infection? I know Mummy doesn't *mean* to neglect me . . . but I do wish she'd get the kind of powder that's *Antiseptic*. And I mean Mennen Powder. Gee, but it's great! When your Mummy sprinkles it on you—nasty germs just naturally scam. Seems it keeps what they call an antiseptic condition all over your skin. Then, too, I know it keeps a feller drier and comfier all day long. No more chafing and rawness. Gosh . . . it's wonderful! So please excuse me for gettin' mad . . . but from now on I'm going to see that I get Mennen Powder."

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
POWDER

down the names of these delicacies, "in Miss Hayes' busy life boredom never is allowed to enter, not even to sneak into her dining-room where it often gains its first firm foothold in so many households."

In quick succession I heard about Finland Rocks—a cooky their Finnish cook makes divinely and cuts in fancy animal forms for little Mary, but which, in simpler shapes, also find favor at the tea table. I heard about another favorite of Mary MacArthur's, too—a Fluffy Apple Tapioca with Foamy Lemon Sauce. Then there were other dishes, too sophisticated for childish consumption—Chinese Pork and Pineapple, Hungarian Potted Squabs and Italian Spaghetti with Meat Sauce, with an accompanying bowl of Italian salad—a veritable International Brotherhood of foods.

"We're having a real Italian dinner at our Nyack house, this Sunday," Helen Hayes told me, while, with the help of her colored maid she changed into another costume for more pictures. "Bea Lillie will be there, Ivor Novello, Mary Boland and several others. Our Italian gardener's aunt is coming over to fix the spaghetti!

the many large windows there are white shutters instead of curtains or drapes—not Venetian blinds, mind you, but shutters, which Miss Hayes feels are more in keeping with the old fashioned, late Colonial—early Victorian, atmosphere of their house.

But it is the walls of this room that get immediate and sometimes startled, attention. For these are covered with "Buy British" posters that Charlie MacArthur and Helen picked up and sent home from Bermuda. Of course the words, "Buy British" have been removed and only the remaining lovely, colorful reproductions of fruits, flowers and vegetables were used. My first reaction to this description was to think that here was another example of Charlie MacArthur's famous sense of humor, but I was assured by Miss Hayes, her secretary and even her leading man who overheard part of our conversation, that the effect—after the first surprise has worn off—is enchanting.

"We're very informal in our entertaining," Miss Hayes declared, smiling, after more pictures had been taken and while another change of costume was prog-



HELEN HAYES

This department's charming guest conductor for this month poses in one of the magnificent costumes which she wears in the season's theatrical success, "Victoria Regina." Despite her many activities, such as starring on the Broadway stage and in a radio serial and managing a home and being a devoted wife and mother, Helen also is interested in the preparation of charming meals.

My secretary, who has several cooking specialties of her own, will preside over the salad bowl. Do ask Miss Carples to tell you about the salad and ask her to try to get the recipe for the spaghetti sauce for you, too. I've eaten both before, so I know the recipes are worth having.

"This Italian dinner will be served in our rather odd dining-room," she continued.

"Why odd?" I asked.

"Well, perhaps I should say *different*, rather than *odd*," replied Miss Hayes. "Let my secretary describe it to you while I'm having this group of pictures taken."

That was how I came to hear about the MacArthur dining-room in complete—and somewhat amazing—detail. It has, I was told, a huge white table in the center, with a column base. Here twelve can be seated without crowding, yet the shape of the table and the intimacy of the room is such that two would never feel lost when dining *a deux*. The chairs also are white and at

ressing. (She has ten changes in the play!) "Our menus also are simple. Occasionally I like dishes that are distinctly different. Often my secretary, who took a cooking course at Teachers College, puts the cook (protesting but defenseless) out of the kitchen and fixes up a Chinese Style Pork and Pineapple dish I especially like. Or when rehearsals have tired me out she tempts my lagging appetite with a plump, brown squab, flavored with orange."

I'm giving you the Chinese Pork recipe here. Directions for preparing the Potted Squab will be found in this month's Radio Hostess recipe folder, for which you will find a coupon at the end of this article. In the free leaflet which you will receive promptly in return, you will find recipes for those other favorites of Helen Hayes and her family; Fluffy Apple Tapioca with Foamy Lemon Sauce, Finnish Rocks, Italian Spaghetti *à la Gardener's Aunt* (!) and Italian Salad Bowl, as well as the

Hungarian-style Squab just mentioned.

I'm not going to pretend for one minute that Helen Hayes rushes home from a day of rehearsals at the radio studio, matinee and evening performance at the theatre and incidental press interviews and publicity photographs and merrily concocts these dishes herself for a hungry family. But I can truthfully say that these are the dishes she likes, prepared in the way she likes them and served with pride to the visiting Bea Lillies, Mary Bolands, Ivor Novellos and other celebrities—not to mention the MacArthurs themselves.

"My only sallies into the kitchen, actually, are after the performance at night. Then I like to raid the ice-box for cold meats, eggs or cheese, with which I enjoy a cup of Sanka. Sounds like an advertisement, doesn't it—since they are my sponsors on the air? But really I have found that drinking caffeine-free coffee late at night makes a vast difference in the way one sleeps.

"Naturally restful sleep is most important to me—but please don't make it sound as though I were a fussy sort of person."

No, Helen Hayes is not fussy—but she is a connoisseur of the better things in life . . . interesting, sympathetic rôles on the radio, stage and screen, amusing friends, lovely home, devoted family and good food.

Send for her favorite recipes and see if you don't agree on that score.

CHINESE PORK AND PINEAPPLE

1 pound fresh pork, cut from loin
1½ cup diced celery
¾ cup pineapple tid-bits (canned pineapple cut in segments, but not crushed pineapple)
½ cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon bottled Chinese sauce (Soy Sauce)
Additional water, as required
Boiled rice

Have butcher cut pork into very small cubes (approximately ½-inch). Place pork in deep skillet and fry in its own fat until it has lost its pink color (but do not brown). Add diced celery, pineapple and pineapple juice. Cover and cook gently for ¾ hour, stirring frequently and adding a little water, if and when needed, to prevent burning. After 45 minutes add Chinese Soy Sauce, cover again and simmer 15 minutes longer or until pork is tender. Serve with hot boiled rice. Pass additional Soy Sauce at the table. (Soy Sauce is very salty, so no salt is called for in the recipe. The rice, of course, should have been cooked in boiling salted water until tender, then drained, rinsed, and steamed in a colander over hot water, for a few minutes to achieve perfect results.)

TO:
THE RADIO HOSTESS DEPARTMENT,
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE,
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Please send me recipes for Helen Hayes' favorite dishes—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name

Street

City State

"THE CLUE"

A MINUTE MOVIE WITH

BETTE DAVIS WARREN WILLIAM

Stars of the Warner Bros. Picture

"MEN ON HER MIND"



AH, A CLUE!
WHOEVER ATE
HERE MUST
LIKE QUAKER
PUFFED WHEAT



NICE OF YOU
TO LUNCH
WITH ME

NICE OF YOU
TO ASK ME,
MR. DETECTIVE

NEXT DAY



I SEE YOU LIKE
MY FAVORITE CEREAL,
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT

YES, I HAVE IT OFTEN.
IT'S MADE OF WHOLE
WHEAT, YOU KNOW



SORRY WE'RE ON
OPPOSITE SIDES
OF THE LAW

WELL, AT LEAST WE
BOTH AGREE ON
PUFFED WHEAT

AMAZING BUT TRUE!

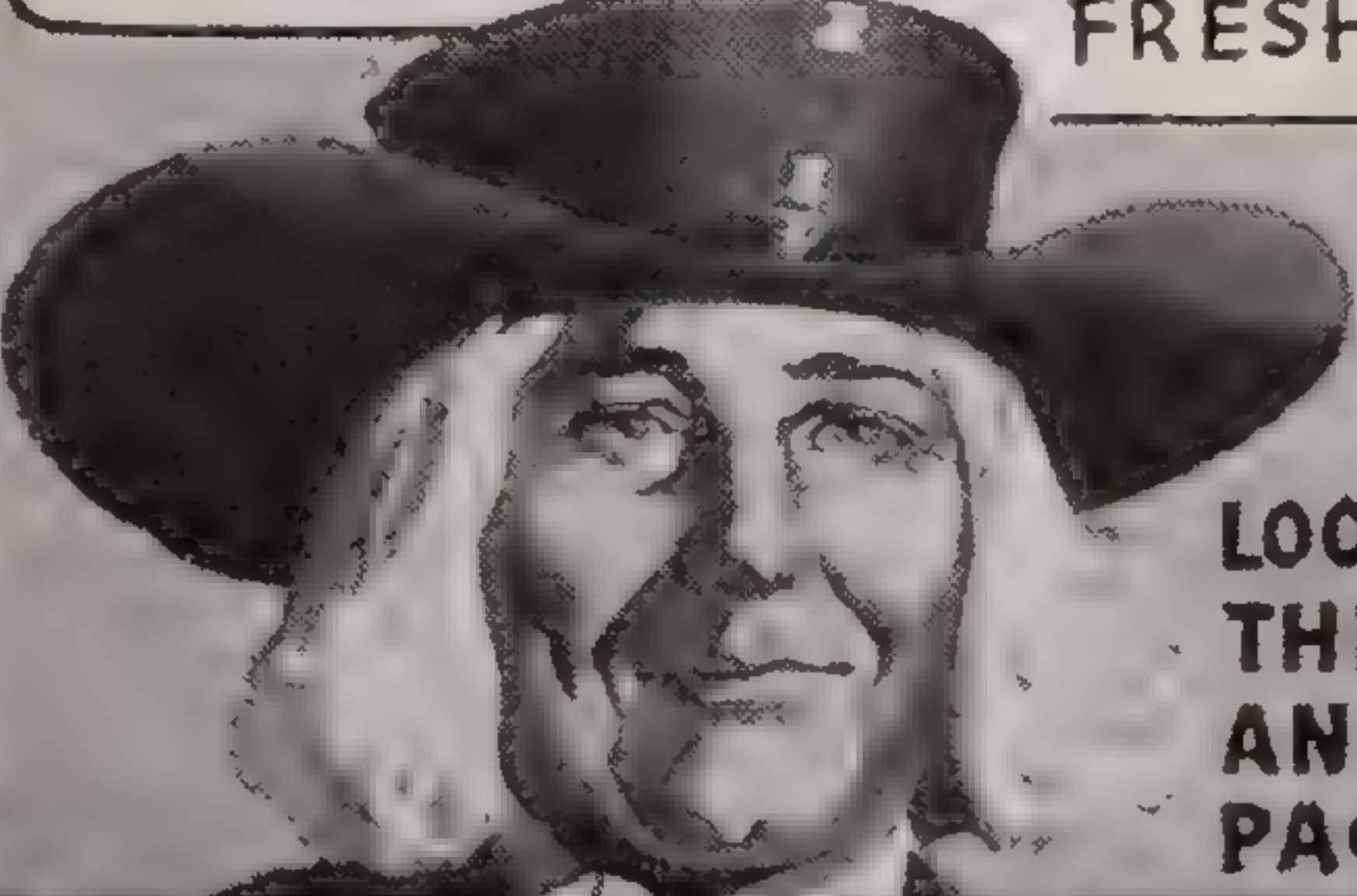
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT TASTES SO CRISPY AND DELICIOUS YOU'D NEVER DREAM HOW GOOD IT IS FOR YOU *but look—*

IT'S THE SPECIAL QUAKER PROCESS THAT GIVES QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT ITS DOUBLE-CRISPED PERFECTION. TO GET THE FULL FLAVOR OF THIS DELICIOUS TASTE TREAT, GET THE RED AND BLUE PACKAGE
TRIPLE SEALED TO GUARD FRESHNESS!

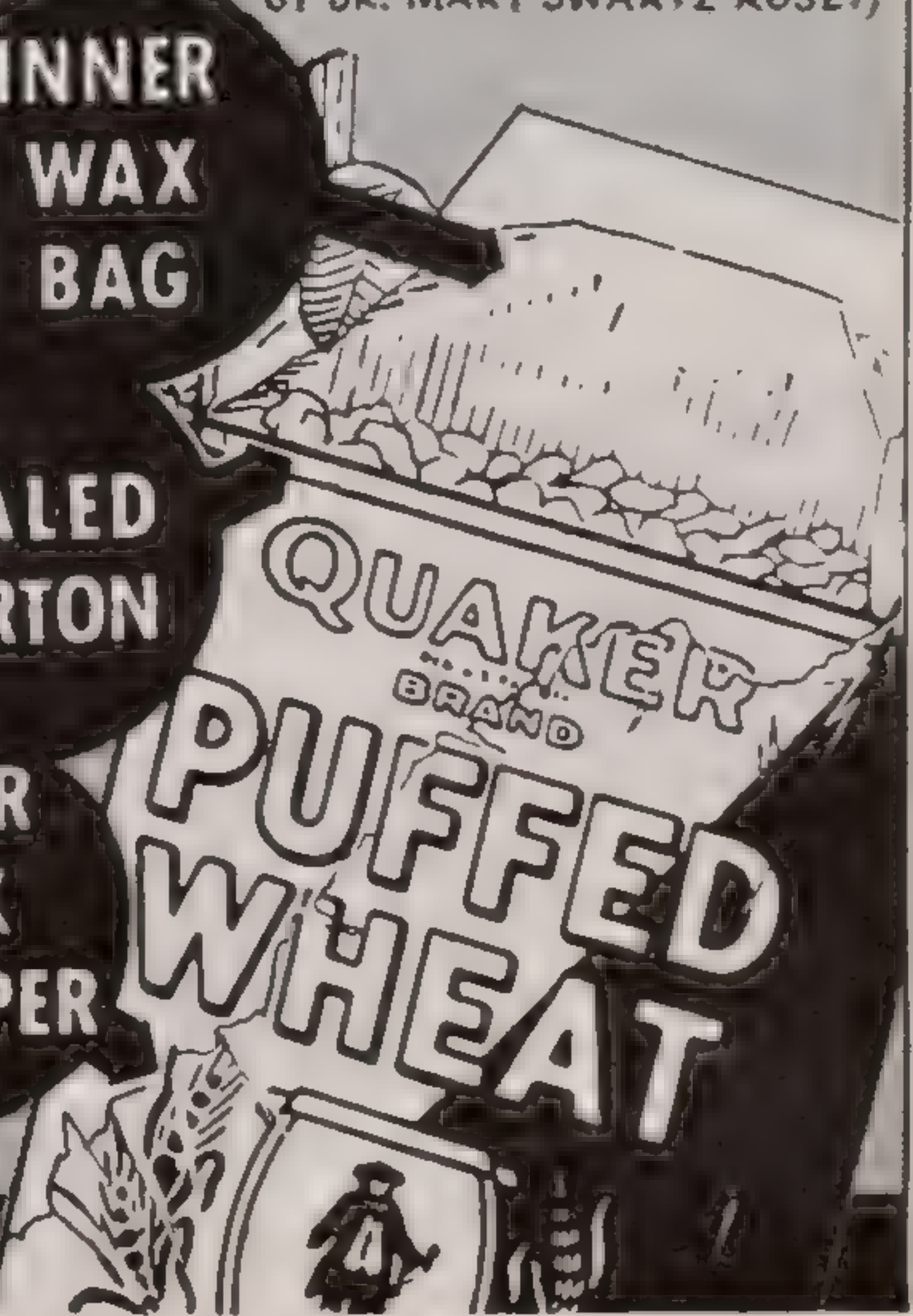
SPINACH SUPPLIES YOU WITH IRON, BUT PUFFED WHEAT GIVES YOU MORE!

SPINACH 1.02 MILLIGRAMS PER OZ.
PUFFED WHEAT . . . 1.30 MILLIGRAMS PER OZ.

(SOURCE: "LABORATORY HANDBOOK FOR DIETETICS" AND "FOUNDATIONS OF NUTRITION" BY DR. MARY SWARTZ ROSE.)



LOOK FOR
THE RED
AND BLUE
PACKAGE



**INNER
WAX
BAG**

**SEALED
CARTON**

**OUTER
WAX
WRAPPER**

**QUAKER
BRAND
PUFFED
WHEAT**

QUAKER PUFFED RICE IS DELICIOUS, TOO . . . TRY IT!

ANY NOSE IS CONSPICUOUS

without *moisture-proof* powder

Combat shine, floury streaks, clogged pores with Luxor, the truly *moisture-proof* and *shine-proof* face powder 6,000,000 women use!



So many women are cheated of poise and charm by shiny nose, floury streaks, clogged pores! Yet a simple change to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, often clears up these conditions like magic!

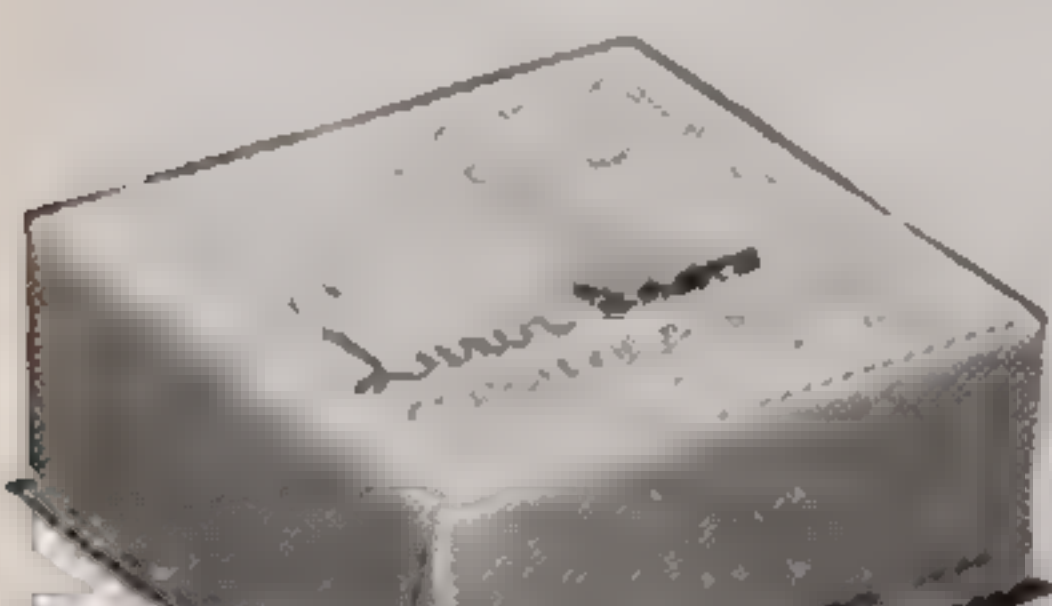
The secret is simple. Tiny pores on your face give off moisture. If face powder absorbs this natural skin-moisture, a paste results. Nose and face look shiny, floury streaks form, and often pores themselves clog up.

So discard, today, whatever face powder you may be using. And try Luxor on our money-back guarantee.

Make this test. Put a little Luxor powder in a glass of water. Note how it stays soft and fine—won't mix into paste. Thus you know Luxor won't mix with skin moisture and cause shine and blemishes. To induce you to try this marvelous face powder in a range of smart modern shades, we offer this gift at any cosmetic counter:

A Free 2-dram Flacon of Perfume

La Richesse by name, and selling regularly for \$3 an ounce. Both powder and perfume are wrapped together, and sell for the price of the powder alone, 55c. Small sizes of Luxor powder at all 10c stores. Try it today.



55c
moisture-proof
FACE-POWDER
Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!



Try Amazing
New Luxor
Hand Cream

This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois Dept. J-2

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐
Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐
Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐
Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name
Address
City

Eternally Yours

(Continued from page 54)



Amos (Freeman F. Gosden, left) and Andy (Charles J. Correll) are members of the Magicians' Union of America and they try card tricks on each other.

and during the war was connected with the arsenal in Rock Island. It was his subsequent connection with the producing company which specialized in putting on home talent shows throughout the country that led him to Durham, North Carolina—and Amos!

But, of course, Amos was not born nor even dreamed of in those days! Instead, a quiet, good-looking boy introduced himself as Freeman F. Gosden and the two, drawn to each other and enjoying their work, staged amateur shows all over the United States. But Charlie Correll had musical fingers and they often amused themselves singing and playing popular songs—still do, in fact!

Their first appearance on the air was in New Orleans, when they sang over one of the first experimental stations, just for fun. Later they appeared in Joliet, Illinois, and, still later, in Chicago, during a Red Cross drive. Gradually the idea of a radio career took hold of them but they were undecided as to what line they should develop. The obvious, of course, was a singing team and they did finally audition at a Chicago station and remain for many months as a harmony duo.

"But all this early work," Amos reminded me, "was for our own 'amazement'—it was a long time before we got paid for it!"

When, in 1925, they were offered a job as a script team, it seemed a long shot to them both. They still were feeling their way around, unsure which direction to take, knowing only that radio offered a rich and varied field. For nearly a year they had been connected with WGN as a singing team (with pay!) but:

"We couldn't sing," Andy confessed with a hearty laugh, "and we knew it!

After a while, we found out what was the matter with ourselves and quit!"

"Our first creative work," Amos explained, "professionally, that is, was writing a show for Paul Ash, a well-known Chicago actor and producer. He put on a new show every week and we heard he was susceptible to new ideas. So we offered him one and he bought it."

This was a milestone on two counts, for it was also at this time that, at Paul Ash's suggestion, they made their first appearance on the stage—and were both, Andy assured me, frightened to death! But in spite of their stage-fright, they were a success, and this success played its part in shaping their future career.

Dialogue interested them increasingly and when finally they were urged to prepare a skit for radio presentation, one that should be in the nature of a comic strip, they conceived the negro characters, Sam and Henry. They made an immediate hit and their popularity grew by leaps and bounds. They knew they had at last found their forte and entered with zest and inspiration upon their new career. Keen wit, imagination, skill at dialogue, inimitable characterization—these factors explain only in part the appeal of Sam and Henry, who after two years of broadcasting were to blossom forth as Amos and Andy.

Constant, unflagging effort, a consistently excellent output, the result of an underlying sincerity and determination always to give their best, have spelled for them *Success*. People nod agreement, accept these as facts and still wonder how to define, how to explain the human appeal, the universal appeal, of the humorous couple and their many friends. They stir our risibilities, they rouse our sympathies. Poor, long-suffering Amos—what mix-up

RADIO STARS

will the stupid Andy embroil him in next? We are impatient with Andy—but we respond unfailingly to his slow, deep drawl, chuckle over his absurdities, his misuse of and weird twisting of words, the foolish pride that gets him into so much trouble. And our interest extends to the other characters—the Kingfish, Brother Crawford, Lightnin', Ruby Taylor, Madam Queen—these people are as real as any we ever saw in Harlem or the south!

The boys have been asked to visit the Chicago colored section, to attend the colored night clubs, but that is not the background they have visualized for Amos and Andy. "There is nothing in the singing and dancing and joke-cracking of a night club that would pertain to Amos and Andy," Mr. Gosden explained. "We depend on our own intimate knowledge of the southern Negro for background and characters. We understand them and put ourselves in their places—for instance, we know exactly what Amos or Andy would do if he had ten dollars!"

For the most part, Ruby and Madam Queen are off-stage characters. Gosden, who plays the Kingfish, Brother Crawford, Lightnin' and others would not attempt to imitate a woman's voice, nor could the deep-voiced Correll, whose natural speaking voice is very similar to Andy's and who plays, in addition to Andy, the parts of Henry Van Porter, the landlord where the boys used to live, and other low-voiced characters.

It is for this reason that their broadcasts are closed to visitors, and that television would greatly complicate their problem. They can create and sustain per-

fectly the illusion of a large cast over the radio, but that illusion would suffer if an eyewitness were to watch them switch rapidly from one character to another. At least, the boys feel that way about it and much as they would otherwise welcome visitors, they feel that their sketch would suffer if seen as well as heard. Perhaps they are right. In any case, there is no flaw in their presentations, their impersonations, over the air.

This explains, too, why the movies do not appeal to them and why personal appearances represent a lot of hard work and extra effort. They feel the stage setting and the training of supporting characters which are required, and the make-up, do nothing to heighten the illusion they create so satisfactorily by themselves with the aid of a microphone and their own adaptable voices. And if we are to judge by their fan mail and amazing, unaltered popularity, a lot of people agree with them! They reign supreme in their own field, their position uncontested.

Gosden, tall, with brown curly hair and a shy manner, is quiet, soft-spoken. Correll, as you might guess from his voice, is a contrasting type, rather stocky, somewhat worried by increasing girth, with twinkling eyes, a wide, friendly smile and a genial manner. They both love sports, but Amos—it is hard to think of Freeman Gosden by any other name!—is perhaps the more ardent fan. He likes baseball, hockey, practically everything but basketball—and according to Andy, "goes slightly nuts over football."

"Spare time?" Amos' eyes crinkled as he considered the query. "Well, of course,

there are Saturday and Sunday—we play golf nearly every day in the summer. In the winter, we go to the theatre, to the hockey games, or ice sporting at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin—"

"And of course," Andy contributed, "we go to Northern Michigan or to Washington for a week's hunting and fishing, when the spirit hits us—but don't forget we take our work with us, wherever we go!"

Gosden and Correll have been all over the United States, in every state in the Union—they have, in fact, gone from coast to coast twice within the last twelve months. And on February 15th, left once more for California, with their families, to broadcast in the sunshine for a while.

So they have a fund of experiences to draw upon for their skits. One of their most interesting adventures in the past year was a tour of the Department of Justice in Washington with J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Bureau of Investigation. They spent two and a half hours with him and were deeply impressed by the efficiency, the comprehensiveness of that department. And this experience, as is true of all the highlights of their personal lives, was featured in their program.

This past winter, Gosden and Correll on one occasion stepped out of character to address the radio audience and contrast their lives with those of Amos and Andy. But for most of us, the two are inseparable: they *are* Amos and Andy and the soft strains of "The Perfect Song," their announcer, Bill Hay's clipped "Here they are!" introduce fifteen minutes' guaranteed amusement.

THE END



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle: "The minute Pond's Vanishing Cream touches my skin—roughness goes!"

Melt

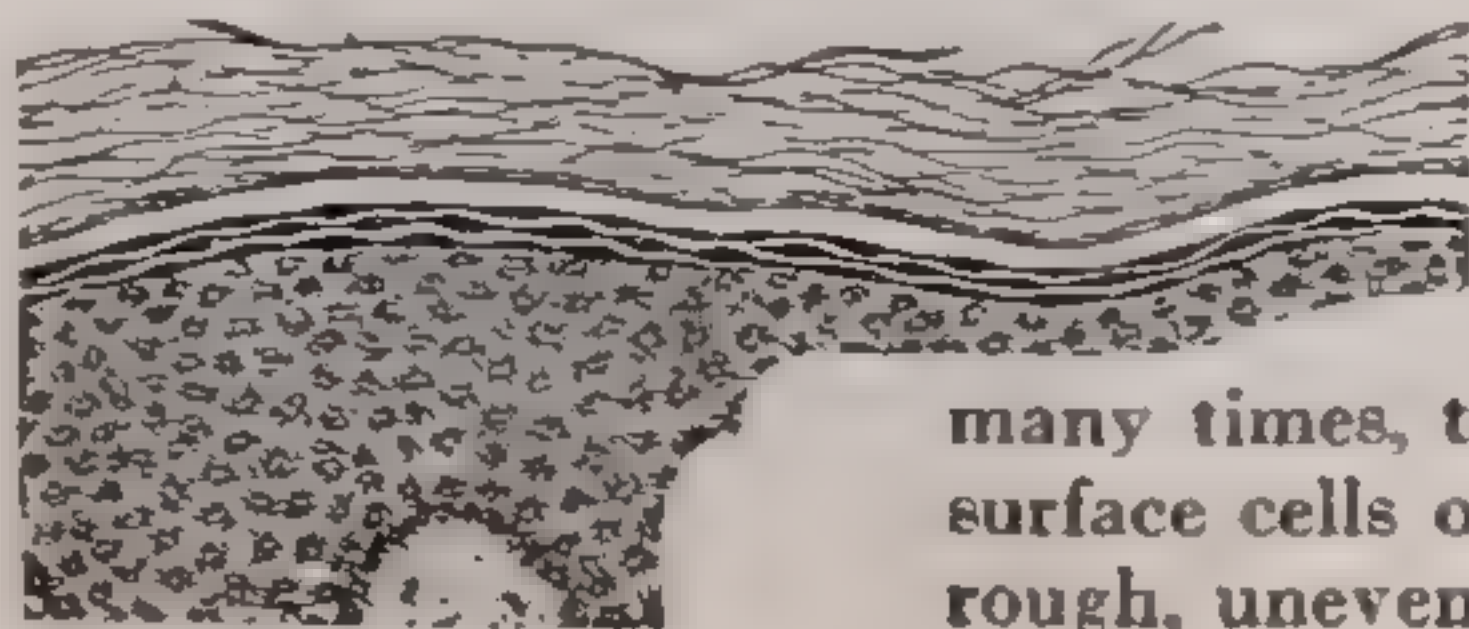
ROUGHNESS

BRING OUT NEW FRESH SKIN
—SMOOTH FOR POWDERING



skin is constantly drying out, thickening with horny cells. Yet, once the old dead cells are melted away, the young underlying cells become the surface skin—smooth and soft. This melting can be done with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)."

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to see this melting principle in action. The instant it touches your skin, roughnesses melt away. New skin comes out—smooth, nice to touch! This shows why Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a perfect powder base.



Outer Skin
The epidermis, magnified many times, to show how dead surface cells on top make skin rough, uneven.

For a smooth make-up—Put on Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough to film your skin faintly. You can't help but like the new pearly softness of your skin—and the smooth way powder clings!

Overnight for lasting softness—After cleansing, leave Pond's Vanishing Cream on overnight. Greaseless, it won't smear the pillowcase. All night long, it brings your skin a finer softness, a more youthful look!

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. D138, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

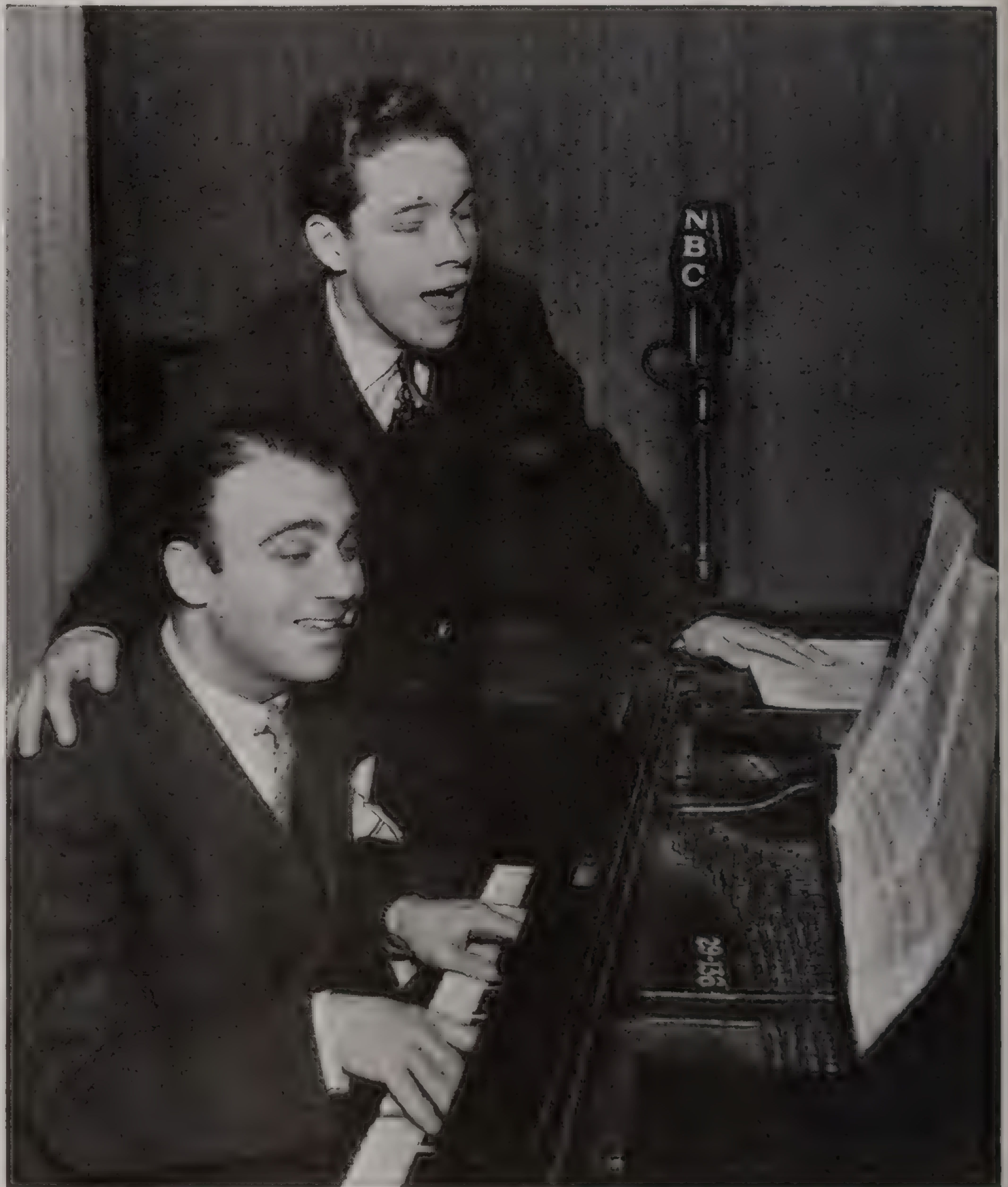
City _____ State _____

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Board of Review

(Continued from page 8)

75. **EVENING IN PARIS WITH THE PICK-ENS SISTERS (NBC)**.....59.2
Odette Myrtil is mistress of ceremonies, and shows a woman can do the job equally well.
76. **MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLAY AND ANDY SAN-NELLA'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)**.....59.1
It's called Manhattan, but the spirit of it all is quite Parisienne.
77. **BOAKE CARTER (CBS)**.....59.0
The commentator with the English accent and American mannerisms.
78. **THORNTON FISHER SPORTS REVIEW (NBC)**59.0
News and guests from the sports world. Thornton tries to talk too fast.
79. **GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE**.....58.4
Not too much emphasis on the grand.
80. **EDWIN C. HILL**.....58.2
Doesn't he sound like President Roosevelt?
81. **ATLANTIC FAMILY (CBS)**.....58.0
Frank Parker was more entertaining when appearing with Jack Benny.
82. **LUM AND ABNER (NBC)**.....58.0
Hick high-jinks.
83. **HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC)**57.6
Guest stars galore.
84. **LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC)**57.5
Just the thing for jangled nerves.
85. **PENTHOUSE SERENADE (NBC)**....57.1
Jack Fulton included.
86. **MELODIANA WITH ABE LYMAN, BERNICE CLAIRE AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS)**57.1
Melody reigns, but a confusing trick arrangement creeps in every so often.
87. **CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS)**.....56.9
For those who like history and drama.
88. **HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON (NBC)**56.8
Chats about historical facts you may have overlooked or misunderstood.
89. **EDWARD MacHUGH (NBC)**.....56.5
The Gospel Singer.
90. **NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS)**.....56.3
Handling the overflow for Major Bowes and Fred Allen.
91. **MUSICAL FOOTNOTES WITH VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, FRANZ IMHOF AND RALPH GINSBURGH'S ENSEMBLE (CBS)**56.2
Vivian's voice is exceptionally fine.
92. **FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PROGRAM (CBS)**56.0
Gayety plus.
93. **CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JUNE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC)**55.8
Original radio plays, the majority commendable.
94. **MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (CBS)**54.6
Just as you'd imagine.
95. **METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS (NBC)**54.0
Decidedly worth while, with Edward Johnson superb as master of ceremonies.
96. **HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS)**.....54.0
Domestic "do's" and "don'ts".
97. **PAGEANT OF YOUTH (NBC)**.....53.1
Juvenile amateurs.
98. **FREDRICK WILLIAM WILE (CBS)**53.2
Washington on parade.
99. **BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS)**....53.1
Oscar Shaw as m. c. Victor Arden's music.
100. **VIC AND SADE (NBC)**.....52.9
If you enjoy "Mister and Missus" humor.
101. **DOROTHY LAMOUR (NBC)**.....52.2
She puts her glamour into her songs.
102. **IRENE RICH (NBC)**.....51.0
The screen star in dramatic sketches.
103. **HARV AND ESTHER (CBS)**.....50.0
Featuring Teddy Bergman.



The two earnest young gentlemen above are Johnny Green and Kenny Baker—rehearsing one of their new numbers for the ever-popular Jack Benny show.

104. **BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS (CBS)**48.6
Ted Malone, keeper of the bookworms.
105. **KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS (CBS)**47.0
Believable editorial interpretations.
106. **POPEYE (NBC)**46.8
Funnier in the movies and papers.
107. **CLICQUOT CLUB ESKIMOS (NBC)**.....46.5
Harry Reser and his banjo.
108. **JIMMY FIDLER (NBC)**.....46.2
Hollywood from the inside.
109. **BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS)**46.0
Adults beware!
110. **ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (CBS)**45.7
Are you minstrel-minded?
111. **UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC)**45.4
"Choose your partners!"
112. **GABRIEL HEATTER (NBC)**44.6
News and views.
113. **SETH PARKER WITH PHILLIPS LORD (NBC)**44.6
Back to the farm movement.
114. **EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC)**44.5
Philosophy in poetry.
115. **LOIS LONG'S FREE FOR ALL (CBS)**44.0
Unfortunately opposite Major Bowes.
116. **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC)**..42.2
Especially for your kid sister.
117. **SINGING SAM (CBS)**.....42.1
Songs, songs and songs.
118. **VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS)**...40.4
He knows all the answers.
119. **MARIE, LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS)**40.0
Radio drama, as you sometimes like it.
120. **JACK ARMSTRONG, ALL-AMERICAN BOY**39.3
Kid favorite.
121. **LAZY DAN (CBS)**.....39.0
Loafing along in song.
122. **BENAY VENUTA (CBS)**.....38.3
Broadway musical comedy favorite.
123. **TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC)**.....38.0
Critics soon forget their "cowboy and Indian" days.
124. **BOB BECKER (NBC)**.....37.9
How to bring up your dog.
125. **OG, SON OF FIRE (CBS)**.....37.0
Some of the kiddies like this type of excitement.
126. **JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS)**.....36.6
Philosophy of the homespun variety.
127. **SMILING ED (CBS)**.....33.6
Yours for good-cheer, if you're cheerable.
128. **THE GUMPS (CBS)**.....28.0
Evidently the critics believe comic strip characters belong in newspapers.

Nothing But the Truth?

(Continued from page 57)

actress, there is nothing I could do but recite. However, that venerable recreation seems just a trifle passé."

Don Mario: "I don't mind being asked to perform at a party if the people are sober, attentive and are sincere in asking me to perform. I hate to be coaxed. When I say 'No!' there isn't 'Yes! YES!' in my voice. If others get up to perform and it is that kind of party, I never choose to be exclusive."

Nils T. Granlund: "No one asks me to perform because I can't do anything."

Niela Goodelle: "That depends; if they are music lovers, I could entertain them for hours and not tire. But nothing annoys me so much as singing to an audience that is blasé or just polite."

Ted Husing: "Yes—I have no talent for comedy, entertainment or such. But then—I rarely go to parties—so why worry?"

Harry von Zell: "I wouldn't say I resent it; but I do dislike it. I don't feel that I can provide any entertainment interesting enough to make it worth while."

Freddie Rich: "Definitely. When I'm invited to a party, I go there to relax and not to perform."

Andy Sannella: "No. I really like my work so much that when I am asked to entertain at any social functions, I am pleased to be given the opportunity to do

the thing I love best."

Parks Johnson: "No-o-o . . . but I enjoy more participating in the fun generated by others. Jerry and I have enjoyed immensely staging our Vox Pop programs for luncheon and other clubs."

Frank Crumit: "Certainly I do. Why give away something I can sell?"

Kate Smith: "I do not go to parties. My evenings are spent quietly and usually at home."

Bernice Claire: "No—I'd probably feel hurt if they didn't—but I'd like to reserve the privilege of saying 'no' if I don't feel well."

Phil Duey: "I only resent it if they have not made provisions for an adequate accompanist."

Virginia Verrill: "I like very much to be asked and always feel that if everyone does not give me his undivided attention that it is my fault, generally in the type of song I am singing."

Paul Pearson: "Not if the crowd is musical."

Jose Manzanares: "I do love to play and sing for people who appreciate the Latin-American folklore. It is a happy feeling when you sing for an understanding audience."

Jimmy Durante: "I love impromptu parties . . . not affairs where they're all waiting to be entertained."

Helen Jepson: "If I have already per-

formed at a concert, yes. Anyway, I'd rather sit back and let someone else work."

Conrad Thibault: "Depending on circumstances and on the friendliness of the occasion. I am always glad to oblige if my inner self feels the request sincere."

Helen Marshall: "I most certainly do resent being urged to perform. Why? Because it is difficult to do one's best under party conditions, and it often creates a bad impression and a false one."

Lennie Hayton: "No. As a matter of fact, I enjoy these opportunities and utilize them in keeping limber."

David Ross: "No, but there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and I cannot split myself up into a dozen individuals. Time permitting, I enjoy performing at parties."

Abe Lyman: "I do, because I can't do anything."

Bob Crosby: "Unless they are my friends."

Ray Perkins: "It all depends on the type of party. If favorable for a performer . . . I don't resent it."

Nick Dawson: "Wouldn't say that I resent it, but unqualifiedly refuse on every occasion—reason being that I am absolutely lousy except under the tension of a professional performance."

Parkyakarkus: "Yes . . . because I don't believe in the letter carrier taking a

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the Navy • Ben Webster's Page • Orphan Annie • King of the Royal Mounted • Harold Teen • Little Joe • Terry • Gasoline Alley • Bronc Peeler • Tiny Tim . . . all your favorite funny-paper friends are in POPULAR COMICS.

SPECIAL NOTICE—There's a new stamp department starting in the April issue. If you're a stamp collector, you won't want to miss it . . . if you're not, then here's your chance to get acquainted with this fascinating hobby.

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screen star
tells why
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● If you met Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips... the kind of lips that would appeal to him... that he would want to kiss?

The Tangee girl won when **CHARLES FARRELL** chose loveliest lips while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth".

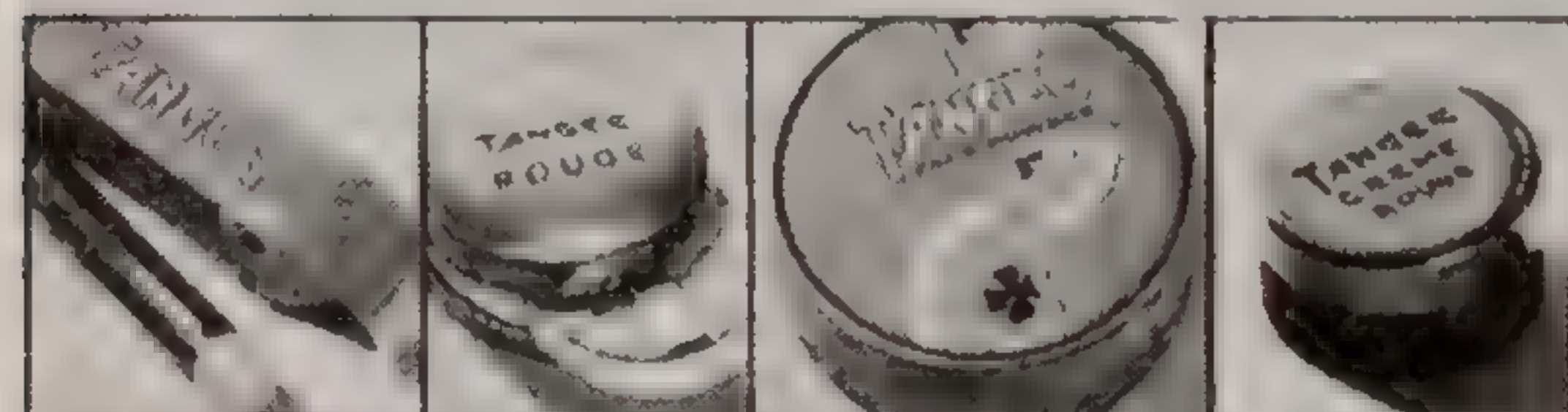
Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick... one no lipstick... the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

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● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**... when you buy, Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee... be sure to ask for **TANGEE NATURAL**. There is another shade called *Tangee Theatrical*... intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

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walk on his day off."

Bing Crosby: "Yes, unless I happen to be in the mood at an informal party."

Julia Sanderson: "I do not like to perform at parties, because, despite my years of experience, I am shy when meeting people at close range."

Robert Ripley: "No—it's their own fault."

Dale Carnegie: "I am not a comedian—I am a commentator."

Glen Gray: "Being asked to perform is flattery—no one resents that. But I always refuse. In the first place there's seldom an instrument handy and secondly a solo wouldn't sound right."

Benay Venuta: "Yes, because I'm a very bad parlor entertainer and never know anything amusing to do."

Ed McConnell: "Most emphatically, because in my professional broadcasts I strive for intimacy and friendliness only, never for any praise that might accrue. Moreover, I don't go to a party to work, and since I do not enjoy appearing in public, performing at parties is a most distasteful job."

Ray Block: "A pet hate of mine—seems show-offy."

Deane Janis: "When I'm not working I like to be entertained myself."

Deems Taylor: "Since I neither play nor sing, and very few parties need a master of ceremonies, I am seldom asked twice."

When Broadcasting Do You Like to Treat the Microphone as a Personality or Do You Regard It Purely as a Mechanical Device?

Harriet Hilliard: "That mike is my

best friend—and when I sing to it I have that in mind."

Deems Taylor: "Purely as a mechanical device, as a means—just like the telephone—of communicating with someone else."

Ray Block: "As having a personal nature."

Ed McConnell: "It is purely a medium through which I reach those to whom I am speaking or singing. Once my position is taken before the microphone I am not cognizant of its presence."

Benay Venuta: "I never even think of the mike—usually sing to or for one person."

Glen Gray: "As a personality—representative of the millions (I hope) who are listening in."

Dale Carnegie: "The microphone is an audience to me."

Julia Sanderson: "As a personality."

Bing Crosby: "I sing for those listening and wish the mike were out of the way."

Parkyakarkus: "I am entirely oblivious of the microphone's presence—my main thought being the best reading of the script."

Nick Dawson: "I am not even conscious that it exists, except when it fades and off-stage work is required."

David Ross: "I have looked upon the microphone as a cold mechanical device. I have also taken it in my arms most tenderly and spoken to it with idolatrous affection. I have also on many occasions cursed it for a demon."

Deane Janis: "The mike is another person to me and I know it can be very cruel, so I try very hard to be nice to it. It treats you accordingly."

Lennie Hayton: "The microphone I consider definitely a personality. Al-



"Eddie Pink" (Cantor) of "Strike Me Pink" rides his fearsome wooden charger in the "Dreamland" merry-go-round. Vivian Reid and Victoria Vinton watch



Comparatively unknown a year ago, Jerry Cooper now is considered one of the radio "finds" in 1932. He is heard on the "Tea at the Ritz" and the "Musical Toast" broadcasts.

though it is not immediately responsive, in its action, through fan mail, it becomes a personality."

Helen Marshall: "I consider it much better to think of the mike as a means carrying my thought and ideas. If you think that the mike is your objective you often give a listless performance."

Conrad Thibault: "I forget the microphone entirely and think of persons or a person in the great outside world."

Helen Jepson: "I think of it as an ear of a human being."

Fritzi Scheff: "I do not pay any attention to it one way or another—but, if I did, it would be a friendly thing to me."

Myrtle Vail: "I not only like to but do treat the microphone as a personality—the uncanny thing through which you reach millions of listeners."

John Barclay: "You forget it and play in a scene which exists in your imagination."

Ted Hammerstein: "To my mind you can obtain much better results by treating the microphone as a personality."

Andy Sannella: "While I believe that a microphone should be handled largely as a personality in order to create the desirable tie between the artist and the radio audience, I do feel that it should be treated as a mechanical device also, as it can do an artist plenty of harm if he does not bear this aspect in mind."

Harry von Zell: "I have never thought about it from either angle—I suppose I ignore it."

Niela Goodelle: "When broadcasting, I try to visualize my audience through the mike and not think of it as a mere inanimate thing."

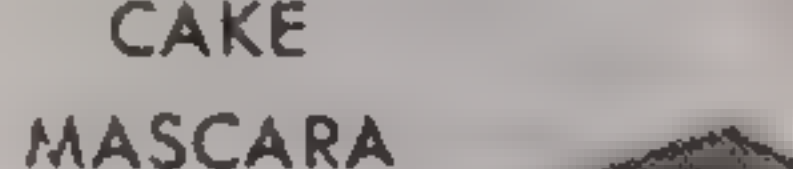
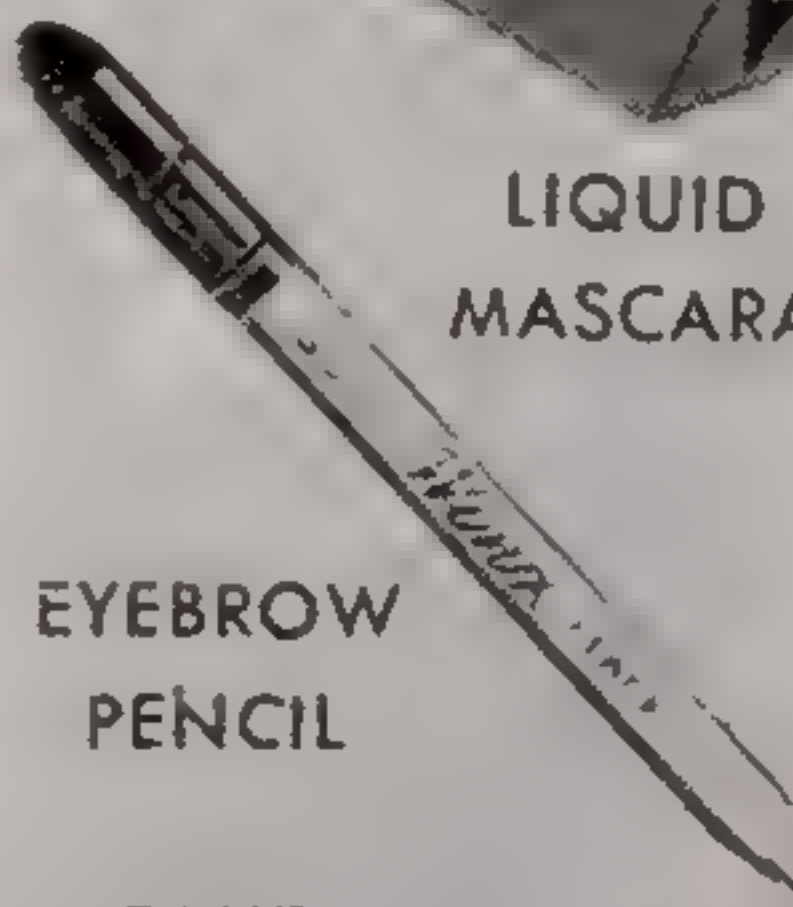
Nils T. Granlund: "I don't pay any attention to it."

Don Mario: "I have a world of respect for that "black thing" in front of me during a broadcast. I often wonder why they



JOAN MARSH and EDDIE NUGENT as they appear in "DANCING FEET," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

FASCINATING EYES *lead the way to* LOVE and ROMANCE



THEIR EYES MET...he saw...she conquered. It's the romantic story of another girl who learned the importance of attractive, fascinating eyes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that leads the way to romance. Bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with a touch of WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Your lashes immediately appear longer, softer, and more lustrous...your eyes sparkle...your whole appearance radiates life and beauty.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in three colors—black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX

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Don't Be a Slave to CATHARTICS

*Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT*

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical everyday diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

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Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
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1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name

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City State

don't paint them white, red, gold, silver or some other color not quite so somber. I often look right into it much in the fashion that a medium gazes into his crystal ball—I picture my public."

June Meredith: "That is a very silly question. Who could ever regard that microphone as a mechanical device? You just know it is the liveliest thing in the world. I know it eats, sleeps, moves, and has all the emotions and passions of the human race. Some nights it just treats you wonderfully. Seems so friendly and sweet you just love it . . . and then at other times it is ominous and defiant and you just have to work like a Trojan to get the better of it."

Patti Pickens: "I think of the mike as a mechanical device, usually as taking my voice to some particular person or group of persons I happen to know is listening in."

Frances Langford: "I disregard the microphone altogether . . . sing as if I were singing to someone in an audience."

Major Bowes: "I am not conscious of the microphone—I feel I am talking to the people."

Ozzie Nelson: "Strictly as a mechanical device."

Jimmy Durante: "Talking to a microphone is like talking to a person."

Jose Manzanara: "It is hard to define the feeling that you experience when

you get close to the little mechanical contrivance. Your mind tells you that it is only a part of this scientific marvel, the radio. But your heart beats faster and faster and you realize that the microphone doesn't lie. It tells the listeners the quality and value of your performance."

Paul Pearson: "A person—a very particular individual."

Igor Gorin: "I treat it as a personality."

Virginia Verrill: "The microphone gives me courage, but I usually forget that it is there after the first few bars of my first song."

Josephine Gibson: "I absolutely feel that the microphone is the person to whom I'm talking."

Phil Duey: "I regard it as a focus more than anything else. I couldn't possibly get sentimental or romantic about a microphone."

James Melton: "A personality."

Kate Smith: "I regard the microphone as a personality which allows me to get to the individuals in a home. I like to get to each one . . . to this one and that one. That is the way an artist best serves his or her purpose."

Frank Crumit: "I regard the microphone as the composite ear of a million listeners."

Parks Johnson: "The microphone has never been a personality to me. I'm rarely conscious of it, even as a mechanical de-



An alluring portrait of lovely Helen Kimm, who turned down tempting offers from Hollywood to play in the Civil War radio drama, "Roses and Drums," of enduring popularity. Helen also has acted in many stage plays on Broadway.

vice. In our Vox Pop interviews there is always an interesting personality alongside me, with whom I'm chatting, and on whom I'm concentrated 100 per cent. I haven't time to be conscious of the mike on a Vox Pop program . . . I'm too much absorbed with the conversation we're having."

Dick Powell: "I play to the visible audience before me. The mike just happens to be between us."

Betty Lou Gerson: "I always play to whomever is in a scene with me. Except for certain technical considerations, the microphone does not exist for me."

Anne Jamison: "I am happy to say that since I discovered that my mike is a personality, my interpretation has improved 100 per cent."

Jerry Belcher: "It is distinctly a personality . . . to me it represents a decent, God-fearing family that I want to have regard me as a friendly fellow who contributes to its pleasure and happiness."

Eddie Cantor: "I don't even realize the darn thing is there."

Odette Myrtil: "The microphone is my audience."

Are You Interested in the Short Wave Broadcasts?

Dick Powell: "Very much. I have a special receiving set built into my bed so I can listen to the short wave broadcasts far into the night."

Frank Crumit: "Yes . . . I like to hear what radio folk are doing on the other side of the 'pond.'"

Parks Johnson: "Yes, and for many reasons. First, of course, for the novelty. Later, because of the variety of entertainment."

Kate Smith: "Any phase of radio interests me, for I think it has every other medium beat a hundred and one ways."

James Melton: "No."

Bernice Claire: "Very—it is so marvelous to listen to a foreign program—and realize how far reaching radio is."

Josephine Gibson: "Yes—they seem even more miraculous than ordinary broadcasting."

Virginia Verrill: "Yes . . . since my *Vocals by Verrill* has been put on short wave, I have made some grand fans in faraway lands."

Paul Pearson: "In its advancement."

Jose Manzanares: "I believe that South America, Central America, Mexico, Cuba, and Spain have very much to offer to the modern world of music. And the same applies to the music of the United States. The path of good will is short wave broadcast."

Jimmy Durante: "One of my hobbies."

Helen Jepson: "It was over a short wave that I was first heard and got my start."

Conrad Thibault: "More or less—that is, I must get a short wave receiver."

Deane Janis: "I'm sure I would be a regular fan if I had the time."

David Ross: "I delight in reaching out for foreign stations. It makes the earth impressively real and fantastic at the same time."

Nick Dawson: "I'll find out when I get a set."

Parkyakarkus: "Yes . . . because through its development radio performers

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

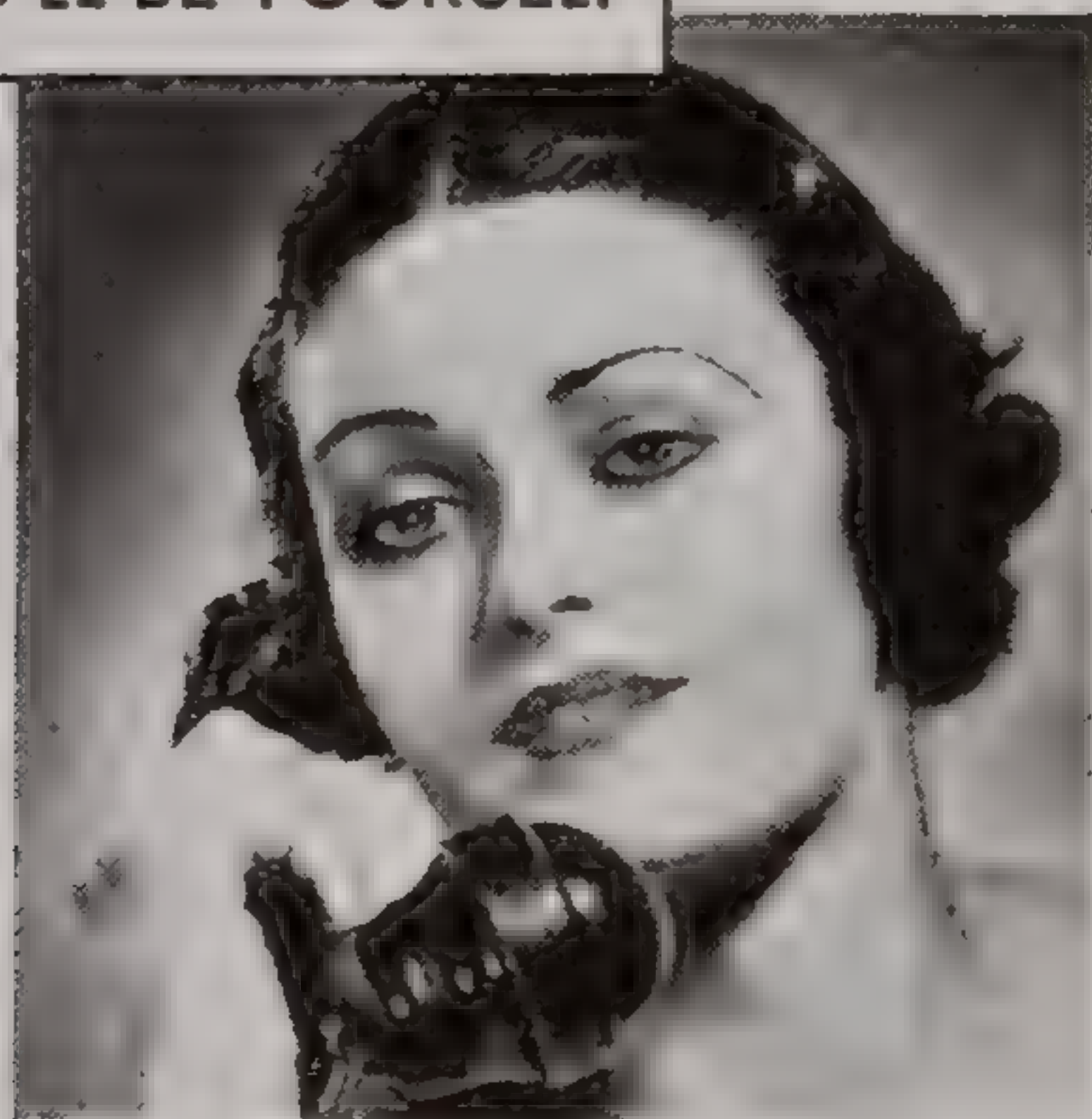
Same girl
Before and after

Small picture typifies the girl who neglects her looks . . .
Larger picture—the same girl after she has been to the
Beauty Shop . . . GO TO YOUR BEAUTY SHOP EVERY WEEK . . . AND, IT HELPS
BRING LIFE AND SPARKLE TO YOUR FACE TO ENJOY DOUBLE MINT GUM DAILY



I CAN'T COME:
IT'S THE WRONG
TIME OF THE MONTH

NONSENSE!
TAKE SOME MIDOL
AND YOU'LL BE YOURSELF

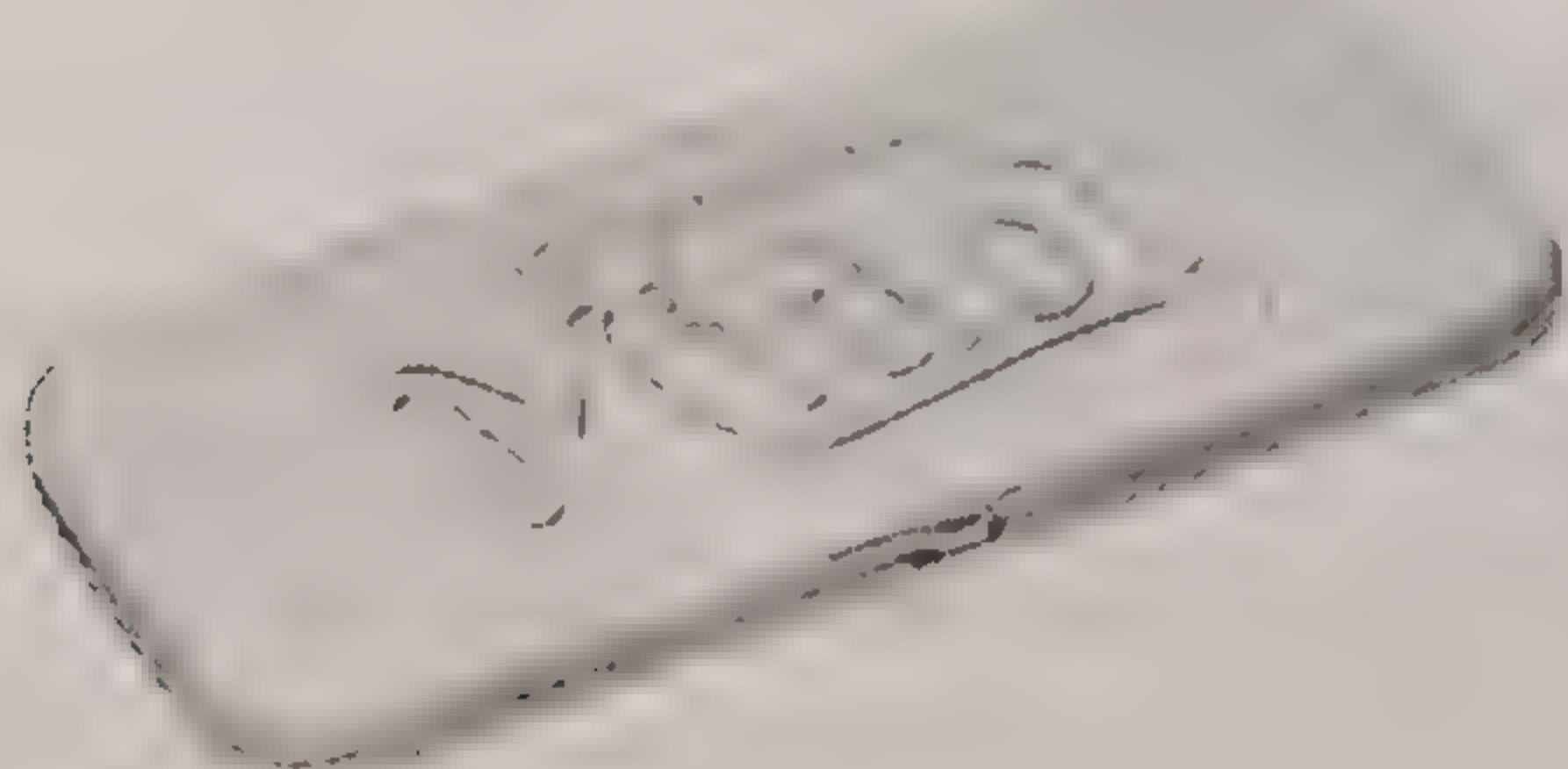


Don't Suffer From "REGULAR" Pain

It's an old-fashioned girl who still suffers each month when there is really no need to! It's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know she can keep her dates and keep comfortable. For painful periods, you need simply do this:

Watch the calendar. At the first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain entirely. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes. Midol often helps women who have always had a very hard time. And the relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day. Yet they contain no narcotic and form no habit. They do not interfere in any way with the normal and necessary menstrual process. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose.

Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might give you back those days you have had to be so careful. You can get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store.



That well-intentioned old maid, Miss Hazy, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is played by young and lovely Alice Frost, who, in the evening, appears as the lively comedienne in Walter O'Keefe's Camel Caravan program. Alice, daughter of a Minneapolis minister, has played in stock and on the Broadway stage. Her husband, Robert C. Foulk, is an actor and scenic designer.

will be heard in every corner of the earth."

Robert Ripley: "Yes . . . because I have no set."

Benay Venuta: "Very much—especially South America."

Deems Taylor: "I would be if I could get anything but S. O. S.'s and amateurs."

Eddie Cantor: "Tremendously—I bought myself a swell set and often sit up all night with it."

June Meredith: "I am not a real DX fan, but of course do listen to short wave broadcasts very often. Even though I may not understand the language, or the reception is not very clear, to know that the speaker or music is so far away and yet so conveniently close, is a miracle."

Don Mario: "Yes! In fact, having come to this country to study electrical engineering and having graduated and worked at it for a while, I'm still interested and in touch with the electrical progress of our daily life. My desire is to retire young and be able to have an experimental lab where I can have many things to work out . . . one would be short wave."

Ted Husing: "And how—you oughta hear my 23-tube Scott—it gets 'em—but

the programs are lousy."

Andy Sannella: ". . . to the extent of owning and operating my own station as a licensed operator. The station call letters are W2AD. I have two specially constructed and designed short wave receivers which keep me constantly in touch with what's going on in different parts of the world, and I while away many pleasant hours at this pastime."

Ted Hammerstein: "I am interested in anything pertaining to radio."

John Barclay: "Yes . . . their international political influence and significance are vast."

Jerry Belcher: "Decidedly. It is the beginning of international communication, which, if left alone by the governments of the various nations, will bring the world closer together and be a tremendous force for world peace."

Betty Lou Gerson: "I don't believe the reception on the ordinary set is perfect enough as yet to afford much entertainment to the average listener."

Margaret Speaks: "Very much—would like my friends in England to be able to hear me."

How BETTY found Romance

BY John Held Jr.



"Why, Betty, you're crying. And the sorority dance only a few hours away. Whatever is the matter?"

"That's just it. I haven't a thing to wear—excepting that horrible pink-colored evening dress. Pink just isn't my color!"



"Well—that's easily solved. Didn't you ever hear of Tintex? Come on! Let's go out to the store right now for some."

"I never thought of Tintex. But maybe you're right. I'll try it. And Mildred, you're just a dear to help me."



The curtain drops while Betty uses easy Tintex to change the color of her evening dress to a new, gorgeous and becoming color.



"Why, Betty, your dress is beautiful. That color is adorable. Jack said he never saw you look more attractive."

"That's what Bill said, too. And all thanks to you and Tintex. Here comes Bill for the next dance. See you later!"

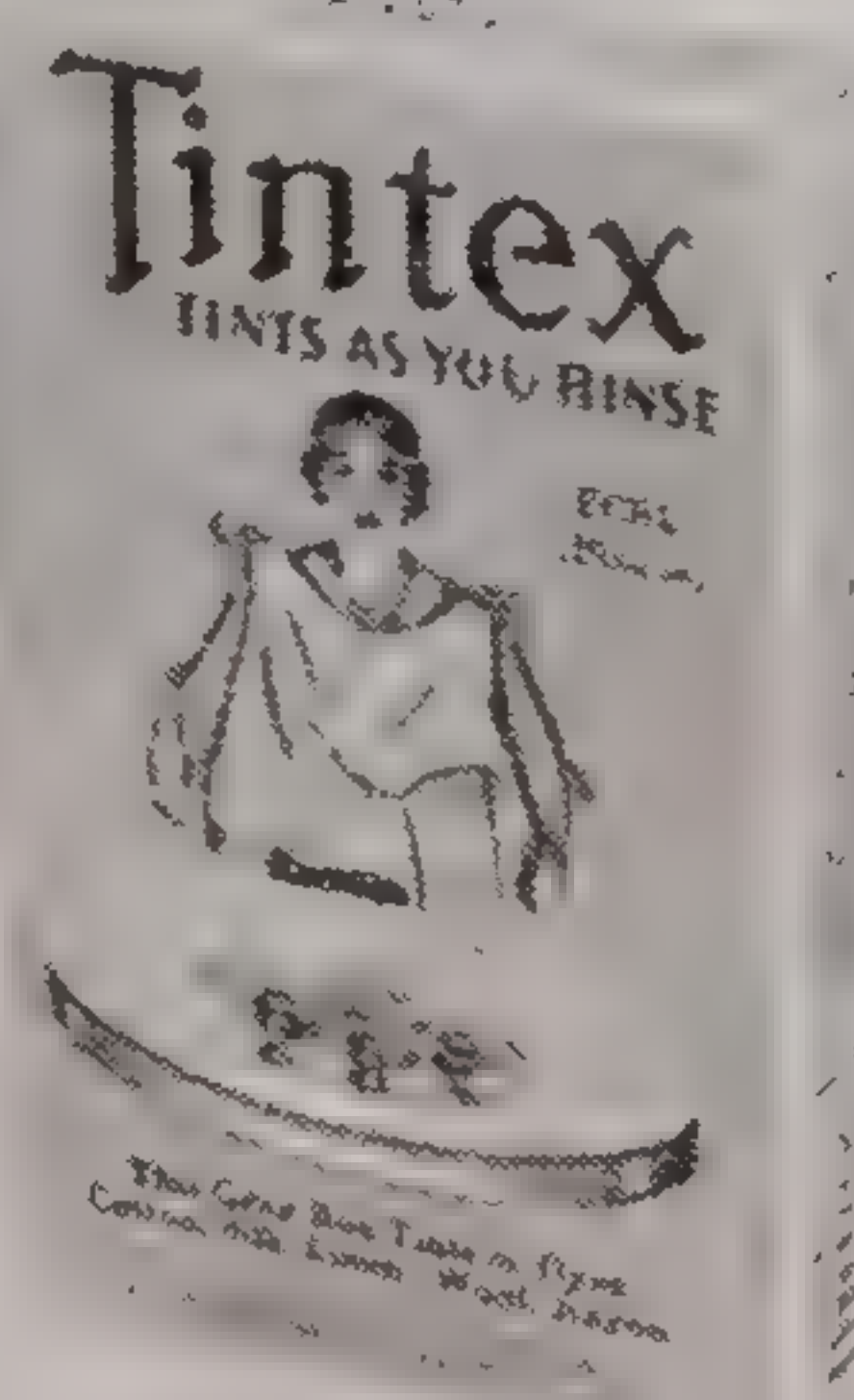


"Oh, Bill, what a perfect evening. I've been so happy. I can never thank Mildred enough."

"Betty, dear, I don't know what Mildred had to do with it. But I do know you're wonderful. When can I see you again?"

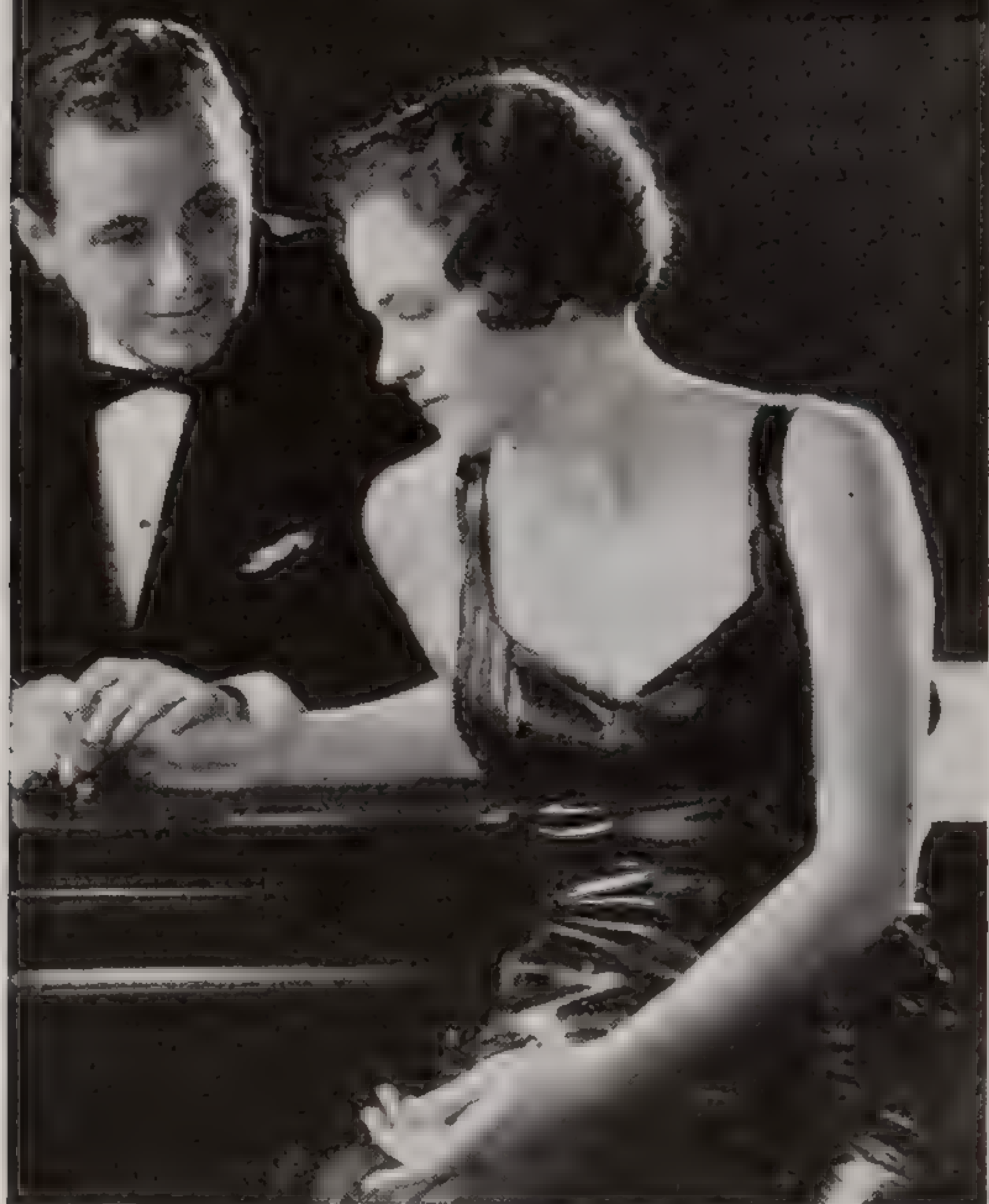
Millions of girls find Tintex supreme in restoring faded color or giving new color to everything in wardrobe or home decorations. Its utter simplicity—its perfect results—its range of 41 brilliant, long lasting colors—make Tintex the world's favorite Tints and Dyes. *Always insist on Tintex—at all drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters.*

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



Tintex Tints and Dyes

**"—don't try
to get well
in a day..."**



**no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?**

**—there is usually a definite reason
for these**

DON'T try to get well in a day...this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

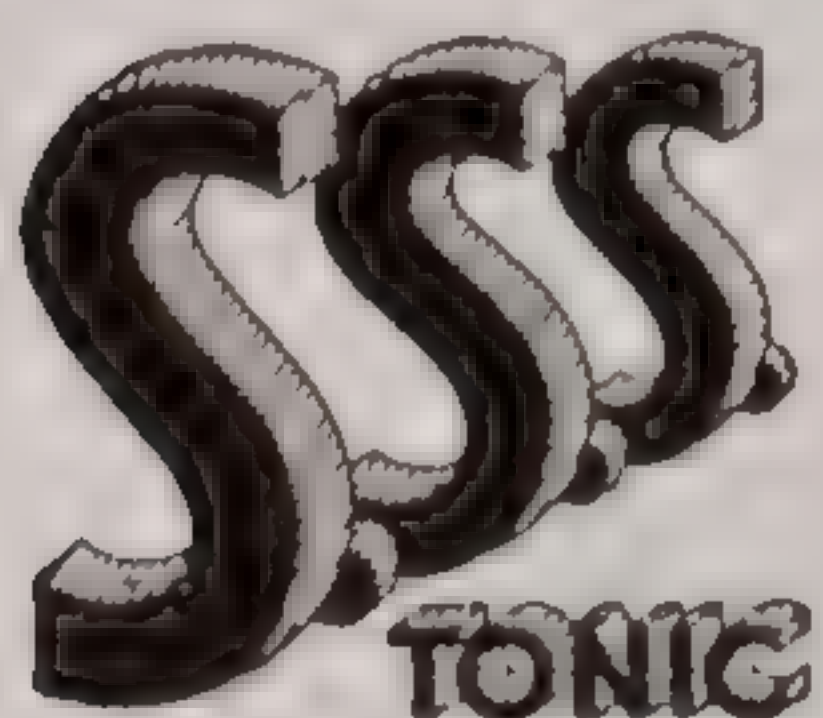
But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down...a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.



**Makes you
feel like
yourself
again**



Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 18)

When you're in a hurry in the morning, you won't even have to take time out from dressing if you'll practice your balancing exercises by putting on your stockings and shoes while you're standing up. If you don't do this correctly, you'll tear your hose while you're trying to put them on, so learn to bring your knee up toward your chest, and don't be afraid to bend over in one whole piece, instead of in disjointed sections, to meet it.

When you walk, don't do it as though you carried a ton of brick in each shoe. Walk lightly. Forget all this walking-on-the-toes business, too. The correct way to walk is to put the heel down lightly and then sort of push forward on the ball of the foot. *Heel—push. Heel—push.* Walk lightly and hold yourself proudly, and you'll have a queenly carriage.

To summarize this business of keeping young and graceful, I asked Mrs. Robinson to give me a list of the most important things that I could tell you. She named four essentials in the art of keeping youthful. First, fresh air. She can't stress too much the value of deep breathing. Her recipe for pep consists of taking a good long walk, breathing deeply in rhythm with your steps. Keep your head high, as though it were stretching to the top of the circus tent; keep your chest up, as though you had a couple of poles balancing on it, and breathe deeply, rhythmically, as though you were expanding your chest like a drum major.

Second on Mrs. Robinson's list comes diet. Everybody, or almost everybody, eats too much says "Josie." We eat so much that we get too lazy to move around, and so we get fat and sloppy before our



Irene Wicker, long famous as "The Singing Lady," made her first appearance in public at the age of four. She writes all the material used in her radio programs. Her popularity is attested by vast quantities of fan mail—over a million letters in the course of a year. She is married to Walter Wicker, and they have two talented young children, Nancy and Walter Wicker, Jr.

3 annoying problems solved because Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE — CAN'T FAIL — CAN'T SHOW



CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton — chafing and irritation are prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is left free to absorb.



CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW

The ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

● THREE DISTINCT TYPES OF KOTEX

Choose the one for your intimate comfort

REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX

For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.

JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX

Somewhat narrower — for some women when less protection is needed.

SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX

Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

time. Get up from the table while you're still a little hungry . . . don't be a pig!

Third on the list is exercise, of course. With her eyes sparkling, and her smartly curled head giving emphatic nods to emphasize the things she wanted emphasized, Mrs. Robinson outlined her "code" of exercise. "You wouldn't think of letting your automobile stand around, month in and month out, or year in and year out, and still expect it to run smoothly, would you?" she queried. "Then why should you expect it of your body?" She pointed out the fact that the body is machinery which needs attention just as does any other machinery, an engine, a car, a watch. And she also pointed out that it is even more wonderful than machinery, because it has the ability to reconstruct itself.

Here is the famous circus lady's own favorite exercise. It's a twisting exercise, and it twists your stomach, your wrist, and your hips if you do it properly, in addition to giving your arm and bust muscles an uplift stretch. Take a medium-sized towel and twist it taut between your hands. Stand in an erect position, your chest high, your stomach pulled in, the small of your back straight. Now raise your arms straight above your head, about the distance of the towel between them; grip the towel tightly and bend at the waist as far over to the right as you can. Now to the left. Keep those arms straight! If you allow your elbows to bend, you'll let in too much "slack" at your waistline. Keep your stomach pulled in and your back straight. With practice you may be able to bend sideways far enough to touch your hands to a chair seat. That's giving those indolent stomach muscles a twist, all right!

Fourth on Mrs. Robinson's list of requirements for keeping youthful is a hobby. It doesn't matter what your hobby may be, just so it is something that will call into exercise your enthusiasms and your interests. How about making "Exercises" your hobby for a while? Certainly there could be no more valuable profit-bearing hobby than that. I have three whole pages of exercises for you . . . twisting exercises, deep breathing exercises . . . exercises for the stomach, hips, bust, arms . . . exercises for a perfect '36 hobby. Some of Josie DeMotte Robinson's favorite exercises are included in the list. Why not get ready for a JUMBO trial at exercising NOW? And if, at any time you find yourself getting discouraged in working out your exercises, remember the chorus, "You've got to keep trying, over and over again."

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your EXERCISES.

Name

Address

Please enclose stamped addressed envelope. MISS BIDDLE IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR PERSONAL BEAUTY PROBLEMS; these coupons are offered merely to simplify your writing in for special bulletins.

What Kind of Love do You Want?

(Continued from page 29)

let's have music that will cause people to leave their little selves and their little limited lives for the space of an hour or less . . . and be swept out into the sea of all the humanities . . . away from all petty tyrannies and petty hopes and fears and triumphs and despairs—a sort of deathless diapason of song which might make the listeners realize that there is illimitability to the world they live in . . . and an aching, ardent hope of other worlds to come. . . . Let's have music that will stir tremendous potentialities . . . open great concourses of thought, release great currents of emotion. . . .

"I want to sing better music than I have been singing. I want to raise the level of the programs I am on. I want to sing a notch above the level of my listeners, let us say, rather than a notch below them. I have always believed that the audience intelligence has been underestimated. We are too prone to say: 'Oh, the Public won't like this or 'get' that—its too high-brow, too classical or something.' But

look at *David Copperfield* and *Tale Of Two Cities* on the screen—classics, certainly, beautifully and faithfully done and Big Box Office at one and the same time. And throughout the ages whom have the peoples of the world chosen for immortality? Not the sensation-for-a-day artists—no, the Dickens', the Shakespeares, the Platos, the Thackerays, the Rubens', the Botticellis, the Lizts and the Beethovens and the Wagners and so on. . . .

"And so I want to know—*can I? May I?* Will the people who listen in allow it? Or will they not? *Do the right people write the radio fan letters?* Or do you, some of you who care the most about music but feel, perhaps, rather 'silly' about writing fan letters, keep silent? Please, all of you, *tell me. . . .*"

We were having tea together in Nelson's living-room, in Beverly Hills. The tall, silver-blond young baritone had been practising a negro spiritual when I came in. He was perfecting the dialect. Nelson is always perfecting something or other.



Erika Zaranov, blonde Russian contralto star of the new "Melodies" program, heard Mondays over NBC with Leo Spitalny's concert orchestra, possesses a voice of depth and richness really amazing in a person so extremely petite.

Be Wise—Alkalize

This sparkling alkaline drink combined with an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) gives prompt, pleasant relief for Sour Stomach, Colds, Headaches. Also other common aches and pains associated with excess acidity (alkaline deficiency).

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer **AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢**

FIXED ME UP WHILE I WAS DRESSING

ALKA-SELTZER, YOU'RE A BLESSING

HANGOVER

MUST BE YOUR ALKA-SELTZER DEAR—

MY HEAD-ACHES GONE! MY HEAD IS CLEAR!

HEAD ACHE

I TAKE ALKA-SELTZER TO KEEP COLDS AWAY

COLDS

I HATE TO KEEP BLOWING AND SNEEZING ALL DAY

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

The Mahler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet.

D. J. MAHLER, Beauty Specialist
D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 366D, Providence, R. I.

KEEPS WHITE SHOES new!

SNO-KIST
for all white shoes

A lasting white that penetrates without rubbing—softens leather. Makes a high polish or dull finish. Does NOT rub off. Large 3 oz. bottle or tube . . . 10c. At 5 and 10 cent stores.

SNO-KIST . . . PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SNO-KIST
SHOE WHITENER



Bess Johnson plays Frances Moran, Mother Moran's 22-year-old daughter, in "Today's Children." Acting before the microphone on this program is but one phase of Bess Johnson's busy life. She's married to Dr. Paul Perry, is a radio executive in the office of a Chicago advertising agency and mother of a lively seven-year-old daughter.

He is forever and ceaselessly experimenting, studying, exploring. He has the deepest quality of *earnestness* of any man, any star I ever have known. He has little or no feeling of pompous self-importance. He takes his work—not himself—with tremendous seriousness. Stardom does not mean satiety to him. World-wide success does not mean to him that he has *Arrived* but only that he must *Go On* . . . The little New England lad who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, who learned church music at his mother's knee, who sang in churches his boyhood through, who learned the stable, deep-rooted New England virtues and persistences at a tender age was, literally, father to the man. So, too, the young man who, later on, in Philadelphia, took almost every correspondence course devised by the ingenuity of correspondence course creators, who went to night school, who had jobs on newspapers, in advertising agencies, who sang in four-a-day movie houses and churches and clubs and hospitals—this young man, too, most certainly was father to the man.

He never is content with less than the best. He is an exacting task-master of himself. In the urgency with which he put his question to me—and through me to you—in the extreme gravity of his voice, I could gauge how very much he hopes that the public, too, will not be content with anything but the best.

"I mean," he was saying, running his strong hands through that kingly crown of his silver-gold hair, "I mean—don't misunderstand me—I don't want to sing arias and German lieder exclusively. I still want to sing the music of the heart from the heart. The simple, homely songs which are great because they play on the heartstrings of the whole world and make all men and women kin. But the world is heir to gorgeous, wonderful music, to immortal music. And I want to sing that, too.

"I'd like to sing the music of Tschai-kowsky and Rachmaninoff, the music of Grieg, Strauss and Wolfe; the music of John Alden Carpenter, Deems Taylor, Sir Edward German, Frank Bridge and A.

As swift as light—



The Magic of the **LINIT BEAUTY BATH**

❁ Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

❁ For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

❁ To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

❁ Make it a habit to use Linit in your tub water and join the thousands of America's loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

for Fine Laundering

• Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.





You can have a Martini without an olive—but the olive adds *something extra* to your enjoyment.

There are many lotions for your hands—but Frostilla has something extra—*fragrance!* Its lovely scent is an extra touch of luxury and niceness—an irresistible addition to its unequalled soothing, smoothing qualities. Choose and use Frostilla; it has everything you seek in a hand lotion—*plus fragrance!*

35c, 50c and \$1.00 sizes everywhere.
Travel size at better ten-cent stores.



IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a
MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 3, LOWELL, MASS.



BE A NURSE

MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 37 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 234, 109 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

Walter Kramer. . . .

"Can I do it?" Nelson asked, the passion in his beautiful, deep speaking voice quieting abruptly. "Can I do it? Do they want me to do it? This is the question I have been literally burning to ask for months and haven't known how or by what means to ask it. And I want the answer. I want to know, from the people of the radio audiences, *what the people want*."

"You see, I get only a small percentage of my radio fan mail myself. I know what I get because I read all of my fan mail with my own eyes. And the radio fan mail is not like the movie fan mail. The radio fans write, as a rule, to the stations, in care of the sponsors. The letters are opened and answered from there, photographs mailed when requested. If any of the letters are particularly personal they are forwarded to me wherever I may be. And of course, since the release of *Naughty Marietta*, quite a few radio fans write me care of MGM studio, knowing that I can be reached there. Some six or seven thousand letters a week come in, from all parts of the world.

"I said that there is a marked and very interesting difference between the radio fan mail and the movie fan mail. And there is. The movie fan mail is by far the more personal, the more ardent. Movie fans write more often, I should say, and always more emotionally. They *always* want autographed pictures. They frequently declare undying love. They are quite violent in their fierce determination to have me play always opposite Jeanette

MacDonald. They protest that it would be unnatural, impossible, to see me with anyone else. The radio fans, on the other hand, occasionally ask for photographs, not always. The radio fan letters are usually from more elderly people. And the letters always stress the musical aspects. They all ask me to sing certain songs. They often ask me to announce that I am singing a particular song for a particular person, naming the name. That is, regrettably, impossible for me to do. The sponsors are, after all, building up bulk audiences. It is impossible to cater to any one individual during a broadcast.

"It is natural that radio fan mail should be less personal than movie fan mail. The radio is presumably less personal than the screen. The screen gives its fans the face, the figure, the personality *and* the voice. The radio gives only the voice and into that voice must go all of the personality of the singer. It is, to me, the easiest work of all, radio work. I love it. I love rehearsals, which most artists detest. I have a lot of fun at 'em. I have no 'mike' self-consciousness. And I have no feeling of being impersonal. Quite the contrary. I am singing, when I broadcast, singing definitely and very personally, to the thousands of men and women who seem as near to me, as real and warm and human and responsive, as audiences I can see. On the screen I am, after all, only a shadow and a recorded voice. When film audiences are watching me on the screen I may be a million miles away, actually and in thought. On the air I am, after



A youngster in years, and new to radio, is Bonnie Blue. Discovered by Mark Warnow, she now is heard with his Blue Velvet Orchestra. Blues and the lighter kinds of popular ditties are Bonnie's highly successful specialties.



Dick Leibert is the organist of the Radio City Music Hall broadcasts.

all, *right there*. I am singing to my audiences, *there and now*. . . .

"Which leads me to this," said Nelson, "that because the radio fan letters are predicated, naturally, on the love of music, I wonder whether my question—'can I sing better music?'—will not be answered in the affirmative?"

"They love music, the radio fans, or they wouldn't be listening in to me. And loving music as they do, might it not be that they would love better music if I should give it to them?"

"Memories . . ." I interpolated . . . "don't you think, Nelson, that they love the songs they ask for because of memories, because of tender associations connected with these so-familiar songs? I mean, Jane Doe's sweetheart sang *Sally In Our Alley* the night he proposed . . . old Mrs. So-and-So sang *Danny Boy* to her son in the days when he was still at home with her . . . that sort of thing?"

"That is part of it, of course," said Nelson, "but we could make new memories, new associations, couldn't we? If I have radio fans—and of course I have or I wouldn't be on the air at all—some of them must occasionally say: 'I first heard Nelson Eddy sing that song' . . . and they, in line with what you were saying, cherish that song because they heard me sing it first. . . ."

(I thought. With your phenomenal popularity *any* song you might sing would be cherished . . . I didn't put my thought into words. Nelson can do without flattery that sounds fulsome.)

"Well, then," Nelson went on, "why can't I sing Brahms' *Love Song* instead of *That's Why Darkies Were Born*? Why can't I sing *It is Enough*, from Elijah, instead of *The Night Was Made For Love*? And have these songs mean just as much, strike just as poignant a chord as would the mordaunt plea of *Let Me Take You Home*, Josephine, when by all odds Josephine should have gone home long ago—and stayed there.

"And I believe firmly," Nelson said, rising now to pace up and down the spacious length and breadth of his living-room, "I believe firmly that the people of the world are prepared, are eager, whether they know it or not, for a deeper, a more profound experience of music. I don't mean that they won't still want to burst their sides laughing at a Cantor, a Wynn and the other funny fellows. I don't mean that they won't want to hear Bing, the inimitable, world without end. I don't even mean that they won't want to hear the *Sylvias* and the *Danny Boys* now and again. They will.



"SUNNY HAIR is Admired by All My Friends"

say delighted young women who have become more popular with sunny hair. For sunny—*soft lustrous*—hair gives you the fresh, glowing attractiveness friends admire. Gain for *yourself* the charming brightness of sunny lustrous hair. Blonde or Brunette, brighten *your* hair—your whole appearance—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

"Secret of Loveliness for Blondes and Brunettes"

BLONDES—successfully to restore natural golden beauty to dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Marchand's lightens and brightens blonde hair, protects its sunny golden hues.

BRUNETTES—Glowing highlights make your dark hair fascinating after a rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or with Marchand's, you can lighten your hair gradually, in unobserved stages, to any golden shade of blonderness.

BLONDES and BRUNETTES also use Marchand's to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms or legs.

For greater cleanliness—greater personal attractiveness—*start* today this simple home beauty treatment. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug store or use coupon below.

FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK FOR ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

To secure typical American girls from all parts of this country for their regular "BLONDE OF THE MONTH" advertisement, the makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash offer each month entirely without expense, obligation or any complications of any kind, to bring one girl selected for her charm and beauty to New York for special photographing. Not a contest. Full particulars from your druggist; in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, or, by mail from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Address Marchand's, room 44, 521 West 23rd Street, New York.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

M.G. 436

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible



Now... for lips... **TATTOO** instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color... luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Softening to lips instead of drying. TATTOO! Put it on... let it set... wipe it off. Only the color stays. Tattoo your lips! Never be satisfied with less than the perfection of TATTOO. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. TATTOO, \$1 everywhere.

CORAL... EXOTIC... NATURAL... PASTEL... HAWAIIAN

TATTOO

Brownish **BLONDE** to
Light **BLONDE**

IN ONE
SHAMPOO



*Lighten hair
2 to 4 shades
with Shampoo-rinse*

NO BLONDE is at her best if her hair has faded, become dull, brownish. Only the gleaming, golden blondes are truly fascinating. And their secret for radiant, alluring hair beauty is Blondex. It is a unique combination shampoo and rinse *all in one*. Use Blondex today, see how expertly it washes the dull, drab hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. After even the first Blondex shampoo-rinse, your hair will glisten with bright, golden lights. Get Blondex today. At all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE



She's on the air on a dare! Young, attractive and blonde Templeton Fox was "dared" to enter a contest in Los Angeles and she proved a winner!

"But—I do mean that they are prepared for something more profound. We all read the 'funny papers' on Sundays. But we also read and are fed by such books as *Paths Of Glory*, *We Who Are About To Die*, *The Forty Days Of Musa Dagh* and so on. . . .

"The last four or five years have prepared us all. The soil of human appreciation has been enriched for deeper and more permanent planting. Many of us have known deprivations, tragedies of all kinds. Financial. Personal. Emotional. Moral. We have gone beyond the superficial, the specious and the facile, and our wants and needs and desires cannot be fully satisfied when a baritone wails out *The Neapolitan Love Song*. . . .

"I believe that we are ready, once again, for religion. Perhaps I should say for religious music. I *know* it. For when, a few weeks ago, I sang *The Lord's Prayer* over the air on one of my broadcasts, my fan mail *quadrupled*, by actual statistical count, over and above what it had been the preceding week. And every single letter mentioned *The Lord's Prayer*. . . . and they sounded, *en masse*, like the common plaint of people who heretofore had wanted bread and been given stones. . . .

"That meant something to me, that increased fan mail, because of one song. It held a message for me.

"You know, I suppose, that I have almost nothing to do with the choice of the songs I sing on my broadcasts. The songs

are selected for me by my sponsors. And the songs my sponsors select for me are, in turn, determined by the fan mail received at the stations. The fan mail which names its favorite songs. So that actually you, my fans, arrange my programs for me.

"And only about fifty songs are ever requested by those who write in to the sponsors! Such songs as, for instance, *Sylvia*, *Sweet Mystery Of Life*, *The Heart Bowed Down*, *When I Grow Too Old To Dream*, *Danny Boy*, *The Road To Mandalay*, *The Glory Road*, *The Last Round-Up*—and so forth. And forth. Some fifty songs in all, songs of much the same general calibre or musical importance.

"Not that I despise these songs—don't mistake me. I don't. Far from it.

There are times when I wouldn't listen to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra for any bribe that might be offered me. Times when I want to listen to Bing Crosby and no one and nothing else. And get the biggest kick in the world out of listening to him.

"And so I do not mean to say that the *Boots and Saddles* have not their place in the musical scheme of things. They have—but not *all* of the time, in Heaven's name!

"And so I am asking you—the thousands of you everywhere—what you want of me, what you really, in your hearts, want me to sing. . . . *Please answer me.*"

Welcome to Pickfair

(Continued from page 27)

your last resting place. Gwynne, my young niece, called my attention to one such commercial treasure . . . the actor who was extolling the advisability of investing in a little plot or a handy mausoleum while the Depression was 'on' . . . because, he said practically, you could 'buy low' at this time. Somehow, after a few minutes of this, one doesn't feel exactly like going on with the program, no matter how good it may be.

"I sat the other night," said Mary, "at dinner here at Pickfair. There was a program I wanted to hear. I tuned in while at the dinner-table. And I found myself listening to a most persuasive if somewhat oily gentleman who was telling me something revolting about what to do for the intestines in time of stress! Do I need to say that I dialled *that* off as rapidly as possible and did not tune in to the program I'd wanted to hear.

"Such things as these," said Mary, "are the stigma on the fair name of radio today. They are, undoubtedly, the crude excrescences of youth which time and maturity and some new system of channelling will eliminate . . . but you asked me, Faith, and I'm trying to tell you . . .

"I think that another criticism is that the programs are not prepared far enough in advance. And I do not believe that the talent employed has anything to do with

some of the defects that ensue. For I found when I was broadcasting for Royal Gelatin last year—twenty-six weeks of it—that most of the actors and actresses we used were splendid talent. They were young and gay and responsive. Some of them were forgotten picture people. Some of them were brand new radio talent, the rising stars of the ether. And almost all of them were stimulating and interesting. So much so that I have my eye on some of them right now for picture purposes . . .

"Then there is the immense disadvantage of having two or more worthwhile programs—programs we all want to hear—on the air at exactly the same time. I often find myself wanting to hear some romantic music and, perhaps, a lecture at some special hour. I have to make a choice. I cannot hear both. I must take one or the other. Which is too bad. Imagine what a catastrophe it would be for movie fans if two pictures such as, say, *Mutiny On The Bounty* and *The Magnificent Obsession* were shown for one evening only—the same evening. This is what happens to radio fans all of the time.

"It will have to be worked out in some way. It is one of the most pressing problems of radio today—certainly it is a pressing problem to the fans. I don't quite know, as yet, how this state of af-

fairs can be adjusted. Perhaps the radio fans will have to pay a small toll for certain programs . . . perhaps there will be installations of small meters, like gas meters, into which a coin will go and certain programs be retained for an hour. Perhaps programs will be made up and mailed in advance to the radio fans. I don't quite know how it can be worked out but some way will have to be found.

"I believe in radio censorship," said Mary. "I believe that it is absolutely necessary. Anything that can come into the home and be turned on at will by children must have supervision. Mothers can control the theatre-going of their children. They can control the reading matter of their children. They can keep the sensational type of newspaper and magazine out of the home by not subscribing to them, if they care enough. Or if they do take them, they are tangible objects and can be hidden away. But not even the most zealous mother can pursue a child from one end of the day to the next to make sure that he is not twisting a dial.

"And most emphatically one of my major criticisms of the radio is that so often *children should not twist dials*. Too often they are apt to get a melodramatic voice telling of revolting murders with gruesome details. And when a child listens to such things as these," said Mary,



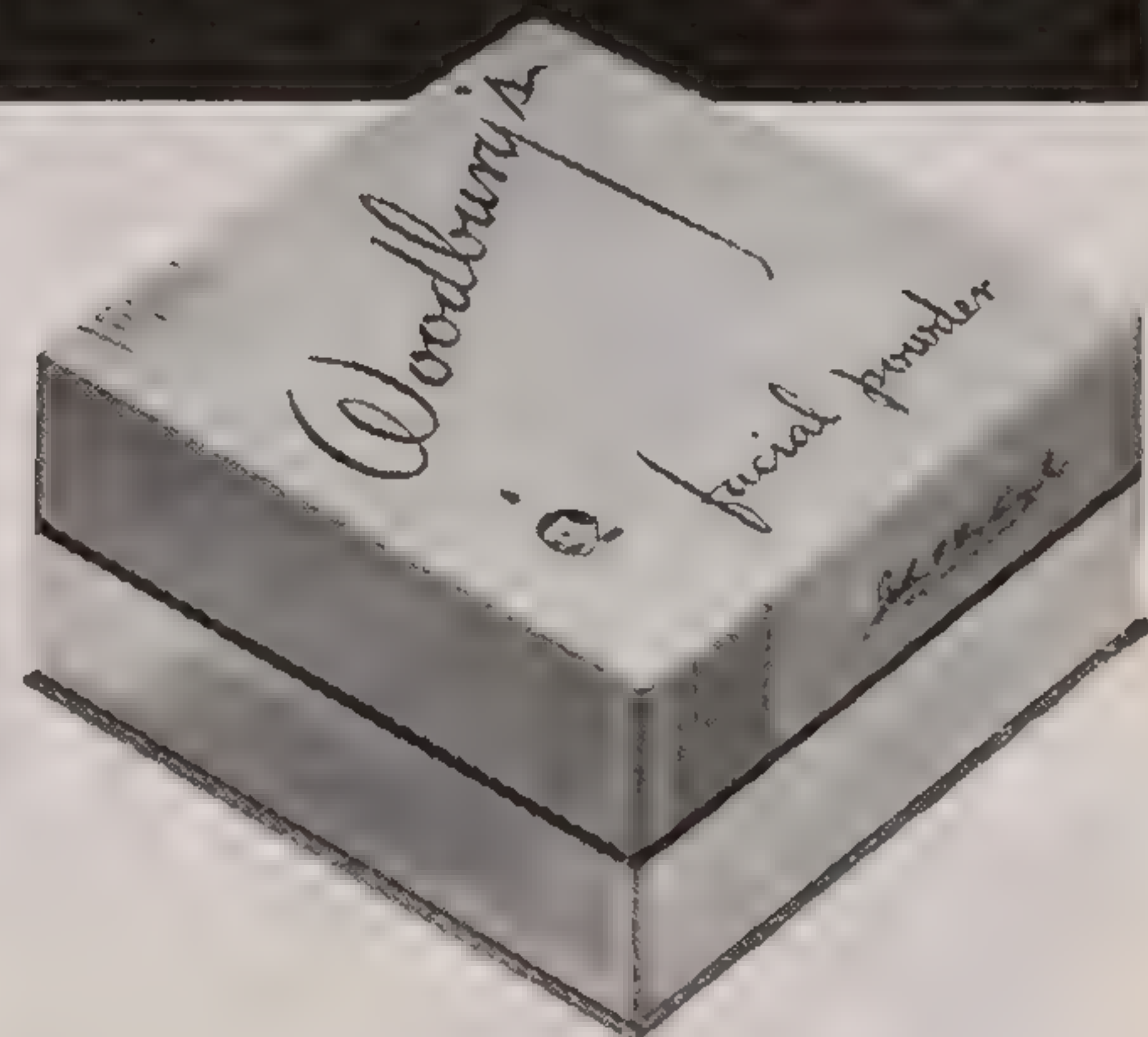
Spreads farther— Clings loyally for hours!

**DOES NOT
CLOG THE PORES!**

THIS smart new face powder, prepared by skin scientists, covers shine and imperfections perfectly. Spreads farther.* Does not clog the pores!

Smooth a pinch of Woodbury's on your arm. Do the same with the powder you now use. Woodbury's spreads so far and evenly, because it stays on the skin's surface. Does not disappear into the pores—hence will not clog them.

Six flattering skin-bloom shades. \$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.



Free!

SIX SKIN-BLOOM SHADES
(Enough for a Week's Trial)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9164 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

(Paste on postcard or mail in envelope NOW)

Name _____

Street _____

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★ This Test will convince You!

*Determined by
Gar-Baker Laboratories, Inc., New York

RADIO STARS



LET science take the place of scrubbing and scouring a toilet. Sani-Flush is made scientifically to clean closet bowls. It puts an end to all unpleasant labor. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet.

Spots and incrustations are carried away. The porcelain glistens—white as snow. Odors and germs are killed. Sani-Flush even purifies the hidden trap that no amount of scrubbing and rubbing can reach. Try Sani-Flush for new cleanliness in the toilet. New sanitation. It cannot injure plumbing. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush



CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

**NEW
EASY
WAY**

10c

**JUSTRITE
PUSH-CLIP**

**KEEP WIRES
OFF FLOOR**

(LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.

At Kresge's

**260 A
BROAD
CLOTH
98¢**

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BROWN
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LARKIN

invites you!

HERE'S an invitation to be a Larkin Club Secretary. Just by introducing our new Edna May Dress Club you can earn charming frocks for yourself, as well as other big Rewards. Get our new Edna May Dress Folder just off the press! It brings you America's greatest dress bargains like the smart little street frock in this advertisement.

Mail a postcard to-day. Just say: "Send me the Edna May Dress folder and Club information."

Larkin Co Inc

664 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

with that look in her beautiful eyes which deplores the wrongs, little and large, done to all mankind, "when a child listens to such things as these, *how do we know what harm has been done to that child?* Perhaps something more horrible than the 'gruesome murder' ... another kind of crime ...

"Only a few days ago I chanced to tune in on some program and caught a ringing voice proclaiming with gusto 'at the age of ten he killed a man . . . ' Mary's eyes were grave. "'At the age of ten he killed a man,'" she repeated. "I feel guilty that I didn't check up and discover from what station that broadcast came. I should have written a letter of protest. For it has been said that 'inasmuch as ye do it to a little child' . . . and what does that sort of thing do, do you suppose, to a little child? I don't like to think about it. But I must. We all must. And that is why censorship is compulsory.

"The radio," said Mary, gently now, that light in her eyes which is always there when she can speak truthfully of the good in things, the good in men and women, "the radio has done, is doing so many great and good things. And I think that one of the very best things it has done

is to interest the people of today in *what goes on in Washington*. An interest deplorably lacking a very few years ago. Of course there is a deep, underlying reason for this interest, too. *The shoe has been pinching*—and people want to find out *why*. But they couldn't find out, not so readily, not so easily as they can find out through the medium of the radio.

"I believe that another of radio's richest gifts to us is that it has made us *sound-conscious*. It should help us with our voices, our speaking voices, which are inclined to be, here in America, raucous at worst, careless at best. Most of the announcers have beautiful diction and beautiful speaking voices. And Radio should—and will, I know—be more and more careful to see that only cultivated and beautiful speaking voices are allowed on the air.

"That radio has made us music-conscious goes without saying. In little homes which, at best, boasted a rather tinny victrola and a few records, well used or abused, perhaps, by the children . . . in these little, music-unconscious homes comes, now, the music of Tchaikowsky and Brahms and Liszt . . . the beautiful vocal music of Lawrence Tibbett and Nel-



The girl in the case is Stella Friend, exotic singer from Old Mexico, and the fellows are "The Fellas"—Paul Gibbons, Craig Leitch and Roy Ringwald. "Stella and the Fellas" are featured on the Fred Waring Ford Dealers' broadcasts, heard on Tuesdays over CBS and on Fridays over NBC.



Long famed on stage and screen, Osgood Perkins contributed his well-known drollery to the "Flying Red Horse Tavern" for too brief a time.

son Eddy and Richard Crooks and Grace Moore and others . . . such music as seeps into everyday home life and becomes absorbed into the very texture, an integral part of it. Europe has been sound-and-music conscious for many years. Germany . . . Italy . . . the homelands of music and musicians. But we in America have been starved for the 'gift of song'. Concerts, symphonies, opera have been beyond the purses of many of us. And now the gift of song is ours; we are fed . . . thanks to the radio.

"I enjoy listening to the President. His beautiful diction, the thrilling timbre of his voice are almost sufficient unto themselves.

"I enjoy lectures on subjects that interest me.

"I enjoy music . . . symphonic music . . . jazz when it is well played . . . vocal music . . . yes, and Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee, decidedly.

"But Mary, *you* . . ." I interrupted, "what do you plan to do in radio? Not so much now as later on . . . ?" And I thought, as I spoke, of all that Mary has done and been to the screen, is still doing and being . . . the beautiful, golden gifts of youth and innocence and lasting beauty . . . her deep unalterable love of her work and of her 'Own People' . . . the name the little girl from Canada carved with her own earnest, loving hands and has made immortal . . . If she should bring such gifts, or others like them, if she should bring such love and devotion and high endeavor to the newer medium of radio, how much richer, how infinitely much richer the radio fans will be . . .

"I don't quite know yet," Mary said, slowly, consideringly, "I am, as I told you, so young—on the air. I always have been an entertainer. I shall continue to be that. I believe in keeping away from any kind of propaganda, from religion and from politics—unless I could feel that I had something really authentic, really helpful to say.

"I think," said Mary, with that far-away look in the dark eyes, which sees visions and causes them to come true, "I think that what I hope to be able to give in the radio one of these days is—*encouragement*. Not by preaching. Some way . . . some *other* way . . . a way which



**WAS HE
IN LOVE
WITH HIS
OFFICE
*Wife?***

Van Sanford had a beautiful wife and a very attractive secretary. His wife trusted him completely until the insinuations of other people began to arouse a faint feeling of jealousy in her heart, and they had their first quarrel. . . .

How did Van settle the old problem of "Wife vs. Secretary?" Read the complete story of this M-G-M hit, starring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy in the April SCREEN ROMANCES.

Other stories and features include Freddie Bartholomew and Dolores Costello in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" . . . Sylvia Sydney and Fred MacMurray in "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" . . . Carole Lombard and Preston Foster in "Love Before Breakfast" . . . Bette Davis and Warren William in "Men on Her Mind" . . . The Quintuplets in "The Country Doctor" . . . Franchot Tone and Madge Evans in "Exclusive Story" . . . Fashions . . . Gossip . . . Reviews . . . Beauty Advice . . . Portraits . . . All in the APRIL

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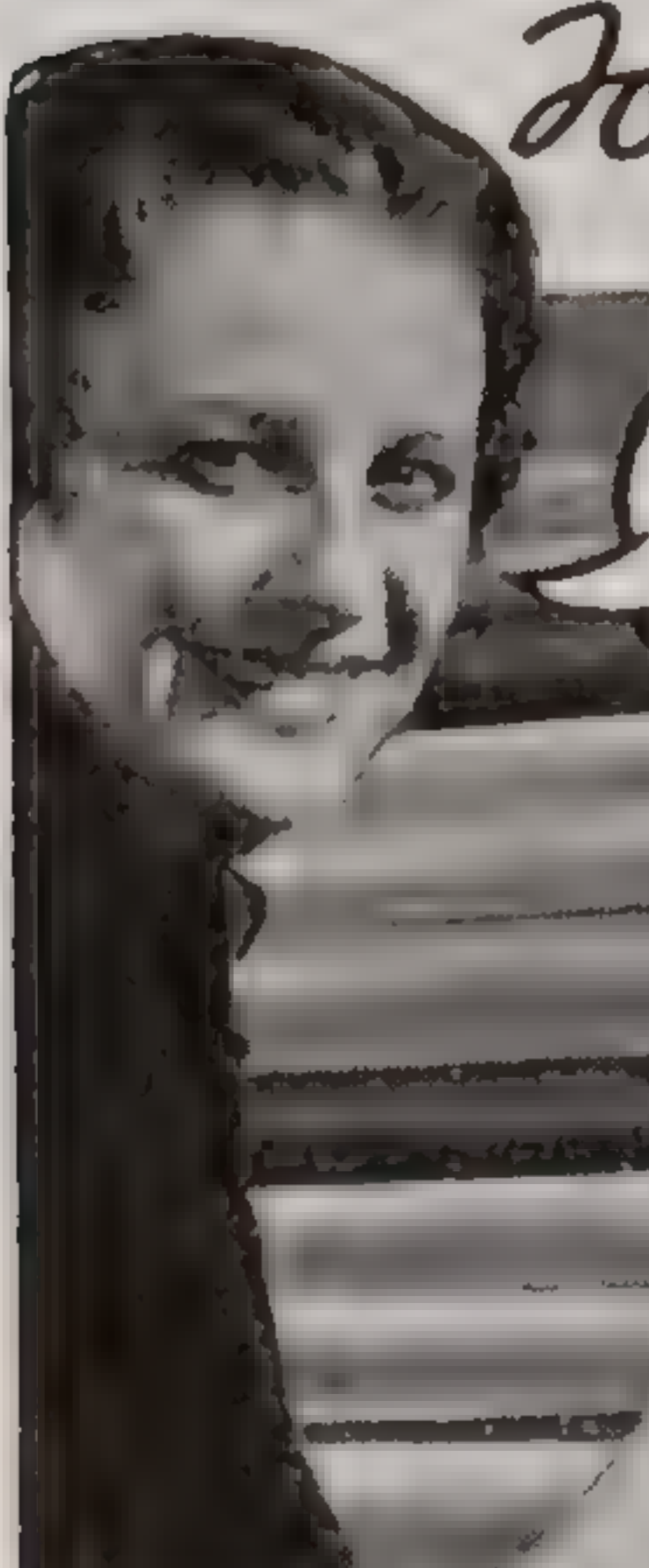
THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL REFRIGERATOR



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EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

**I Get 10
WINDOW SHADES**
For the Price of One



AND GET UP
TO 2 YEARS
WEAR FOR 15¢

GUARANTEED
A REFRIGERATOR
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
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15c CLOPAYS
SOLVE CLEAN WINDOW SHADE PROBLEM

"WHEN \$1.50 shades used to get dirty, I couldn't afford to change. But now, I get 10 lovely CLOPAYS for the same money! They look as good as the costliest—go 2 years and more without a change. That's REAL ECONOMY!" Why not try this same simple plan, approved by millions? CLOPAYS are made of a new kind of tough, pliable fibre that will not pinhole or crack. In 16 smart patterns and 7 plain colors. Sold by leading 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Write for FREE color samples. CLOPAY CORP., York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Al Jolson, star of "The Singing Kid," Warner Brothers picture, looks very happy, surrounded by this group of beauties who appear with him in the show

I shall have to grope for and find . . .

"I believe that what the people of America need today is to be made to feel important again. To be made to feel that they matter, each and everyone of them, in God's perfect scheme of things. In a recent article in RADIO STARS, on Eddie Cantor—he is quoted as saying that the world today is on the verge of tears. I believe that we are *beyond tears*. Tears may be facile things, after all. We often laugh until we cry. And now and again, at funerals and in moments of grief and stress, we cry until we laugh. The two emotions intermingle. But when the source of tears is dry and the well of laughter silenced—then a tragic, an intolerable condition exists. And it only can exist when men and women have lost faith in themselves, in their own importance, when they feel that they do not matter any more, that there is not only nothing left to laugh over but nothing worth crying about, either.

"We have all been through so much. We have, so many of us, reached the 'what does it matter?' stage . . . the even graver 'what do I matter?' . . .

"I hope," Mary went on, an ache in her voice, tender of unseen woes never unfelt by her, "I would like to be able to make people believe that they *do* matter . . . everyone, everywhere. I would like to make them remember that not even 'a sparrow's fall' is disregarded. I would like to find the means to convince them that there are no 'forgotten men' nor forgotten women. Not in the sight of God.

"I'd like to believe that maybe just knowing me, as people do . . . knowing the way, the little obscure way in which I began, so humbly, might mean some sort of encouragement. I never had a letter of introduction in my life. No influential personages, other than my mother, started me on my career or furthered it, once I had begun. I've never asked a favor of anyone.

"I just felt then," said Mary, "and I feel now that we are all necessary to the scheme of things, even though we may be inexperienced, poor and unknown individuals, who don't seem, dear knows, to be im-

portant to anyone save our own little families. I know that if anyone of us drops out of God's divine kingdom the kingdom is the poorer. He is always accurate, isn't He? The majestic, mysterious Scheme works with consummate precision and perfection. The Scheme, that is, with which Man has nothing to do, with which he cannot meddle . . . the tides, the Zodiac, the mathematical march of the seasons. And as He is accurate, so He doesn't give His life to any person unless that person is important in His Scheme. I was created within this Law. *And so were you . . .* and so were each and everyone of us, no matter where we are, no matter what we do or do not do, no matter whether rich or poor, young or old, famous or obscure . . .

"But we have, so pitifully many of us, lost the feeling of our own worth, our own especial and intrinsic importance. A value. If somehow I could find the way to give them back to themselves . . . those who believe themselves lost . . . If I could find some way to tell them not to be afraid to be themselves . . . I feel that so much trouble and heartache and frustration is caused by people trying to copy other people, to be other than what they are. Dear Will Rogers should have taught us all a lesson—the beautiful, sterling value of being always ourselves. For Will always was himself wherever he was—at the Court of St. James or in the humblest cottage he remained the American cowboy, folksy and kindly and witty and humble—and magnificently *himself*.

"If we could realize our own importance," Mary said, raising her golden hair as if with a challenge, "why, then, should be able to laugh and cry again, of deep, fresh well-springs of stirring and triumphant emotions.

"And so," said Mary, her dark eyes fastened on some splendid horizon of hope "as I grew older on the radio, that's what I hope to give—*encouragement* . . . proud heritage of Themselves to the men and women who believe they are not forgotten . . .

"I hope I *can*," said Mary simply, as her eyes came back to me from—*where?*

Am I Wrong About Radio?

(Continued from page 25)

"This particular fault is one which radio could correct by the simple means of showing some ingenuity and taking pains with the programs," asserted Cohan. "It's due to a copy-cat tendency which the radio has inherited from the motion pictures. The same thing happened when Rudy Vallee first soared to popularity on the appeal of his crooning. Before you knew it, the air was virtually alive with crooners."

"Radio performers insist on following suit. As soon as one hits upon a type of program which clicks, it becomes a rash on every network. The movies do the same thing. There was a cycle of gangster pictures, a cycle of G-men films and I think *Mutiny On the Bounty* will start a string of pictures featuring wooden ships and iron men, buccaneers and buried treasure."

This similarity between pictures and radio goes deeper than the copy-cat traits which are common to both, according to Cohan. George sees in the Western dramas and prairie tales of the air a revival of the old-time cowboy-and-Indian pictures of the nickelodeon days. At the same time, Cohan predicted, radio programs of the future will show just as much improvement over today's programs as current movies do over those of the "flicker" period.

Cohan resumed his discussion with a

word of praise for Vallee's programs. "I think that Vallee is definitely above the average as far as radio entertainment is concerned," he declared. "Vallee arranges his programs cleverly and uses good judgment in his selection of guest stars. Rudy's type of singing doesn't particularly appeal to me but I believe he deserves to be complimented for his radio showmanship and the smoothness with which he handles his program."

"Another whose radio work I admire is Leslie Howard. Howard is intelligent and you can count on him for an invariably good performance."

Asked to name his favorite radio program, Cohan replied: "That's easy—Lowell Thomas. I tune in on him every night. Thomas, to me, typifies the department in which radio has made its major strides, the dissemination of news."

"While I may be critical of the entertainment value of radio, I have nothing but praise for it as a news source," Cohan continued. "When I listen to the radio it is mostly to sit back of an evening and get the news of the world or the broadcasts of sports events. Rarely do I tune in the radio and expect to be entertained."

Cohan, whose stage career has been remarkably free from situations or dialogue which even hinted at ribaldry or bawdiness, sounded a warning to radio comics who show a tendency to play for laughs

through smuttiness. He believes that radio invites a censorship if it permits its comics to indulge in *double-entendre* jokes.

Cohan's most recent appearance before a microphone was in November, during the memorial program to the late Will Rogers. He considered that program a fine tribute to Rogers, who was one of Cohan's closest personal friends, because not one of the many speakers on that program became cheaply sentimental or maudlin.

During the spring of 1933, Cohan was on the air for eighteen weeks on the Gulf Oil Company's Sunday night program. He took five weeks first to determine whether or not he liked the idea and then signed a regular thirteen-weeks' contract.

A great many people credited Cohan with originating the term "New Deal" to identify the policies of President Roosevelt's administration, a distinction which George declines with thanks. "The term 'New Deal' had appeared frequently in the newspapers before I went on the air and I believe it originated from a statement in one of the President's broadcasts," explained Cohan.

"I did, however, write two songs about the New Deal, which may have created that impression in the minds of some listeners," he continued. "One was called *The New Deal Is a Square Deal*, and the other, which was in honor of the Presi-

STEP OUT
PROUDLY
in a dress
made "new"
with RIT!



DYEING is a laughing matter now—you do it with a smile on your face because the muggy, steamy boiling has been eliminated by Rit. There's one special ingredient in Rit found in no other tint or dye that makes colors soak in deeper . . . faster . . . easier!

And the results are amazing: Radiant clear colors without a smudge or streak! Shades that you thought only a professional dyer could create. Light or dark colors become fast *without boiling*. At a cost of only a few pennies.

Try Rit on anything that color benefits—dresses, curtains, lingerie, linens—and you'll bless the chemist who made the task so easy!



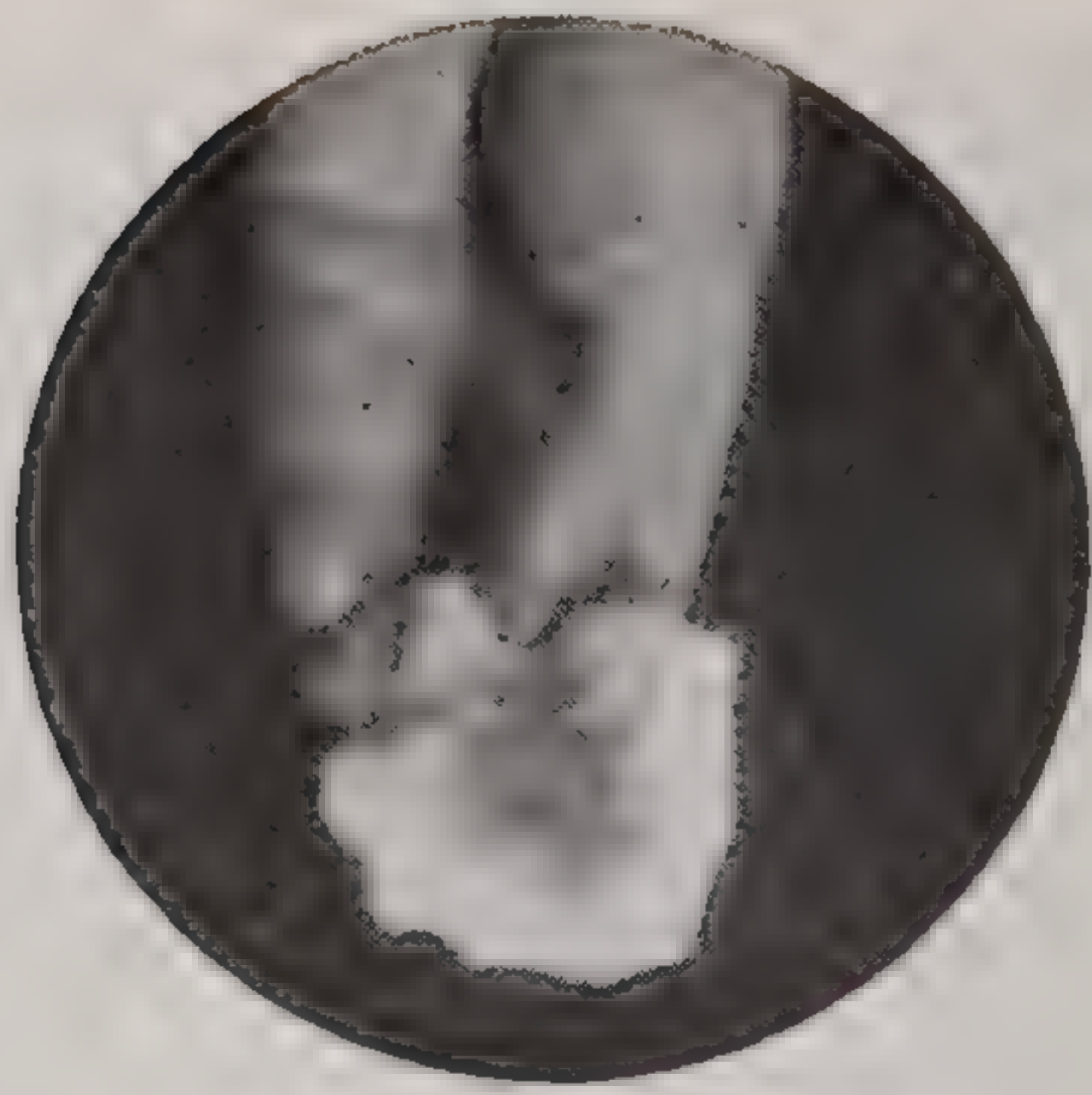
Dissolves Instantly! Rit is a powder wafer—easier to measure, won't sift out of the package like loose powder dyes.



RIT
TINTS AND DYES

White Rit Color Remover . . . the safe, sure way to take OUT color, remove stains, whiten fabrics . . . harmless as boiling water!

Never say "Dye"—
say RIT!



Now

MY FACE IS REALLY CLEAN

An examination of the cotton after an Ambrosia pore-deep cleansing tells you that your face is really clean.

You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing deeply, thoroughly. Only a clean skin can be beautiful. That's why so many women who have become consistent users of Ambrosia report their skins are clearer, whiter, fresher-looking than they've been in years.

Try Ambrosia today. Test it at once against your regular method of cleansing. You'll be amazed at the result.

Trial size at your 10¢ store. Large size, 75¢, at drug or department stores. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

AMBRŌSIA 
THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER



GRAY HAIR GONE

(TEST BOTTLE FREE)

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it **FREE**—We send Free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2311 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name
Street
City State
Color of your hair?



The Flying Cadets greet their radio hero—he's Jimmie Allen, 18-year-old radio serial star and hero to millions of kids, members of the Jimmy Allen Flying Cadets. More than 5,000 youngsters greeted Jimmie on his arrival in Hollywood for his motion picture début in Paramount's "The Blue Sky Parade."

dent, was called *Follow The Leader*."

Cohan's programs were a distinct radio novelty. For one thing, he wrote several new songs for his broadcasts, as well as reviving into a medley several old favorites he had written years before. In one program, Cohan did the entire broadcast, including the commercial, all in verse and without any announcer but himself.

There are several definite ideas which Cohan has for the improvement of radio programs. One, which should strike a responsive chord with millions of listeners-in, is to present the commercial announcements more subtly, instead of jarring them into the ears of the audience as is the custom on most programs now.

During his time on the air, Cohan found the actual radio men, the studio people, competent, capable, intelligent and obliging. He cannot, unfortunately, find any such praise for those self-appointed program arrangers, with pencils behind their ears, who are there in the interests of the sponsors. With neither stage nor radio experience behind them, these representatives of the sponsors, the bugaboo of nearly every radio artist, are continually making suggestions for alterations in the program. The result is that the original program has been so altered as to be practically unrecognizable by the time it is presented.

Because of this situation, Cohan is wary of returning to the radio. He has turned down over a dozen offers to do a commercial this winter, lest he find himself involved with a program which would turn out entirely contradictory to his own ideas.

"I've been approached frequently to take a radio hour," said Cohan, "and each time my answer has been 'No!' I've refused because every offer which came to me has had the presentation idea all cut and

dried.

"These people come to me and say: 'Now, Mr. Cohan, here's what we want you to do—' In other words, the program is all laid out for me, with no opportunity for me to suggest what I'd like to do myself. And I'm not satisfied to be a puppet.

"At my age, I can't afford to go on the air and fail. Unless, of course, I fail through my own fault and while trying to carry out a program of my own choosing and origination. I've regarded most of the offers which came to me as I would tips on the races. You know you can go to the track, make a bet on your own, lose and not feel too badly about it. On the other hand, if you take a tip from some one else and lose, you're doubly sore, not only because you lost but because you didn't have confidence in your own judgment."

Cohan was non-committal about the possibility of his being lured back to the ether. "When, as, and if, I return to the air, you can bet that it will be on a program of my own devising, with a guarantee of no outside interference. Whatever reputation I made, I made myself, and it's going to be torn down, I'll be the one to do the tearing," he declared.

With several big names in the show and movie business scrambling for sponsors the aloofness of Cohan strikes a strange note, but yet an understandable one. Over forty years in the theatre have made Cohan independently wealthy. Whatever additional income he might obtain from radio would not recompense him for any loss in prestige, however slight.

Asked if he had any suggestions to improve current programs, Cohan laughed. "Not from me!" he said. "Remember it's much easier to diagnose than to prescribe

THE END

It Takes Time and Talent

(Continued from page 47)

polishing and "fussing," (as he puts it) over the "Piccolino." It is just such differences in the business of turning out songs that make it a little difficult to offer "rules" for composing.

Now he is wondering and worrying, is this his way, whether the score he has now completed for *Follow the Fleet* can equal or top the phenomenal success of its predecessor, which numbers include *Let's Face the Music and Dance*, *There's a Smile on My Face*, *But Where Are You?*, *Let Yourself Go*, *Moonlight Manners*, *We Saw the Sea* and *I'd Rather Lead a Band*, all of which fit the tempo and mood of particular situations and advance the plot.

"Each song," he says, "tells a part of the story which would have to be related in dialogue and other action, were it eliminated."

Here, however, is how he does it:

"I find the inspirations I get when writing aren't 'pure chance,' and all of us, I dare say, who earn a living turning out tunes, follow the same procedure in our work. At any rate my method is to let myself completely into the atmosphere of the particular number under composition—the result being that the knowledge and my own personal feeling in regard to pop out unexpectedly in the form of inspiration!"

Yet even the "popping," Berlin says, is

not to be depended upon. He prefers, of course, to sit down and wait for inspiration to come, as, he will ask: "What writer doesn't?" Yet he will be the first to admit that he does most of his work—and has created many of his song hits—under pressure. The best way of wooing the lyric muse, he thinks, is to work against a deadline. It isn't always fun, but, he insists, it is effective!

"There is of course," he explained, "no law as to the sequence of turning out words and tunes. There can't be as long as composers are subject to what I call 'inspirational hunches'—and those hunches, believe me, are a good half of composing. You don't, naturally, sit down to compose as you would to making a cigar, by going through an unvarying routine. Music writing is never cut and dried. There are times when I get a title and build all the words and music around that one word or phrase. At my next session of composition I'll probably start with a musical theme that has grown out of an inspiration, plus hours of fiddling at the piano. I work out variations, whip them into form and then write lyrics to fit. The young composer need not, in my opinion, limit himself to either procedure, but should take music or words as they come, be very grateful, and try to make the very best of them!"

"Music serves as an inspiration for a

film dancer, such as Fred Astaire and it is rare for a song to be written to fit a dance. I may sometimes change the tempo of a number in spots to suit particular steps, but in general the routines are evolved after I have completed a score."

In New York Berlin used to do his work only at night. Now he labors both night and day, going as long as twelve hours without even stopping to eat—and this in face of the fact that he went to Hollywood for a vacation, because he had worked too hard in the East!

The picture of Irving Berlin seeking inspiration is very different from the picture of him in repose. Between sessions of composition he enjoys hanging around and yarning with whomever he's working. Then, when he starts composing, he shuts himself up and is transformed from mere human into a natural force—something like a whirlwind.

When he tried this at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel it didn't take very long before complaints were registered by occupants of neighboring rooms because of the incessant thunderings that came from his den. He stomps up and down, covering countless miles—and because of this habit he had to move from the eighth floor to a penthouse.

Is he temperamental?

That depends on what you call temperament.



Happily Ever After

*What shall we say of a woman's hand
From engagement circlet to wedding band,
Gracefully moving through the play
Of work and love, in a woman's way.*

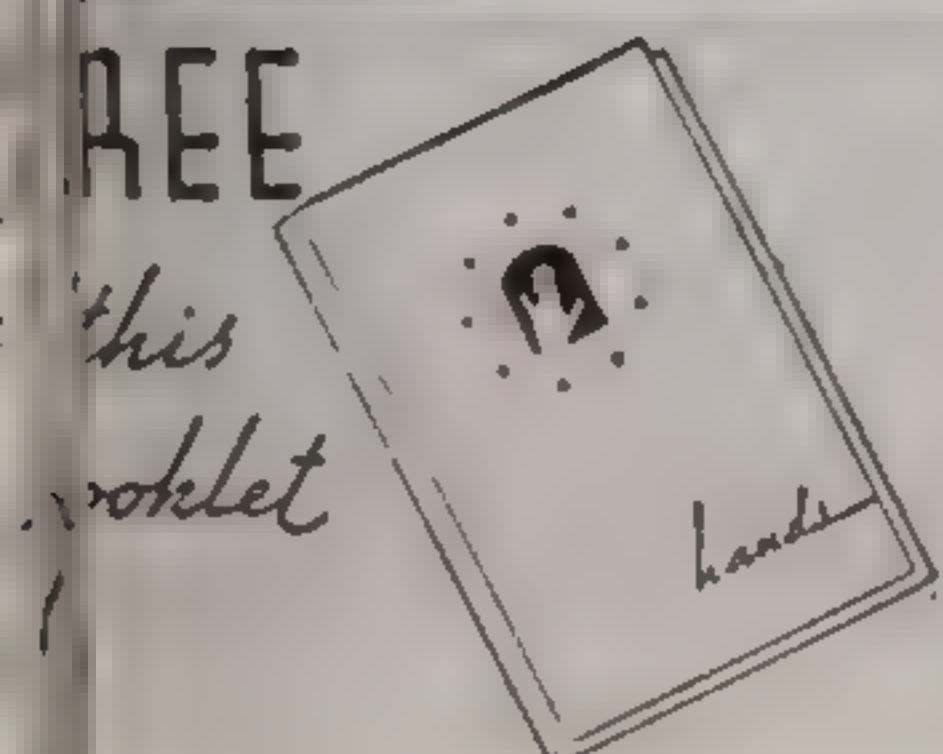
SOFT, cool, graceful hands with slim, tapering, shell-like finger nails are very hard to resist. So don't risk losing this charm. It's a clever girl who keeps her hands an ardent invitation to romance. To assure well groomed hands, use PLAT-NUM—the better blend of polish. It applies more smoothly, sets more evenly, its lustre lasts longer and it will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak. Try PLAT-NUM now—today. It's on sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores in 12 different true-tone shades.

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES, 80 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.



PLAT-NUM

Nail Polish



and 4c in stamps for this booklet the beautification of hands.

RADIO STARS



WHAT? NO WHEY

YOU HEARD ME
CORNEB BEEF AND
CABBAGE!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

SITS ON A TUFFET . . .
AND SAYS "I WANT NO WHEY!"
I'VE GOT MY TUMS
IF SOUR STOMACH COMES . . .
I'LL EAT MY FILL, TODAY!"

"YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN" SO...CARRY...TUMS

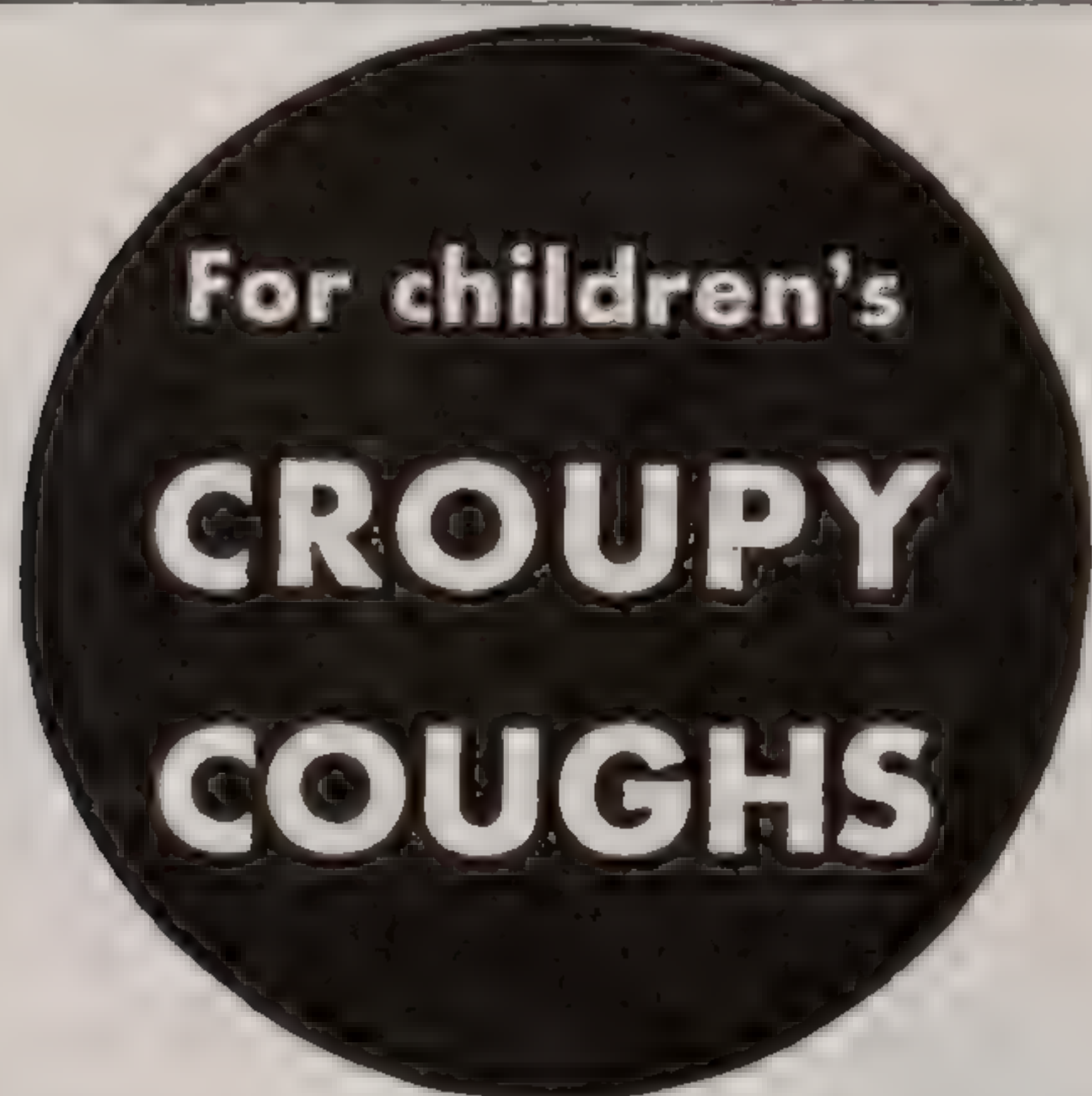
PEOPLE everywhere are surprising their friends by eating foods they have long avoided by carrying a roll of Tums right in their pocket. Millions have learned this quick, safe way to eliminate heartburn, sour stomach, gas, acid indigestion in this pleasant way. TUMS represent a real scientific advancement. They contain no harsh alkalies. Instead a remarkable antacid that never does more than neutralize stomach acid. No danger of over-alkalizing the stomach or blood. A roll of TUMS in your pocket will save many a day for you. They're so economical—only 10c a roll—ask any druggist.



FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 2D-53, St. Louis, Mo.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 39, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y. C.



So often illness starts with a croupy cough or slight throat irritation. Don't delay, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by many doctors and nurses because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits usually ease local congestion and pain—bringing comfort and relief. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists.



He's reasonable and regular—you know that the minute you meet him, the minute he grasps your hand firmly and looks kindly into your eyes—and, as everyone you ask agrees, he's "swell to work with," but alone, there are certain little details of clothing, surroundings and habit which make him happier while working.

He smokes furiously and chews gum all the time, a decided departure from the normal, since he has gone as long as six months without a cigarette and says even one would make him sick when he isn't working. When composing he even clamps a strong, malodorous pipe between his teeth. He does most of his lyric writing out in the sun, garbed in pyjamas and bedroom slippers and his fingers never feel quite the same as when he's thumping on the ivories of that very piano on which he created, 'long about a quarter of a century ago, his famous, and favorite, *Alexander's Rag Time Band*.

The piano, twenty-five years ago, cost him \$125.00, and probably as much, recently, to be shipped to California. It has been with him everywhere, in Florida, Italy, and on the cruise when he wrote the musical success, *As Thousands Cheer*. Because he can play only in one key it has a shifting keyboard by virtue of which the music he composes is automatically transposed!

This piano was bought when Berlin, who had been born in Tuemen, Russia, was known to New York's East Side as Israel Baline. His actual schooling con-

sisted of two years in our public school and at six he sang in a choir. His father died when he was twelve and the boy earned his living as best he could. He sold papers on Saturday night, sang in a barroom and received fifty cents for accompanying the once-popular song slides. At fourteen he had become a singing waiter in a cabaret called "Nigger Mike's" in Chinatown and in 1907 he wrote a number called *Marie from Sunny Italy* which he says was "no great success."

He kept right on writing and with *My Wife's Gone to the Country* he achieved his first hit. Others followed and then the War came.

As a sergeant of infantry at Camp Upton, Berlin wrote the *Soldier's Revue*, which became very popular and this phase of his life was inspiration for *Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*, a real triumph.

On being demobilized Berlin started his own music publishing house, of which he still is president. Continuing to compose song hits, he also wrote many successful scores for musical shows.

But all through his life episodes in his personal experiences—emotional climaxes—offered the greatest inspiration for his enduring successes, such as *When I Look at You*, written after the untimely death of his wife, the former Dorothy Goetz, which brought to an abrupt end a few short but happy months of honeymoon. Then, a dozen years ago *Remember an Always* formed tender and permanent



Kate Smith, now the owner of the "Original Celtics"—a basketball team, watches practise at the Columbia University gymnasium, with her captain, Dutch Dehnert. This is only one of Kate's varied interests.



Edwin C. Hill brings us "The Human Side of the News." He also writes a syndicated daily newspaper column and is the voice of a news reel.

memories of the romance leading to his present marriage—which romance, at the time, because of barriers of wealth and religion, seemed all but hopeless. However, in 1925, he married Ellin Mackay, daughter of the Postal Telegraph czar, and their union, highlighted by the arrival of two daughters—Mary Ellin and little Linda—has been singularly successful. Now, at their beautiful home at Santa Monica, with salt water pool, tennis courts, playground and all the luxurious comforts which his particular genius has provided, the future seems as secure as the rocks which one may see from the seclusion of his study window and against which the Pacific breaks in an endless, changeable picture.

At my request Mr. Berlin hesitatingly made a few simple suggestions for the guidance of young composers with a serious ambition to write popular ballads, and in whom he is always interested, although, he insists, he's no "oracle." There is no doubt at all that he is an outstandingly modest man.

He thinks, first of all, they should "keep their music and their lyrics simple, and try to build the lyrics on some particular expression or topic. "Simplicity," he points out, "enables people to remember and to sing the songs—which is the very foundation of popularity.

"Then," he adds, "the youthful composer is always an imitator without knowing it. As he gains experience he gets away from this and becomes original.

"And lastly," he would remind the novice, "it is easy to write a song—but difficult to score a hit. Ninety per cent. of good composition is construction. A song writer must make a full-time job of it! It cannot be done on part time—except for one's own amusement!

"At any rate," he says, "there's no mystery to it—it simply takes time to write song hits, and some talent, but," as he paraphrases, smiling his slow, charming smile, "virtuosos have their own reward!"

THE END



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The Strain Was Terrific

(Continued from page 46)



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about de schnozzola. I felt like de guy in de ads dat has corns, callouses, athlete's foot, halitosis, toxemia an' Ethiopia. I was unable to speak to de waiter in perfect French. So I decided to be de life of de party, an' play a musical instrument.

Dey laughed when I sat down at de piano! I played—an' dey laughed louder. I sang—an' dey was hysterical. I t'ought it was my music, but it was de schnozzola.

I was hurt. Practically dismayed. I became a shrinking flower—a cauliflower. A guy comes up to me an' he says: "Jimmy, what's de trouble?"

"Dey laugh at me," I confesses. "I'm a martyr to art."

"Ah—" he says. "A Cyrano!"

"It's a lie," I answers hotly, my Scandinavian blood boiling. "An' besides, you can't prove it."

So he takes me to see dis play—Cyrano. It's about a guy wit' a schnozzle. It sets me to thinkin'. I decides since I can't hide my nose I'll hide behind it. I'll capitalize it, dat's what I'll do. In fact, I'll incorporate it.

At first I thought I'd never work on de radio. It was a mechanical problem; everyone was baffled. Dey couldn't get me close enough to de microphone. Finally dey decided dat since dey couldn't do anything wit' the schnozzle dey'd have to make the mike more sensitive. So now my schnozzle is responsible for another great advance in science. Durante—patron of de sciences, dat's me.

I liked doin' de Jumbo show on de air. At last I got a character dat wuz worthy of my mentality. We was discussin' de show, an' I says: "Gimme a part dat does me justice. Up to now it's been Durante, de Schnozzola. Let my public see Durante, de man!" An' so out comes de character of Brainy Bowers. A natural! At last my intellect wuz appreciated. Dey couldn't see de schnozzola on de air. It'd be de artistry—de inflections dat got across. Especially de inflections.

But Fate willed it otherwise! At one of de first Jumbo radio rehearsals, Dave Freedman—who did de radio script from the Hecht-McArthur book—interrupts me.

"Wait a minute, Jimmy," he says. "On that line give them the head."

"My head?" I asks.

"Sure—give them the head."

"I can't," I protests. "I need it to read the script. My eyes are in it."

"You know what I mean," he insists. "The head business." An' he shows me he means de Durante ha-cha-cha, wit' de head shaking.

"How's de radio audience gonna see dat?" I says, wit' irrefutable logic.

"You'll have an audience of 4,500 people in the theatre, watching the broadcast," he reminds me. "We'll get an audience reaction. It's the 'take' that counts."

When he starts talkin' about "takes" I t'ink I'm back in Hollywood. I looks around for a camera—for a bathin' beauty—for a director in leather leggin's. I'll even settle for a "yes" man. I'm in no mood to dicker. I'm bewildered—until I realize dat it's de way we "take" each

other's gag lines dat he's talkin' about. It meant dat I had to go t'rough de same business on de radio dat I did on de stage. I slammed my hat on de floor. I gave 'em de head. I walked forwards. I walked backwards. I went aroun' an' aroun'—an' I came out here! When I went t'rough the clownin' business I wuz too far from de mike. An' when I stayed by de mike I couldn't do de business. De strain wuz terrific! People wuz still laughin' at de schnozzola. De inflections wuz ignored. I wuz a creature of frustration—dat's what it wuz—frustration. An' rehearsals.

It got so bad dat one mornin' I wuz runnin' to de station for my train. I wuz late, an' I sees de train is just gonna pull out. I runs wit' every ounce of energy—I'm practically flyin'—an' I gets to de platform just as de train is pullin' out. Den I lets it go wit'out me. I thought it wuz only a rehearsal!

I didn't mind playin' Brainy Bowers on de air. I didn't even mind dat d' authors left me wit'out a love life. Donald Novis had Gloria Grafton, in de script; Arthur Sinclair wuz in love wit' his circus. An' I—I had Jumbo, de elephant!

Jumbo wuz de only member of de cast wit' a schnozzle like mine. De first time she saw me she blushed! I t'ought it wuz envy. But it wuz love. Like Damon and Pythias; like Pygmalion and Gal—Gala—uh—like ham and eggs, dat's me an' Jumbo. She wuz hurt when we went on de air because dere wuz no part for her in de radio show. She wanted a audition. She felt she wuz slated for oblivion.

I spoke to de sponsors about it. Every time I saw dat hurt look in Jumbo's eyes I felt guilty. I spoke to Billy Rose about it. In a couple of weeks I wuz speaking to myself about it. An' den came de crownin' indignity. I couldn't get any answer from myself. It wuz disheartenin'.

I went back to Jumbo an' I told her de sponsors couldn't see her. An' when a guy can't see anyt'ing as big as Jumbo dere's no use talkin'. She didn't believe me. She put it down to professional jealousy. Finally we compromised for three extra bags of peanuts. I got ten per cent. commission. A commercial genius!

It wuzn't all beer and skittles, though. But den—I'm not strong for beer. An' I never found no one who knew what a skittle was. I got up in de morning an' took de train in from Long Island. We had a rehearsal. Den I got ready for de matinee. A dozen guys want to see me on business. Sometimes it's five dollars; sometimes it's twenty smackers. If I say 'no' to dem I'm a hard guy—I'm forgetting my friends—I'm swell-headed. If I say 'yes,' I'm bankrupt. I wuz torr on de horns of a dilemma. I decides dat only cases dat sounds legitimate can be considered. An' every story sounds logical. One guy needs fifteen bucks to get his trunk outa the hotel so he can get a job. Another is gonna get dumper outa his room. Someone needs dough fo a doctor bill. What can I do? I do it

an' send someone out to cash another check. I'd do a matinee. I'd grab a sandwich and come back for radio script rehearsal, between shows. By dat time I hadda dress for de night show. After de show I hadda go play a benefit somewhere. Dat wuz all right. Some day dey may be t'rowin' a benefit for Durante. So I says "yes". Another guy wants me to show up at a benefit in Brooklyn. I'm supposed to be in Passaic at de same time. I tells him. But he says: "Just show up for five minutes, Jimmy. We're dependin' on you."

I advertised for a guy who could figure out how to be in two places at de same time. An' I play t'ree benefits in de same evening. Billy Rose said I wuz usin' too much energy on benefits an' I hadda cut it out or Jumbo would suffer. I takes it to heart. An' so, de next night, I only plays t'ree benefits.

I come into my dressin'-room at de Hippodrome and I find a handful of letters. A guy wants me to get him on de air. Another guy wants de price of a winter coat. Another one would like to see me on somet'ing important. I'm flattered dat people write to me. I'm elated. But I can't see dem all. Again I'm torn wit' uncertainty. Once a guy wrote an' asked for a chance to see me. An' when he got in he stuck around all afternoon tryin' to prove to me dat he could imitate me better dan I could.

I eludes him by a master stroke of diplomacy. I takes him to Jumbo. I tells him to lie down—so Jumbo can lie on top of him. Like I do, in de show. An' I winks at Jumbo. Jumbo winks back. When we gets t'rough winkin' de guy is out on Sixt' Avenue, headin' south.

I goes back to my dressin'-room in time to get a request for nineteen tickets for de show, from de members of a athletic club I once belonged to, back in 1920. Dat makes my ticket bill for de week only a hundred an' sixty bucks. A new low!

I figures out my income tax. I adds in touches an' tickets an' photographs. I calls in an accountant. He figures out dat if I don't work too steady I can break even. A financial genius!

I sits down to t'ink. Nine shows a week at de Hippodrome, six days a week. An' on my day off I rehearse all day an' broadcast far into de night. I'm gettin' circles under my eyes, I'm losin' weight. An' de crownin' calamity—de schnozzola wuz actually shrinkin'. I hadda do somethin'. I had dat tired feelin'. De only t'ing I didn't have wuz insomnia—because I didn't have no time to sleep.

I decides dere's only two avenoos of escape. One of dem wuz to be born twins. But it wuz too late for dat. De other wuz to go off de air.

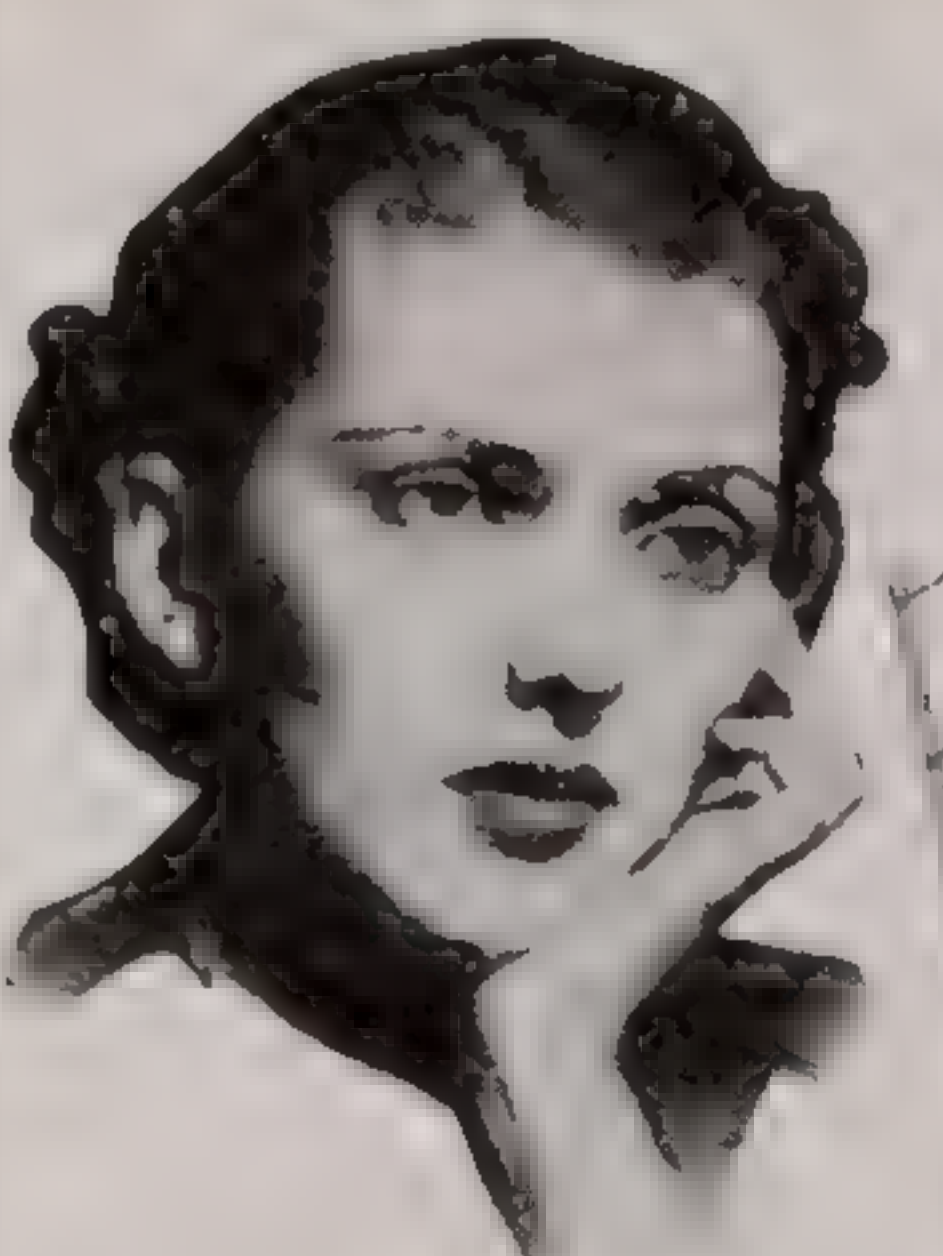
I still gotta do nine shows a week; a couple of dozen benefits an' meet d' onslaughts of my public. But I won't hafta eat wit' a script in my hand. An' I won't hafta have t'ree rehearsals before I can prush my teeth in de mornin'.

I hated to do it, folks. But de strain wuz terrific!

THE END

In Our Next Issue

THE MOST UNUSUAL STORY EVER PRINTED ABOUT A MOST UNUSUAL RADIO PERSONALITY!



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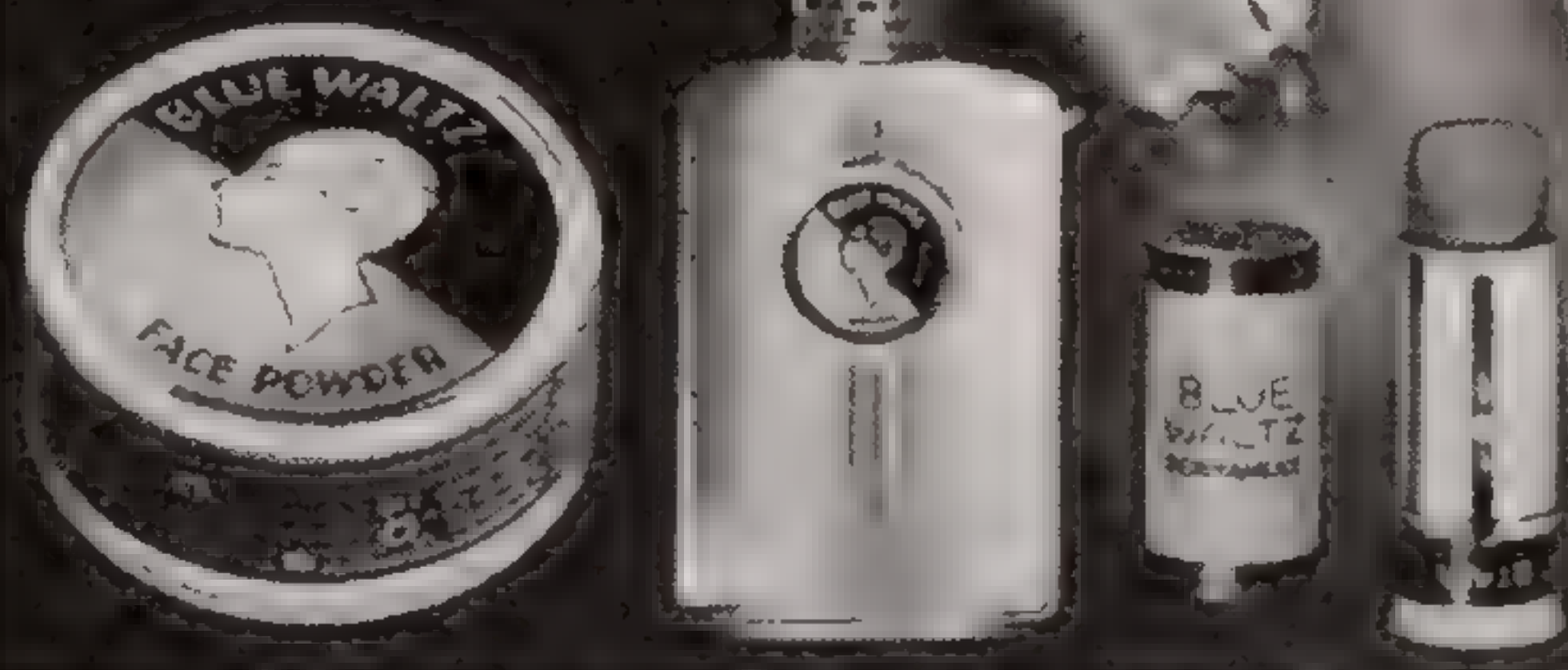
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Trainer of
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Photo courtesy E. E. Elder

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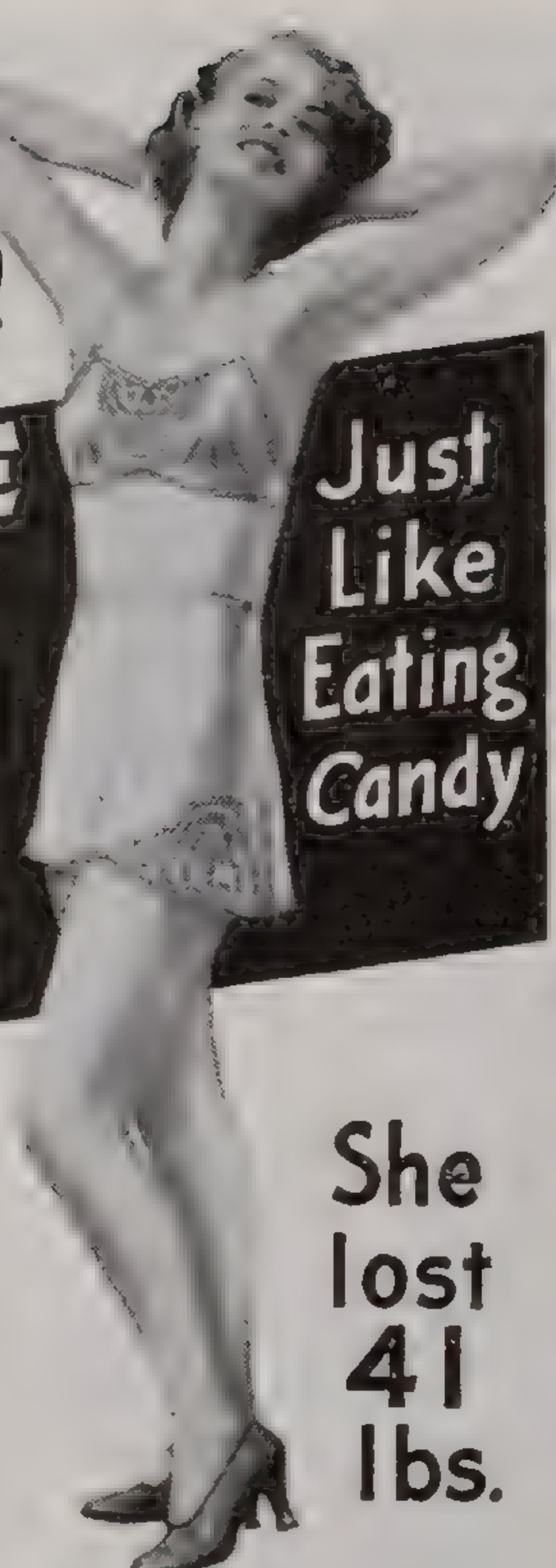
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The Master of Sunnybank

(Continued from page 33)

of us, less fortunate, has originated there! Albert Terhune's mother was herself a writer, known to fame as "Marion Harland." And Mrs. Albert Payson Terhune, "the Mistress," is a writer and a gifted musician.

"Sunnybank's happy debt to her is almost as great as mine," Terhune says in the dedication of "The Book of Sunnybank," which he describes as a "rambling, inconsequential book about our loved home." (A book which I would describe as one of rare charm and beauty, whose lovely word-pictures are complemented by beautiful full-page illustrations of Sunnybank, its Master and Mistress, its four-footed denizens and graceful gardens. And I recommend it particularly for two enchanting dog stories—the epic tale of the Irish terrier, "Chips," and the touchingly tender story of "Fair Ellen," the blind collie.)

Strangely, however, bitterly, indeed Terhune has found that a man's home is not his castle—if it is a charming country estate and if to his name some measure of fame has accrued. The hordes of people who have driven out to Sunnybank as to some public park, have so offended against every canon of taste and courtesy that the natural impulse toward hospitality has had on most days to give place to prohibiting gates and chains—chains which, Mrs. Terhune remarks sadly, serve to keep out people whom they really would like to see—people who respect the property and privacy of others—and yet fail to bar those whom any prohibition but incites to further depredations.

The extent of some of these depredations is almost unbelievable, such as driving swiftly down winding roads plainly marked with a plea for cautious driving—with the result that several of their prized dogs have been killed. . . . Stripping branches from flowering dogwood trees. . . . Building fires against those ancient oaks. . . . Robbing rose-bushes that are the Mistress' especial pride. . . . And more. . . . And worse. . . .

What a commentary on Mr. and Mrs. Average Public—that because a writer has delighted them with his charming stories, they will proceed to persecute him! Another revelation of that same quality which more recently has driven into exile others who deserve our respect and admiration—the denial of a man's right to the privacy of his own home!

The dogs at Sunnybank are, in general, friendly and courteous to the Master's friends. Only one invited guest was received by them with undisguised resentment. That one was Bradley Barker, who, on Mr. Terhune's radio programs, supplies the barks and canine whimpers in the weekly dog dramas.

Walking through the grounds with his guest, Mr. Terhune suggested that he bark as he does for the broadcasts. Obliging Mr. Barker did so. At once the dogs set up an indignant clamor, closing in menacingly. When they had been shut within their enclosure the experiment was repeated. Again the uproar was raised,

the dogs leaping furiously at the wire fence.

When they returned to the house Mr. Terhune suggested that perhaps if the dogs didn't see Mr. Barker, but only heard him as they had heard him on the radio, it might not so affect them. But when the barking issued from the house, once more the dogs resentfully responded.

"The radio," Mr. Terhune commented, "must somehow change the human voice, so that, hearing it thus, the dogs accept it."

And yet when his own voice first came over the radio into his living-room where Mrs. Terhune sat, the house dogs lying at her feet, they leaped up, startled at the sound of the Master's voice coming from that box. Hackles rising, they advanced upon it, determined to tear it apart and release the Master, when the Mistress intervened and shut them from the room.

I asked Mr. Terhune if he believed that his dog stories and broadcasts served, beyond entertaining, to promote more intelligent understanding and care of dogs.

His reply was prompt and forceful.

"I have reiterated proof that these yarns of mine have led to much better and fairer treatment of dogs everywhere. They're being educated—the people who read and listen—in wholesale degree. They don't know I'm educating them. The fictional sugar-coating makes them think they're eating candy—but they're being educated, notably the younger generation through whom all future hope of education must come. More than half my readers are under eighteen. I am starting them out into mature life with a feeling that dogs have rights, and with a greater desire to protect and enforce those rights. All this while they think they're merely entertained. If I wrote preachments, undraped by fiction, I'd be read by almost nobody. But the avalanche of fan letters tell me the story of the work I'm doing. I'm doing it slowly, bunglingly—but I'm doing it!

"We in America and Great Britain have learned much. . . . The Latin countries are peopled largely by folk too anxious about their souls to have enough thought to spare for the welfare of lower animals. In the States and in Great Britain we have learned to have shelters for sick or lost animals, drinking troughs for them, animal hospitals for them, laws against ill-treating them, laws that prevent the freezing or starving or overcrowding of market livestock on railroad trains, a steadily strengthening public opinion for better treatment of beasts and birds. Yet a very few centuries ago we Anglo-Saxons had bear-baiting, bull-fights, the starving and overloading and overworking and beating of horses, oxen and so on. We have those things no longer, we Americans and British. So progress has been made and made steadily and cumulatively.

"During the past seventy-five years alone we have made more progress in such lines than in all the history of the world before. Henry Bergh, who disliked and feared all animals, founded the

RADIO STARS



Albert Payson Terhune replenishes the fire in his comfortable living-room at Sunnybank, before sitting down to work on one of the scripts for his weekly dog dramas, heard every Saturday afternoon over the NBC network.

S. P. C. A. and laid the lines for its kindred endeavors for the welfare of dumb brutes. Especially dogs.

"Naturally the vaudeville-or-circus Animal Act is an offense to God and to Man. I have heard the claim that some dog-trainers for such acts do their training through kindness alone. Frankly, I don't believe it—though I may be wrong. But I am *not* wrong in saying that the majority of such acts have reached their perfection through ghastly tortures of helpless brutes. I did not wait for Jack London to set the example, before walking out on all such acts, in circus or in theatre.

"I try," he repeated, "to get into these dog dramas of mine on the air something that will have educational results. Can't do it always, of course—depends on the story—but when I can I get in some hints on training, care or companionship. . . .

"Dogs," he said again, in his swift, crisp speech, "want understanding—just as we all do. Understanding and respect. Not sentimental pats and kisses. *Kisses!* I'd just as soon kiss a goat!"

So speaks the Master of Sunnybank.

He is working on a new book now, a compilation of dog stories and of dog

essays or biographies, scheduled for Spring publication. "I follow the Dumas and Anthony Trollope example of starting in on a new job just as soon as the old job is finished. You see I am an artisan—a craftsman, if you prefer—not a litterateur," he says.

So with his writing and his fifteen-minute once-a-week radio program, Albert Payson Terhune demonstrates the fact that the busiest people have the most time for the things they really want to do, though he confesses that age—he was born December twenty-first, 1872—is forging its certain fetters.

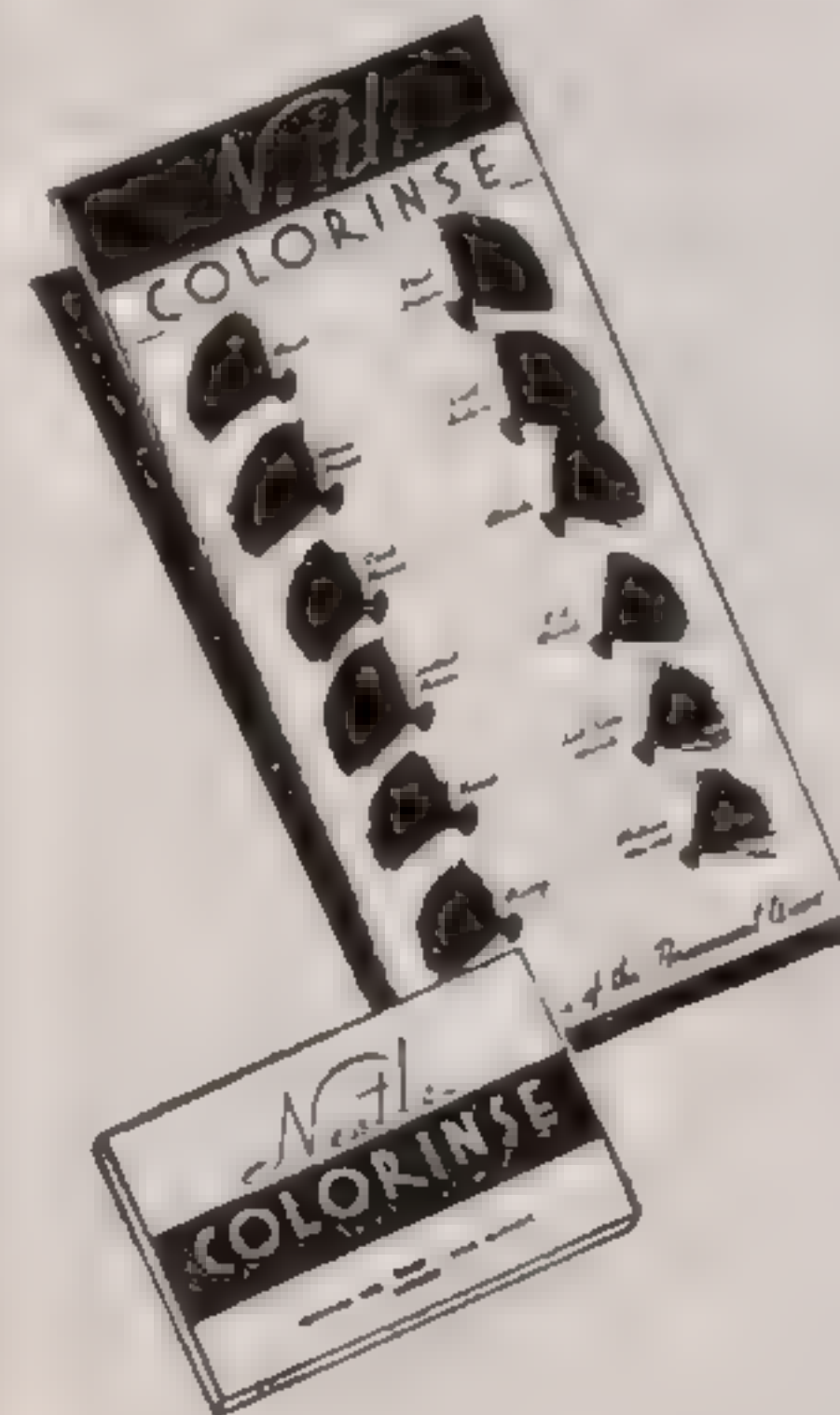
Looking at him, listening to his lively talk, it is difficult to credit that last. One easily could subtract two decades from that date.

But, though the blue horizon may be less distant than once it was, so long as it may be seen from the porches of Sunnybank, with the Mistress and their dogs beside him, Albert Payson Terhune will be well content.

And we hope that there will be many, many more stories for us from Sunnybank—and many, many more happy seasons there for its Master and Mistress.



With head held high!



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COLUMBIA PLAYER
ILLUSTRATES

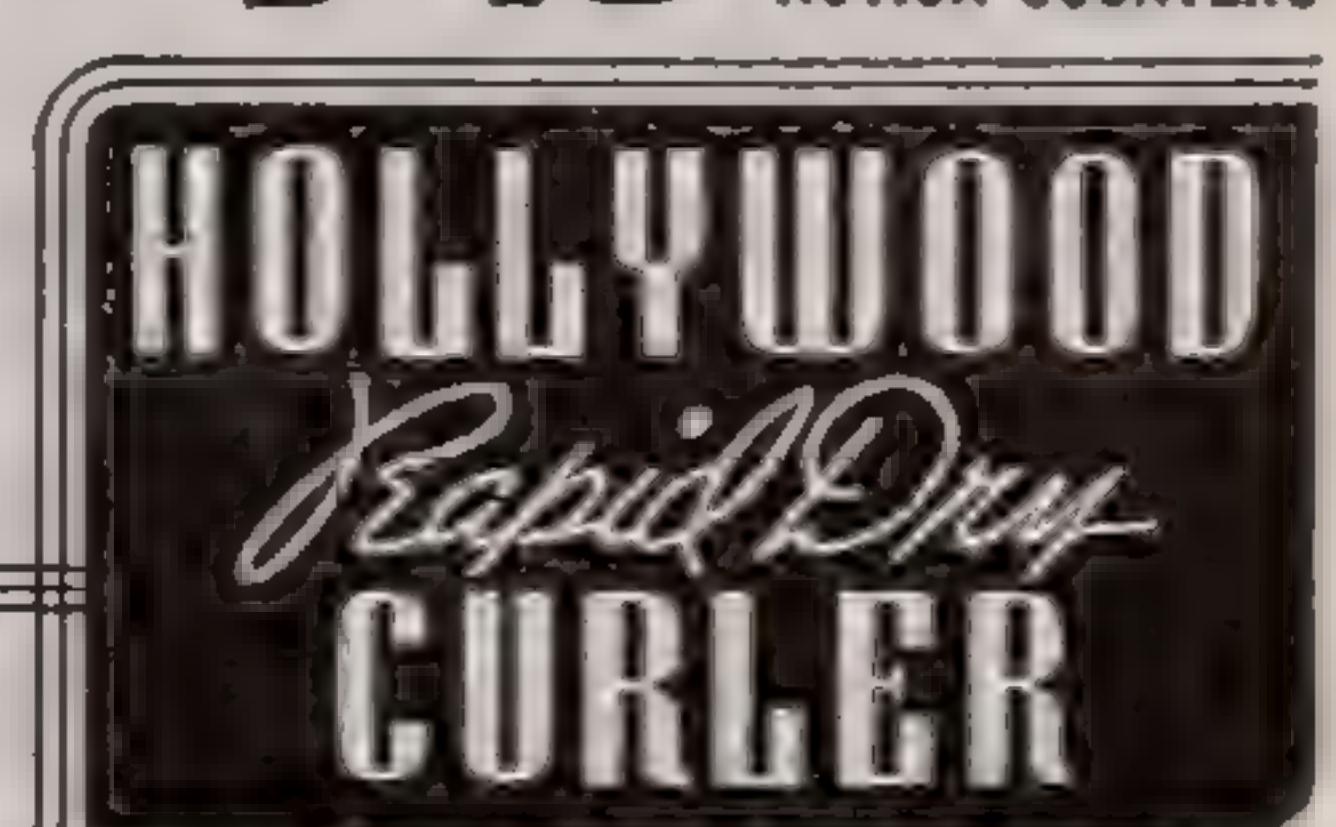
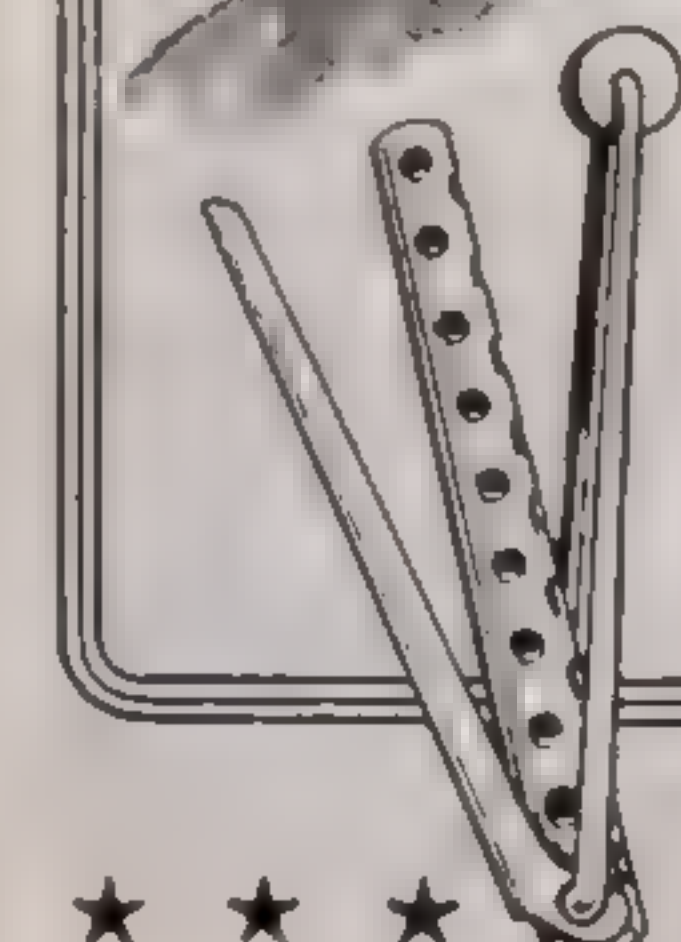


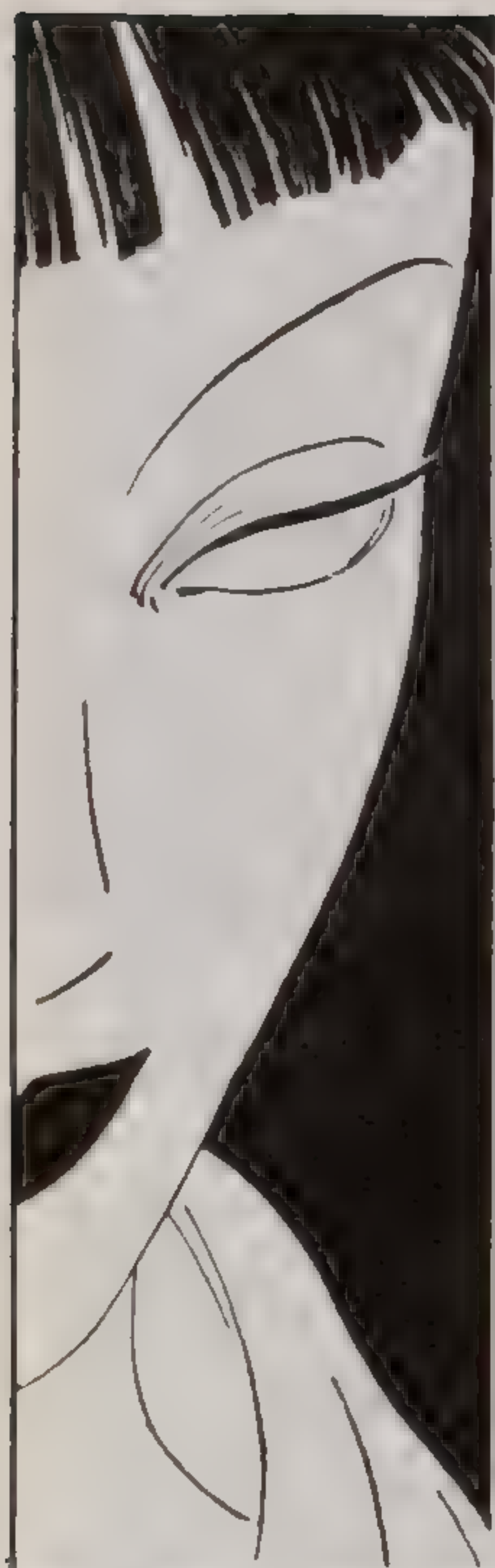
TWO HOLLYWOOD CURLER HAIR STYLES



• Whether you want lots of curls or just a few, Hollywood *Rapid-Dry* Curlers will give them to you quickly, easily, and beautifully right in your own home. Add new charm to your personality with a smart, flattering hairdress made with "the Curlers used by the Stars."

3 for 10c AT 5c AND 10c STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS





Keep your Face FROM FADING

■ GUARD as sacred the radiant complexion of youth—choose your face powder carefully. You'll be delighted with the youthful effect of Mello-glo Face Powder—it is so natural, so alluring; it lasts longer, protects, soothes. A trial proves its superiority. You'll agree that it subtracts years from your face. You'll be thrilled the very first time you use Mello-glo—it's the one face powder you've longed for, so clinging, so flattering. Buy a box of Mello-glo today.

FREE

... a generous sample of Mello-glo—also how to get a \$1 bottle of exquisite perfume absolutely free. Just mail your name and address to Mello-glo Co., Dept. 127, Statler Building, Boston.

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost.



Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



Relieves Teething Pains

WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

That Handsome Devil of the Air

(Continued from page 49)

the first time in my life, I can devote all the time and money I want to make myself a singer. You don't know what a feeling that is!"

His dark eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

"I should think you'd want to take things easy for a while—enjoy yourself."

"I don't sing half as well as I want to. Besides, I will be enjoying myself. Working at what you like is more fun than anything."

"Does that mean you'll devote your time to study and give up radio work?" I asked.

"Absolutely not!" he said emphatically.

"Radio can teach you more about singing than any other medium. You see, in the movies if you don't sing well the first time, they can shoot the scene over until you do. In musical comedy, you're singing the same rôle night after night. But in radio it's got to be right the first time or else! And besides, radio is full of such swell people. Al Goodman is one of the finest men I've ever known and little Francia White—say, she's a peach!"

Of course, radio was Jimmy's first step along the road to success. After he'd worked his way through college by singing in a jazz band, he decided it was time he showed New York theatrical producers what he could do. Theatrical producers, however, thought otherwise. They weren't interested in listening to the enthusiastic young man from Florida, and things looked pretty black for a while. There is

a story that Jimmy got his break by staging a determined and impromptu audition outside the late Roxy's door and that the impresario was so impressed by the voice coming through his keyhole, he signed it up sight unseen. Jimmy says that isn't quite true. He only threatened to give an audition outside the door. And Roxy's secretary, seeing the determination in the Melton face, hurriedly arranged an audition in the usual way.

In any event, it is certainly true that after the audition, Roxy immediately signed Jimmy as a member of his famous radio Gang. Jimmy was so successful there, he soon went with the Revellers Quartette as first tenor.

"The Revellers really gave me my start in radio," Jimmy confessed. "By singing with them, I had a wonderful entree, and pretty soon was given solo parts on other programs."

"But if you continue regularly on the air, what about time for your Hollywood work?"

"Oh, I'll find time. I'll make time! I'm crazy about movies. I liked everybody I met out there. You get to know people better, making movies. You're with them hours on end, working hard. Take people like Jean Muir and Pat O'Brien and some others—they just don't come any better."

"So you're going to do radio and movies and studying, besides?"

"Oh, certainly. I've got to keep on learning operatic rôles, because that's really



Martha Mears, lovely young soprano, whose voice frequently is heard on the NBC network. She is the wife of Sidney Brokaw of Ozzie Nelson's band.

RADIO STARS



NBC's delightful "Tune Twisters" rehearse for a broadcast of their merry tunes.

what I want to sing. I'm studying French, German and Italian, so I can sing the rôles as they should be sung." He grinned. And his grin, like his voice, is much younger than the thirty-one years he claims. "I can take a lot of work. Know what I'm going to do with my spare time?" "Spare time?" I echoed.

"I'm going to cook. I love it. I make the best spoon bread of anybody south of the Mason-Dixon line. And spaghetti—say, the other night we entertained a few friends — about forty, I guess—and I cooked spaghetti for the whole bunch. They said it was swell! When I'm too old to sing, I'm going to be a cook."

As we left the restaurant where we'd been lunching, Jimmy said: "I've got to take a music lesson now. Would you like to come along and meet the maestro?"

I would, and did. The studio was big and bare and overlooked Central Park. There was a piano, a sofa, and many autographed pictures of famous singers around the wall. The maestro was small, voluble and Italian.

The lesson started. Jimmy sang a few scales. Then he asked me what I'd like to hear. I chose an aria from *Manon*. The little Italian sat at the piano, his shock of gray hair nodding in time to the music, while Jimmy's voice filled the room with the beautiful melody.

When it was over, the maestro exclaimed: "You know, when Meester Melton first come to me, he sing for me. He was in ver' poor voice. I throw up my hands and say: 'I thought you were a seenger!' He look ver' glum and then he go away. The next day he come back. He say: 'I show you now, maestro, whether I am a seenger or not.' And he did! Never has he been in poor voice since. Do you not agree?"

I think anyone would agree. Jimmy started studying with the maestro after he had become successful over the radio. I thought of how he might have reacted to the temperamental Italian's violent criticism. He might have sought another, more flattering instructor—and learned about half as much.

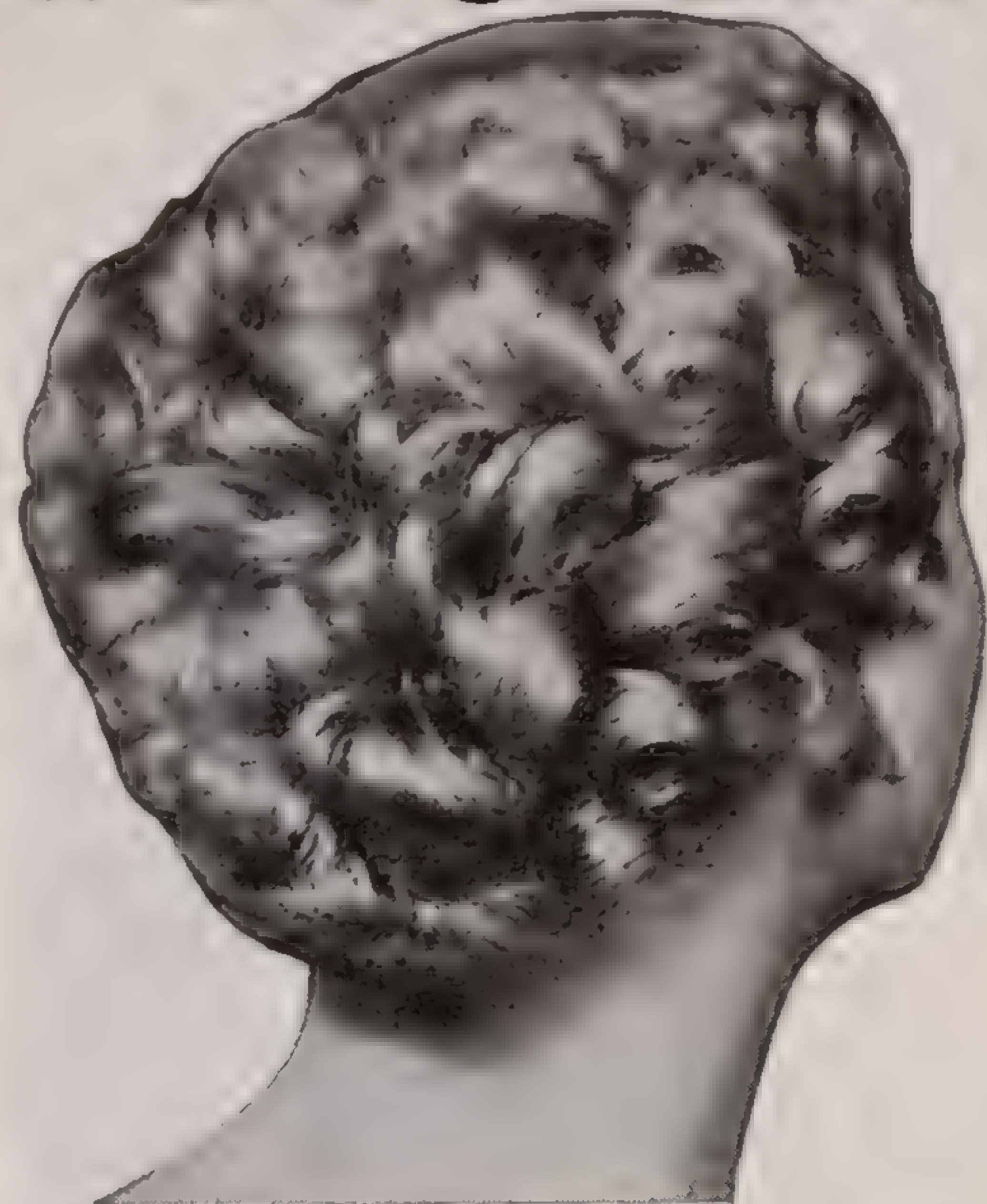
As the rest of the lesson continued and one lovely song after another filled the studio, I thought of other things I'd heard about James Melton. The house he built and gave to his sisters down in Florida. The money he unobtrusively but continuously sent home to his parents. I remembered the man from my home town, who happened to be a friend of his. This man was in show business in New York. He lost his job. He became desperately ill. Jimmy heard about it and for a month that man lay in the Melton apartment, receiving the best medical care in the city.

Jimmy showed me something I'd never realized before.

He showed me that the fulfillment of your dreams is not the end but the beginning. It's after your success comes that you make your choice about what you want to be—not before. It was up to him to choose between using his success to make himself a glamorous playboy or using it to become a fine human being. Success hasn't rusted his ambition nor dulled his energy. It hasn't made him lose his love of simple things, nor his ability to see his own shortcomings. It has made him neither niggardly nor ostentatiously generous.

I learned the basic part of Jimmy's philosophy. I'm not even sure he knows it's there. But he lives up to it every day. It's something we all ought to realize. It's this: Dreams aren't everything—it's what you do with them that counts!

ARE YOU ALWAYS TUCKING AWAY WISPS OF GRAY



Are you worrying about your hair, wondering if it looks its best? Streaky gray hair is never becoming to any face. Keep ALL your hair one even, lively, lustrous, natural, youthful appearing color.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

A more dainty modern, perfected preparation for fading hair; cleanly, economically used in hygienic privacy of home. Costly expert attention not needed. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.G. 31
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send in plain wrapping.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
STATE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR.....



Wear a Glass Pin or Ring!

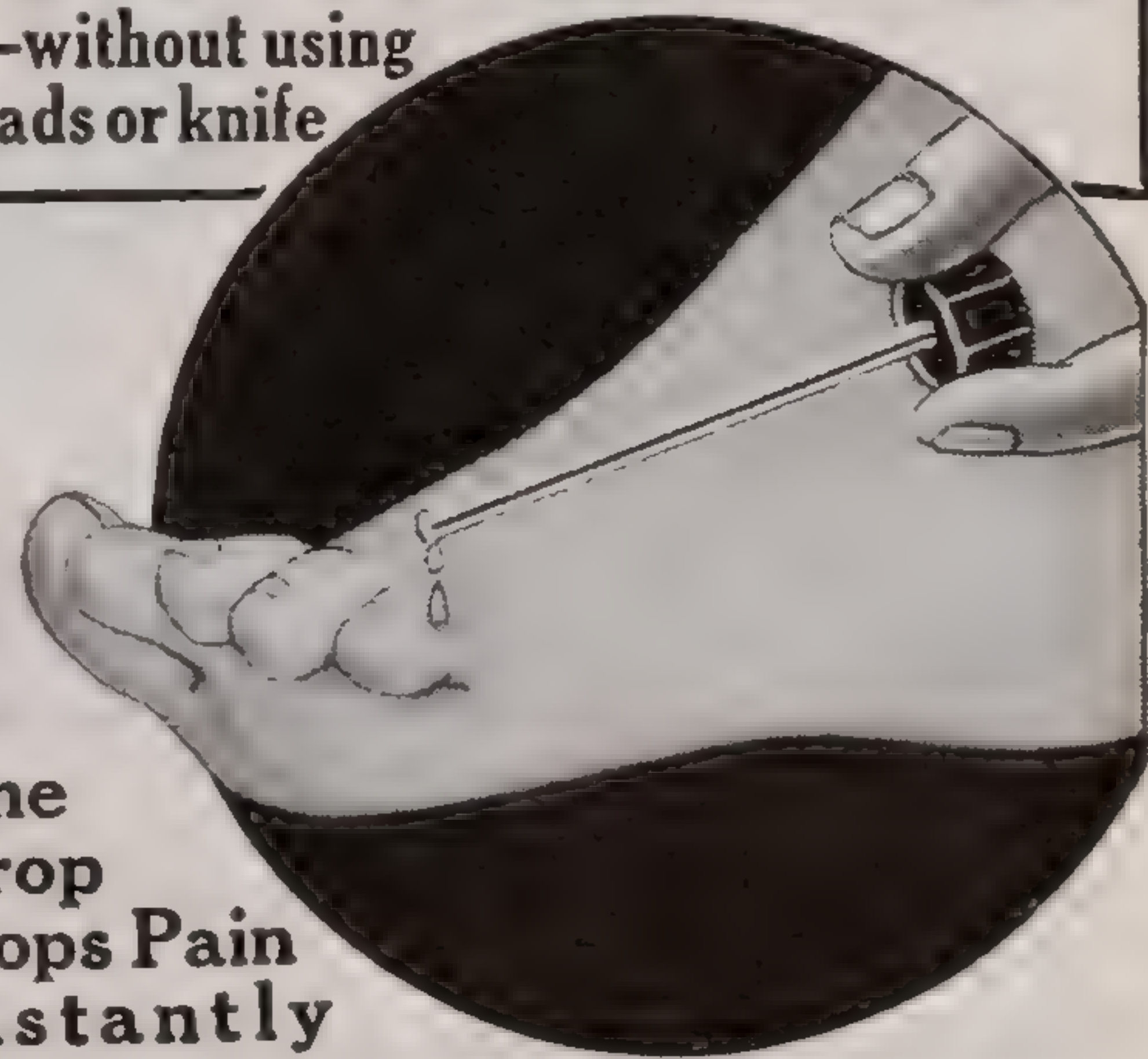
Send For Free 1936 Catalog

PINS handomely silver plated, enameled 1 or 2 colors, any 3 or 4 letters and year. Doz. Price \$3.50. Sterling or Gold Plate 50c; Doz. \$5. RINGS, Sterling Silver, similarly low priced. Largest makers for 40 years. Over 300 designs. Write today!

BASTIAN BROS. CO.
74 BASTIAN BLDG ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS

—without using pads or knife



One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

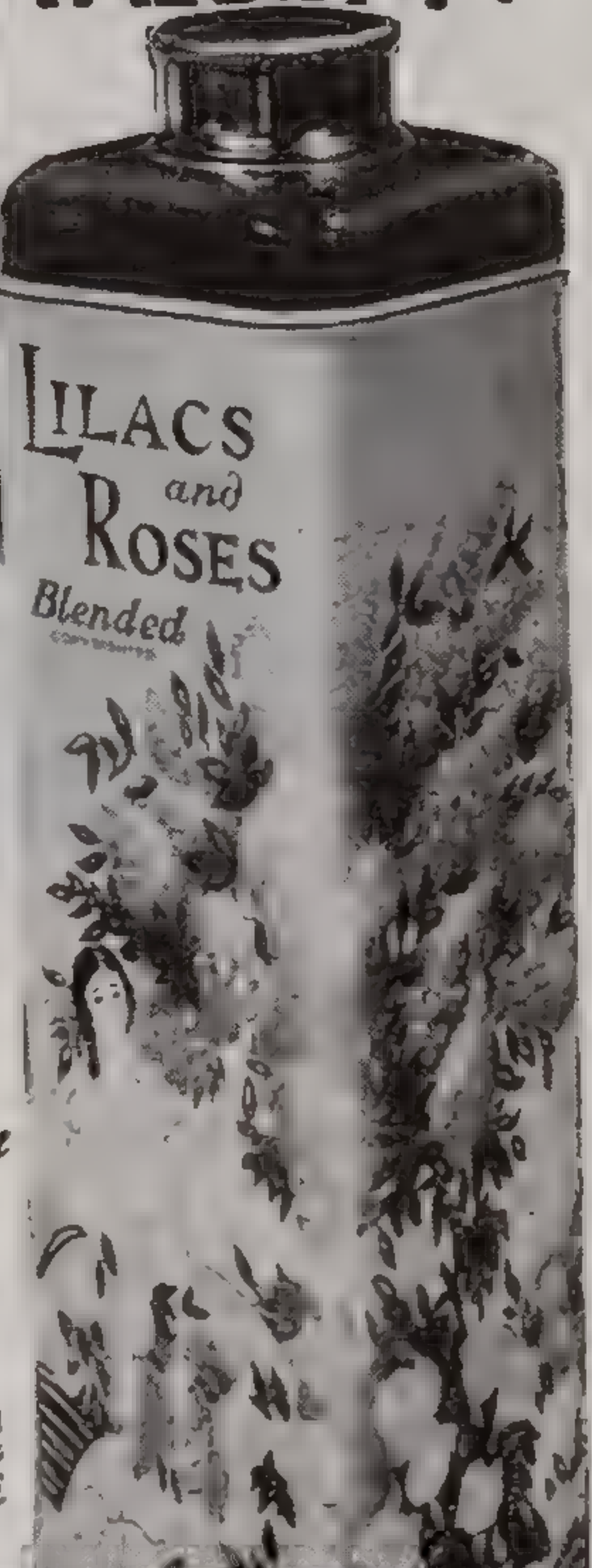
Let's Have Better Radio Plays

(Continued from page 45)

YOU ARE FUSSY ABOUT COLD CREAM



what about
your
TALCUM?



Be as fussy about Talcum Powder as you are of any cosmetic. You're sure to get the best if you insist on LANDER'S BLENDED TALC—*nothing finer!* Take your pick of our 5 Exclusive Double-Blends

Lilacs & Roses
Lavender & Pine
Sweet Pea & Gardenia
Orchids & Orange Blossom
Carnation & Lily O' the Valley

10¢ Each blend protected by U. S. copyright **AT DIME STORES**

Lander
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ITCH

STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, anti-septic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. 40 years world-wide success. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

A CORN MUST COME OUT—ROOT AND ALL

It's like a TACK in your toe!

TO TAKE a tack out of your toe you wouldn't saw the head off and leave the rest of the tack in. You'd draw it out entirely, point and all.

Your corn is like a tack in your toe! If you just pare the head off, you leave the rest of the corn to grow again—larger, uglier, more painful. Draw it all out—swiftly, safely, gently—with Blue-Jay! For Blue-Jay removes root and all. And there's no danger of infection.



Pain stops instantly—corn lifts out

The instant you apply double-action Blue-Jay the pain stops—like magic. Then quickly the corn loosens, lifts out, is gone! Why suffer needlessly? Costs only 4c to end worst corn. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive that cannot stick to stockings. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

expression and fulfillment of these ideas I have conceived and boiled down to practicalities."

When asked which she would prefer to do, programs commercially sponsored, or sustaining, her instant response was:

"Certainly I believe that commercially sponsored programs are the best way in which to bring the listeners more worthwhile dramatic programs. Fine things are expensive but they are more largely appreciated. Remember that I said radio must have fine directors, authors and actors, and the best artists cost more money than the sustaining budgets will stand, I'm sure."

"And I believe," she continued, "that the sponsor gets greater response in sales if the programs are as fine as possible. I believe the success of the Lux program bears out my statement."

These opinions demonstrate the sound-

ness of the judgment which directs the activities of this young woman.

"I've found in listening to others and in my own broadcasting, one thing about radio which has impressed me greatly. *One can't lie, or be insincere over the air in acting.* The very sensitivity of the medium intensifies and magnifies the quality of sincerity. Insincerity is even more readily detected. An emotion honestly portrayed is instantly apparent in the voice on the radio. That is an amazing and admirable demand which radio makes on dramatic artists. It is this peculiarity which intrigues me," Miss Le Gallienne went on.

She explained that the same flair or feeling for the absolutely right phrasing and timing which comes to the actor after years of study and practice in the theatre is of immense value in radio work.

"The delicate juggling of words and



Twinkler, Winkler, little star! Betty Winkler, 21-year-old actress, holds the ingenue spotlight on a number of dramatic programs originating in NBC's Chicago studios. Betty probably is best known for her playing of the telephone operator on the Grand Hotel program, heard Sundays over NBC network.

RADIO STARS

tones, shading and accenting, to convey meaning and to maintain stimulated interest are the tools we borrow from the stage and bring to radio to hold the audience attention," said the actress, smiling at the suggestion that this sounds like a magician exposing his illusions, "You see, when a voice is flat and monotonous, especially on a speaking program, the listener's interest wanes, the attention is lost and the whole effort goes for naught. The voice must be constantly arresting and freshly intriguing to hold the unseen listener's interest.

"All in all, it's a promising medium," Miss Le Gallienne continued. "And I do believe I'd like to use it on a protracted scale for the fulfillment of certain ideas."

These ideas embody her convictions about repertory. The radio use of the repertory idea, as conceived by Miss Le Gallienne, probably would be even more interesting than it has been in the theatre because of the millions who can be reached over the air as compared with thousands in the theatre.

"The most promising thought about radio work, to me, is the fact that I always have appealed to the younger audiences," said Miss Le Gallienne. "The advertising agencies are always looking for an appeal to 'the buying age brackets', which I understand are from eighteen to thirty-five. That means that the younger people, who comprise eighty per cent. of my audiences, and who would probably be attracted to my air programs, are the very audiences that are most valuable to sponsors."

Asked how many times she had been on the air, Miss Le Gallienne said: "Oh, innumerable times, but perhaps only half a dozen appearances before the microphone with dramatic presentations. Mostly speeches, of course, and a lot of interviews. A short time ago I did a scene from "The Swan," on Al Jolson's program. I was sandwiched in between an interview with Dizzy Dean and a scene of impersonations by Sheila Barrett. It was great fun and an interesting as well as illuminating test for me. It wasn't a condition under which a good, complete, sustained dramatic program could be given, but it was a valuable experience."

Miss Le Gallienne has never experienced "mike fright." This actress who has been appearing in one of the most difficult of all the Henrik Ibsen rôles, that of Rebecca West in "Rosmersholm," for several weeks in New York, says that she never has had the time to get frightened or nervous before the microphone. It is only the lack of control of one's imagination which permits "mike fright," she feels.

When asked if she had any immediate plans for a series such as she has in mind, she said that she had none definitely at the moment. Several offers for her appearance on programs have been considered but haven't offered the type of programs which she desires.

Miss Le Gallienne feels that the value of the radio as a cultural and educational force is immeasurable, and that it is awesome to consider what a force it may easily become.

Eva Le Gallienne was born in England, on January 11th, 1899, of an English father, Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, and a Danish mother, Julie Norregaard Le

Gallienne.

The Le Gallienne education had Paris as its locale, with the College Sévigné the final step in her academic work. Her theatrical career began, one might say, when she was taken to see the great Sarah Bernhardt in "The Sleeping Beauty," for it was from that moment on that the theatre became, in her own words, "One ultimate goal from which I never wavered for an instant; the Theatre—the power of the Theatre to spread beauty out into life." All this determination in a little girl of seven years gives some insight into the character of the Le Gallienne the Theatre knows today.

At fifteen, Eva Le Gallienne left Paris and went to England where she attended Sir Beerbohm Tree's Academy. In 1914 she made her first professional appearance on the stage in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." A few months later she experienced her first success on the stage, in the rôle of Elizabeth, a cockney slavey in "The Laughter of Fools."

With the end of this play's run, Miss Le Gallienne came to America, where her first appearance was as a colored maid in a play entitled "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters." Following her appearance in several more or less unimportant productions, she scored an outstanding success in "Not So Long Ago," and followed this with her sensational hit rôles as Julie in "Liliom," and as the Princess Alexandria in "The Swan."

At the end of a long engagement in "The Swan," both in New York and on the road, Miss Le Gallienne decided to become her own manager and producer and 1926 marked the establishment of The Civic Repertory Theatre, where she produced over thirty plays that included the works of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Tchekov, Barrie, Dumas, Molnar, Glaspell, Heijermans, The Quinteros, Molière and Sierra.

Productions in the Civic Repertory Theatre were played at popular prices and attracted audiences which taxed its capacity, up to 1933 when financial conditions forced Miss Le Gallienne temporarily to forego the occupancy of this theatre.

The free school of the theatre which Miss Le Gallienne also had established in connection with the Civic Repertory Theatre venture was also discontinued at the same time. It was to this school that students of the stage were admitted by competition entirely. The number of students was limited and the school was absolutely tuition free.

Miss Le Gallienne has written her own biography under the title, "At 33." It is a best seller in the non-fiction class, I'm told.

She also has done her own translation of "Rosmersholm" direct from Ibsen's own Dano-Norwegian language.

She has received more significant honors than any other member of the theatrical profession. She has honorary degrees from Tufts, Russell Sage and Smith Colleges; she received the 1926 Pictorial Review Prize of five thousand dollars, awarded annually for the outstanding accomplishment by an American woman; she was the first woman to receive the gold medal of the Society of Arts and Sciences for "vitally affecting our national culture."

THE END



Griffin Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TYPEWRITER
PORTABLES
10¢ a Day • Easy Terms
REMINGTON-UNDERWOOD, ETC.,
and easy terms on limited
supply only. All brand new, up-to-date
— 4 row keyboard. Fully Guaranteed.

Brand New NOW \$17.95
SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial ONLY \$1.75 & UP
Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with
10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt
office models on FREE trial offer. LIBERAL ALLOWANCE—on
your old typewriter during this sale.

231 W. Monroe St.
International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 461, Chicago

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

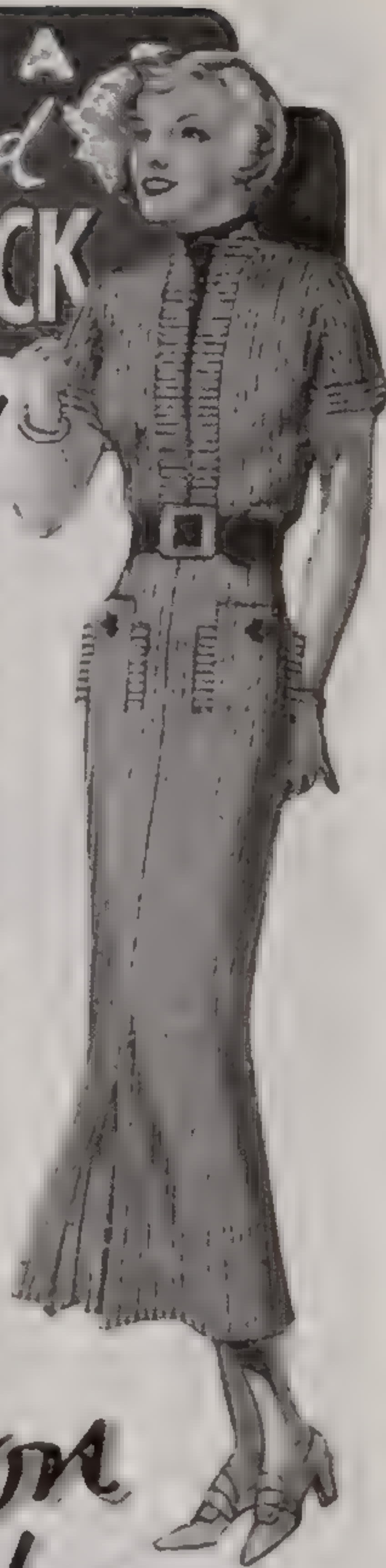
**SHE'S WEARING A
Smart Styled
FASHION FROCK**

Yet She Saves Money

She is a wise woman who knows both style and value. She selected this new spring Fashion Frock from the local Fashion Frock representative in her town who sold these lovely dresses direct from the great Fashion Frock factory. In this way she secured the smartest dresses and saved money.

A substantial saving is always assured you because Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores but only this one way—DIRECT to you through the local Fashion Frock representative.

And you are certain of securing the most authentic styles because Fashion Frock stylists are constantly in touch with the style centers of the world and bring to Fashion Frocks the very newest style trends. We suggest you let the Fashion Frock representative show you these stunning new spring dresses. Drop us a post card and we will have her call upon you and show you the lovely Fashion Frocks in the comfort of your home.



Fashion Frocks

No. 635
Woven—
Striped
Suede—Pique
\$3.98

Special Work for Women

Ambitious women can make good incomes as our representatives and get their own dresses without extra cost. No investment or experience necessary. If you are interested write us fully giving dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. DD-250
Cincinnati, O.

Sam Hearn, Schlepperman of the Jack Benny programs on NBC, can say: "Hello, Stranger," in seventeen languages: French, Russian, German, Armenian, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Finnish, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Turkish, Greek, Hindustani, Cantonese, Japanese, Eskimo and English!

GREATEST MOUTH WASH
VALUE IN AMERICA!

MIEFLIN
Antiseptic
MOUTH WASH

Large SIZE **20¢**

4 oz. SIZE **10¢**

AT LEADING 5c and 10c CHAIN STORES



Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 11)

understand and respond sensitively to good music."

That makes us feel better! Hopefully we give the dial another twist.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—

When Nelson Eddy, Helen Jepson and Ann Jamison were struggling to get a break on the air, they were auditioned—and rejected—by the "Show Boat" directors.

Frank Munn is conceded by other singers to have the truest ear in radio.

There are no women gag writers for radio comedians.

George Frame Brown's collie, "Mr. Pooch"—claimed to be "the smartest dog that ever lived," wakes the family if they don't get up in time. He visits each bedroom, paws at the bed covers. If there's no response, he licks the exposed faces. If that doesn't work, he gets on the bed,

lies down beside the slumberer and gives a hearty push with his paws.

E. R. Johnstone, author of CBS' "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," offers advice to aspiring writers who want to know how to get a script produced on the air. "First you write the script. Then you find an agency that has a sponsor looking for the type of script you have written and who is willing to pay the price you ask."

That's all there is to it!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!

Leap Year is spinning along, girls! Just to be helpful—here are some of the eligible bachelors of the airwaves:

Rudy Vallee, Frank Parker, Nelson Eddy, Rubinoff, Harry Salter, Ted Husing, Howard Clancy, Jimmy Farrell, Henry King, Bob Crosby, Richard Himber, Freddie Rich, Andre Kostelanetz, Nino Martini, Joe Morrison, Igor Gorin, Robert L. Ripley, Buddy Rogers, Robert Simmons, Vincent Lopez, Colonel Stoopnagle and Alexander Woollcott.



Here the camera takes us to Captain Tim Healy's workshop, where he is shown taking the first step in the creation of one of those absorbing stories behind the stamps. Captain Tim has found an interesting stamp around which to build a story and is giving it careful scrutiny, for even the minutest detail in its make-up might tell an interesting story.

RADIO STARS

FIRST STEPS TOWARD FAME

Frank Munn, tenor star of the American Album of Familiar Music, once earned three dollars a week as shuttle-boy in an embroidery factory. The rhythmic hum of the machines led him to hum with them—and thus he discovered the "golden voice."

Gabriel Heatter, whose week-end news reviews are a popular NBC-WJZ feature, became a reporter at the age of thirteen for a Brooklyn, N. Y., daily. Two years later, because of a news "scoop," he won an important job on a New York daily.

Parks Johnson, who with Jerry Belcher, conducts NBC's "Voice of the People" broadcasts, earned his first money in a furniture factory.

Maestro Frank Tours, of John Charles Thomas' program, earned his first money while attending the Royal College of Music in London, as a church organist. Now he is one of Broadway's outstanding conductors.

Edward MacHugh, the "Gospel Singer," whose fan mail runs to over two thousand letters a month, owes the discovery of his voice to the Governor General of Canada. MacHugh was born in Dundee, Scotland, but his widowed mother brought her family of seven children to Canada, where Edward did odd jobs to help support them. He was taking tickets at a reception at the Royal Hunts Club when it was discovered that there was no one to sing "God Save the King," when the Governor General and guests of honor arrived. Edward volunteered to sing. Result: he was invited to sing the next day at the home of Sir Mortimer Davis, which, again, resulted in his being sent to London to have his voice trained.

INTERESTING FACTS

Frank Parker, tenor star of that CBS gasoline show, did a 220-yard dash in top hat and tails through a Broadway throng the other night, when, almost at air time, his car stalled for lack of gas.

Helen Pickens spends all her spare time knitting. Even during intermissions on the air her fingers are busy with the longest needles ever seen around the studio.

During his three years on the air, Captain Tim Healy has enrolled over 2,500,000 in his radio stamp club. Captain Tim, who has thrilled millions of radio listeners with his stories behind stamps, has decided to publish these stories in book form. However, you still can hear them on the air, as he has just signed a new 52-weeks' contract with the soap people.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit now are in their sixth year of broadcasting for the same sponsor, and over the CBS network.

Leslie Howard's radio audience mail includes a large percentage of letters from his English fans, who are short-wave listeners.

Before becoming one of America's radio favorites, Kate Smith once served as a nurse.

HE WANTED NO MARRIAGE TIES

"I don't trust women!" he told her.

Women were cheats!
Women were chisellers!

Dr. Frank Hare could not hide the bitterness he felt toward all women.

For five long years Stacia Babcock had tried in vain to break down the wall he had built around his heart. And then he spoke, at last, of love. *But he did not believe in marriage.* Stacia did not argue with him . . . She knew the futility of that. But always she hoped for a miracle of understanding between herself and the temperamental, moody man beside her. But there seemed no sense even in hoping. Already they were miles apart, hating each other while reluctantly loving . . . each stubbornly clinging to a different idea of what love really meant.

Could this girl sacrifice her ideals, her dreams, to keep the love of this man? Read the thrilling novelette, "WHY THE WEDDING RING?" in the April issue

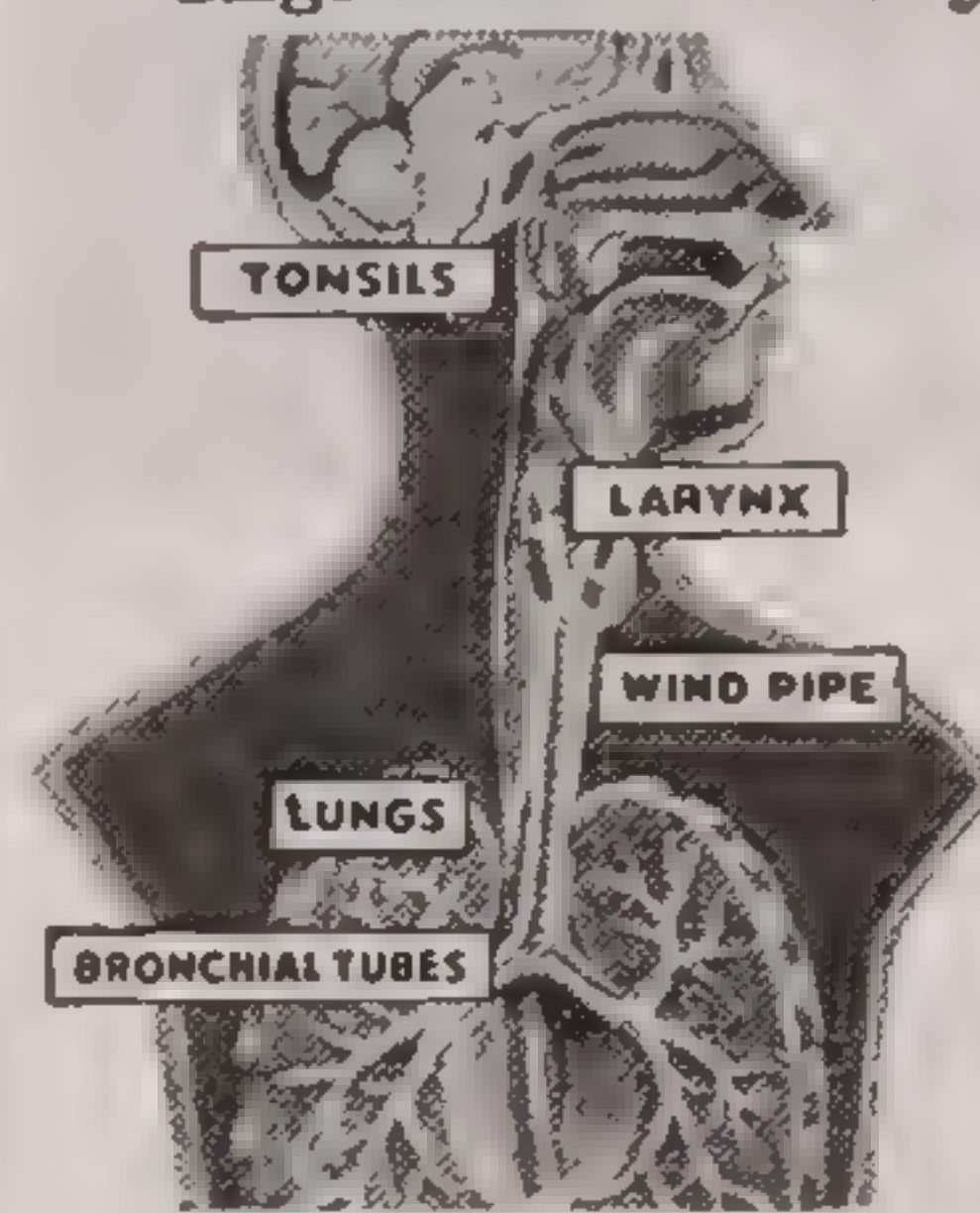
*Sweetheart
Stories*

Now on Sale Everywhere . . 10c

In a single year . . . **OVER
1,000,000
PRESCRIPTIONS**
were filled for **PERTUSSIN**

—because it relieves
Coughs safely

OVER a million doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year. This estimate is based on the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Assn.



When you cough, it's usually because tiny moisture glands in throat and bronchial tubes have clogged or dried. Infectious phlegm collects, irritates—you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture freely. Sticky phlegm loosens and is easily raised.

Get a bottle. All druggists.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name _____
Address _____ RS-4

LOWELL THOMAS SAYS: "Nothing known is unknown to the indeterminate millions who listen in on a radio program."

Again... MIDWEST LEADS!

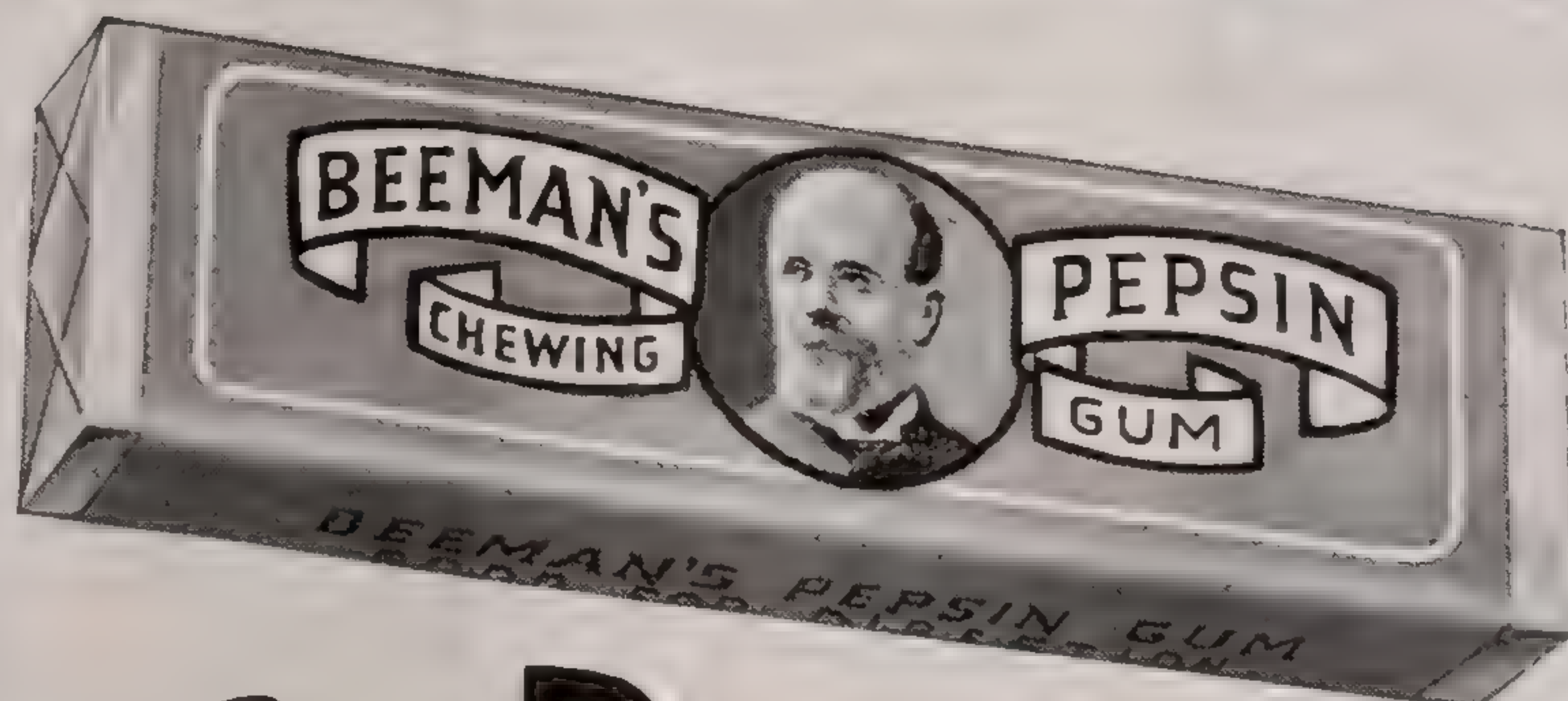
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SEE this bigger, better, more powerful, super selective "concert" tone, 14-tube, 5-band radio. Out-performs ordinary \$150.00 sets. Over 50 advanced features. Secures American, Canadian, police, amateur, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . and finest world-wide foreign programs. Foreign reception guarantee. Money-back guarantee. 30-day FREE trial plan. Factory-to-you saves you 50%. Write today for FREE 40-page catalog.

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Dept. 17L (16 Years of Radio Leadership) Cincinnati, Ohio



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delicious**

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RADIO STARS



You can't expect to have a peaches-and-cream complexion unless you maintain regular habits of elimination.

Don't let more than one day go by without coming to Nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are mild and gentle and non-habit-forming. They bring about the desired result promptly.

Accumulated body waste is an enemy of health and beauty. Get rid of stored-up poisons quickly by taking a beauty laxative.

Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.



For Local Irritation
to quickly relieve the
stinging torment, women
use mild, soothing -
Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 4E, Balto. Md.



AERO POLISH works modern magic on your furniture just as its famous companion item AEROWAX has worked magic on millions of floors. AERO POLISH renews original beauty and lustre. Works fast—cleans and polishes instantly. Other polishes promise—AERO POLISH acts! Backed by a positive money-back guarantee! AERO POLISH is also a companion product to AEROMIX, the safe paint cleaner—and AEROMOPS. Try AERO POLISH. Satisfaction guaranteed or price refunded. At dealers' everywhere.



POLISH

Made by MIDWAY CHEMICAL COMPANY, Chicago

On May 23rd, Richard Crooks, operatic and radio tenor, will sail for Australia to keep fifty engagements—the first being scheduled for June 16th.

SHORT SHORTS

Rose Bampton, opera contralto, is the American born daughter of Samuel W. Bampton, an Englishman by birth, who now is a Buffalo business man. Her mother is an American of Mayflower ancestry.

Eddie Cantor was born January 31st, 1893, over a Russian Tea Room in the heart of New York's East Side. Orphaned at two, he was raised by his grandmother. He prefers radio to any other field of entertainment.

Her charm and graciousness make Irene Rich one of the best liked of the dramatic players in the studio. Her sympathies are always responsive to any worthy cause or person.

Apart from her radio work, Gogo DeLys, CBS songstress, loves skiing, is an expert swimmer, plays sterling golf and tennis. She was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone, are rated as one of the happiest married couples among professionals.

Her mother and friends call her "Ding." She lives in an ivy-covered English stucco house in Westchester. She is an expert swimmer and horsewoman. Incidentally, she sings and dances—she is Eleanor Powell, star of "The Flying Red Horse Tavern."

Gloria Grafton, singing ingenue of the Jumbo-Firechief show, is the daughter of a Seattle broker. A sister, Billie, is soloist with a dance band. Another sister, Portia, now married and retired, formerly was an Albertina Rasch dancer.

The man responsible for the success of a radio star is the control-room engineer, declares Hendrik William van Loon. "He brushes and combs and shampoos our voices," says Van Loon, "and undulates and perfumes them, until they are fit to go forth into the universe without disturbing the fine balance of the planetary system. He is the man upon whom we all depend for our ultimate success."

THE PERIPATETIC PENNSYLVANIANS

On Friday, January 17th, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians began an extended vaudeville tour which carried them approximately 5,000 miles to play before more than 700,000 people, before returning to Radio City February 28th.

The tour was made in two special Pullmans with a private baggage car. Twelve filing cases of music were taken along. The organization was accompanied by NBC engineers to supervise the broadcasting of their programs.

In addition to playing five performances daily at theatres along the route, they rehearsed their musical numbers, gave their 9:30 p.m. broadcast, with the repeat broadcast at midnight for the West Coast. The rest of the time they

did as they pleased!

The Waring stars include Tom Waring, Fred's brother and baritone soloist; the singing Lane sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla; the Waring Glee Club; frog-voiced Poley McClintock, scat singer Johnny Davis; Stella and the Fellas; Curley Cockerill, saxophonist and English dialectician; Stuart Churchill, featured singer, with Tubby Hanlon, Gene Conklin and Ferne, the Waring violiniste.

WINIFRED CECIL

Meet "Show Boat's" new leading lady.

This young American soprano was born August 31st, 1909, in Staten Island, New York. She received her early education from private tutors and later was a student at the Philadelphia Academy and Trinity College in Washington. Her first public performance was in a boarding-school play, in which, since one of the players suddenly became ill, she performed two rôles. With the result that her classmates predicted a professional career for her.

After graduating from the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, Winifred studied with Mrs. Theodore Toedt and Madame Marcella Sembrich. Later, in 1934, she went to London, where she attracted attention with a command performance before Princess Alice of Athlone.

Continuing her studies abroad, she sang in concert in England, France, Germany and Spain. Returning to this country, she was singing in the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre chorus when she auditioned for and won the coveted rôle of leading lady for "Show Boat."

Winifred has won several cups for her ability in tennis. Also she is an accomplished bridge player. Next to becoming a great singer, her ambition is to make an extensive tour of the Orient and to visit the Grand Canyon. She spends most of her vacations in the mountains of New York state.

BREVITIES

His bandmen call Paul Whiteman "Pappy," a term of affection which pleases Paul . . . Helen Jepson is regarded as one of the least temperamental of stars . . . Maestro Mark Warnow is an enthusiast about hypnotism . . . Leslie Howard is the author of many stories, essays and plays . . . Eleanor Powell has a pedigreed cocker spaniel called "Ruggles" . . . Myrtle ("Myrt and Marge") Vail was born January 7th, in Joliet, Illinois . . . James Melton is rated as one of the best amateur cooks in the country . . . Lennie Hayton has conducted more bands than he has lived years. He was born February 13th, 1908 . . . Kate Smith, aged eleven, sang for President Wilson at the White House, and Speaker Longworth predicted a brilliant future for her . . . The first broadcast of The American Album of Familiar Music was October 11th, 1931. . . Nelson Eddy thinks movies are an excellent school for opera people . . . Lucy Monroe has declined to answer the clarion call of the cinema . . . Jimmy Durante, as "Brainy Bowers" of Jumbo, so impressed a New England fan with his press agent characterization that he was offered the job of ballyhooing a winter carnival in New

RADIO STARS

FIVE COMPLETE NOVELS IN ONE MAGAZINE!

Adventure goes to China in *Spy Killer*, a thrilling and colorful novel by L. Ron Hubbard. Kurt Boyd, forced to bargain for his life, accepts a mission for Lin Wang, whose Death Squad strikes terror into the heart of all China . . .

Mystery in William Bruner's thriller, *The Murder Frame*, giving you the story of Officer Terry North patrolling the California highway and risking his life to solve a strange mystery.

Sport heads into the prize ring with Edmund DuPerrier's story of Bill Bailey, who after defeat at the hands of a tricky opponent, goes back to the sticks and waits for his chance to *Fight 'Em Again!*

Western—Al Martin is back with *Guns Across the Trail*, a Western romance with the speed, force and stirring beat of drama that make his range stories top-notch.

Romance in the Caribbean with Reg Dinmore's *In Golden Lagoons*, an exciting story of the quest of treasure and a race against time and enemies powerful and relentless.

Read these thrilling stories in the April **FIVE NOVELS**
NOW ON SALE

Hampshire . . . Phil Baker once was invited to play his accordion with the Boston Symphony Orchestra . . . Ted Powell, banjoist in the Abe Lyman's "Melodiana" and composer of "Boots and Saddle," never has been astride a horse nor in Texas . . . Helen Pickens has a dog and cat that eat out of the same bowl . . .

EDITORIAL

Our policy in RADIO STARS Magazine is to present to you each month unusual and authoritative stories of people who are known to you all through their connection with radio, opera, the theatre, movies or books—people unique in their special spheres, whose names are famous and whose views on radio are important.

The response to this policy of ours has been generous and heart-warming. Even these stars of the world of entertainment, themselves, have been delighted with our stories of them.

Here are some of their comments on stories in this issue:

AMOS 'N' ANDY ("*Eternally Yours*," Page 40) said heartily: "It's a damned good story. If it weren't, we wouldn't let you get out of this office with it. We think it's the best that's ever been written about us."

MARY PICKFORD ("*Welcome to Pickfair*," Page 26) expressed herself as being "very enthusiastic" about the story, which gives her sincere opinions regarding radio, her views on censorship, her hopes for her own future and special usefulness in radio.

EVA LEGALLIENNE ("*Let's Have Better Radio Plays*," Page 44) declared that she was more than pleased with Mr. Spooner's presentation of her ideas concerning radio.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE ("*The Master of Sunnybank*," Page 32) wrote us: "My thanks and compliments on one of the very best interviews of the several hundred which have been written about my inconsequential self. . . . I haven't a single criticism nor suggestion for the changing of a single word."

We haven't space to quote more this month—but, with these, it scarcely is necessary to add our assurance that when you read a story in RADIO STARS you may feel confident of its accuracy and know that it satisfies not only our own high standards but those of its subject—and, we hope, your own conception of what a good story should be.

TRAIL BLAZERS

Who are the trail-blazers of radio? Hal Kemp, bandman, busy in his files, submits the following list:

First crooner: Whispering Jack Smith.
First comedian's stooge: Rubinoff.
First to play jazz on Sunday: Ernie Golden.

First to use theme song: Happiness Boys.

First comedian to kid sponsor: Jack Benny.

First amateur hour: N. T. G.'s studio parties on WHN.

First movie star to make good in radio: Al Jolson.

First radio star to make good in movies: Jack Benny.

First razzing of America: George Bernard Shaw.

First razzing of Britain: George Bernard Shaw.



**"Yes, Madam—
NOT ONLY THAT,
THEY GIVE ADDED
PROTECTION, AND
ARE SO CONVENIENT
AND DEPENDABLE."**

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SOUND reasoning and commonsense recommend the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

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PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets are non-caustic, stainless, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a long-acknowledged fact that they offer the practical, commonsense answer to the problem of

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The Price of the Regular Size
Tube of 12 Tablets Is \$1.00

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
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Here's How I
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ITCHING**
In Seconds!

DON't despair if maddening itch has defied old-fashioned lotions, salves and kept you in squirming torture. A treatment has been discovered that itch sufferers call "a blessing from heaven." It's known as Hydrosal; vitally new, different in principle. Amazing relief for angry rashes, eczema, athlete's foot, itchy pimples, poison ivy. Itching stops in record time. Smarting and burning disappear. Promotes natural healing. Get Hydrosal from your druggist today. Liquid or Ointment, 30 cent or 60 cent sizes.

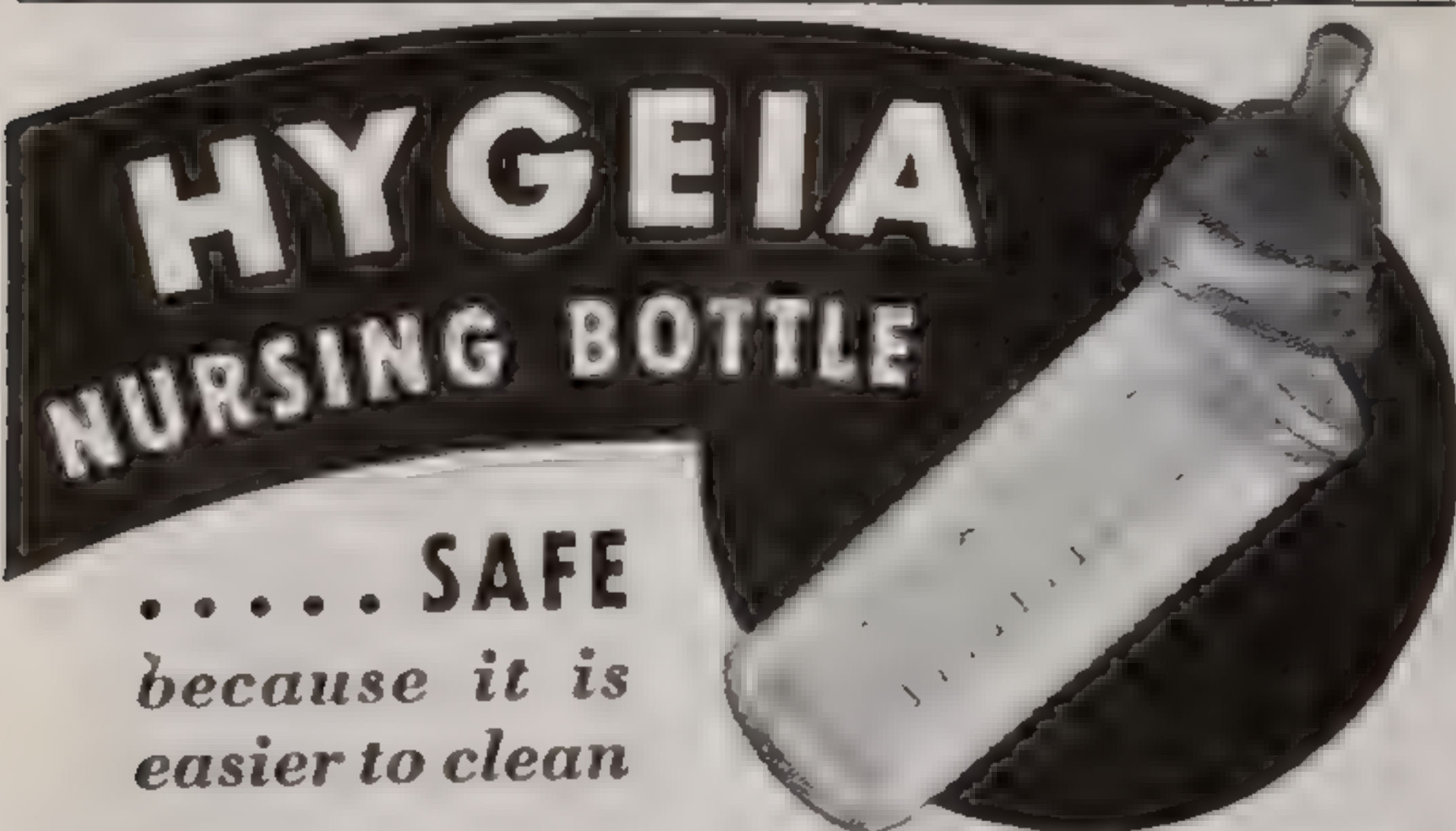
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Happy Baby!

GETS OLIVE OIL IN HIS POWDER!



YOUR baby will be happier and more comfortable with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. Z.B.T. has the unique advantage of olive oil, which makes it cling longer, and *resist moisture better*. Gentle to tender, touchy skins, its superior smoothness (what the doctors call "slip") prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25c and 50c sizes.



The All-Copper, Sponge-Cushioned Pot-Cleaner.

I'm the CHORE GIRL

otherwise known as "Jenny-on-the-job". The things I do—and do quickly—you hate to do. Day after day I make shiny-bright all the pots, pans and oven glass. No grease, grime or oven-burn remain on kitchen-ware when I'm on the job. No more keeping your hands in greasy, hot water an extra half-hour every day. And on bread and pastry boards I'm a knock-out. I can make a wooden floor look like the deck of a battleship in jig-time. I'm hard on dirt but easy and safe on hands. Better put me to work at 10c per month.

METAL TEXTILE CORP.
Orange, N. J.



BEFORE

We hope this message may bring for you the decision *now* to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Hubinger Co., number 276, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".



AFTER



Studio Sidelights

(Continued from page 9)



A real "Welcome to Pickfair"—Mary Pickford greets Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, at a party which she gave in honor of Lady Mendl.

Helen Hayes, star of the "New Penny," cites as the height of understatement an excerpt from a letter she received recently: "We listen to your broadcasts every week. Please make another movie soon, if it is not too much trouble."

When Lawrence Tibbett rehearses, he concentrates on the music and improvises the lyrics. Recently, in perfect voice for a difficult aria, he bellowed: "Good morning, man, have you seen what the stock market's doing?" The cymbal player took the cue for a tremendous crash!

Dorothy Lamour, NBC's "Dreamer of

Songs," started her public career by winning a beauty contest in her native New Orleans. The odd thing about it was Dorothy didn't want to be a contestant. Friends entered her name and photographs and she was selected Queen of the May.

Lowell Thomas, NBC news commentator, estimates that he has received from 200,000 to more than 260,000 letters each day for the past five years.

Phil Baker says radio comedians winter at the Florida beaches in order to watch their drawing power bring in the tides.

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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I'M NOT AN EXPERT YET.

But I CAN MAKE
Excellent Coffee
the Drip-O-lator way

Not even the very young home manager need marvel at the expert, just-right coffee making skill of the experienced hostess. With the genuine Drip-O-lator, any one can be an expert. Many smart new models are available at popular prices. But be sure you get the genuine with the name Drip-O-lator in the base.

THE ENTERPRISE ALUMINUM CO.
MASSILLON - - - OHIO



THE GENUINE DRIP-O-LATOR IS SOLD BY ALL
LEADING CHAIN, DEPARTMENT & RETAIL STORES

APPROVED WAY
TO TINT
GRAY
HAIR

...and Look 10
Years Younger



Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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POSLAM
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New 40 hour
Week Means Many
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Appointments
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pon today
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Sirs: Rush to me without charge,
(1) 32-page book with list of many
U. S. Government Big Pay Jobs,
(2) Tell me how to get one of these
jobs.

Name.....
Address.....

RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)



FRED: Stage actors certainly have a hard time these days.

PORTLAND: I'll say. I saw one who was so seedy he wouldn't be safe in a canary's cage.

(**FRED ALLEN** and **PORTLAND HOFFA**, *Town Hall Tonight*.)

MORAN: Say, how did you get that scar under your eye?

VAN: I got that for kissing the bride after the ceremony.

MORAN: Why that's the proper procedure . . . always kiss the bride after the ceremony.

VAN: Yeah . . . but this was two years after the ceremony.

(**MORAN** and **VAN**, *Shell Chateau*.)

M.C.: Why in the world should your mother be mad because your father bought her a washing machine for Christmas?

MAMIE: Because every time she gets in it the paddles spank her.

M.C.: Doesn't your mother know what the machine is there for?

MAMIE: Yeah . . . for about a month, till the installment man comes and takes it away!

(**MAMIE** and **Master of Ceremonies**, *Design for Listening*.)

EDDIE: I'm angry with Ida.

JIMMIE: What happened?

EDDIE: Clark Gable had dinner with us, and he kissed Ida's cheek.

JIMMIE: Yes, but that happened six weeks ago.

EDDIE: I know . . . but she hasn't washed her face since!

JIMMIE: Gee, Eddie, your mind is working like a dynamo.

EDDIE: You know why? My father was an electrician.

JIMMIE: Yes . . . and I'll bet you were his first shock.

(**EDDIE CANTOR** and **JIMMIE WALLINGTON**, *Pebeco Program*.)

PICK: Sonny boy, does you know anything at all about the bull?

PAT: I ought to . . . after listenin' to you all these years.

PICK: Now don't get excited . . . use your head.

PAT: I always use my head.

PICK: What for?

PAT: To put my hat on.

(**PICK** AND **PAT**, *One Night Stands*.)

GRACIE: I even remember the day I was born . . . and I'll never forget the surprised look on the doctor's face when I looked up and said: "Doctor . . . what am I?—a boy or a girl?"

GEORGE: On the day you were born . . . you looked up at the doctor and said: "Am I a boy or a girl?"

GRACIE: Yeah.

GEORGE: And what did the doctor say?

GRACIE: The doctor looked down, and he said: "Little baby . . . what else could you be?"

(**GEORGE BURNS** and **GRACIE ALLEN**, *Campbell Program*.)

ST. BERNARD PSRAW: I wish to say to this audience of morons that I have made only one mistake on this lecture trip. You see, I am making a trip around the world, but since I am St. Bernard Pshaw, I should have made the world take a trip around me!

(**CUCKOO PROGRAM**.)

RAY KNIGHT: The phrase, "Microphone Technique" comes from the Latin, "Microphonicus Technocracy". MIC—pronounced "Mike"—indicating a preponderance of Pat and Mike jokes on the air; RO is for Shad Row where the inventor of the microphone lived; PHONI meaning you know what; CUS from what the listening audience does to a radio program, and TECHNOCRACY . . . whatever became of Technocracy, anyway?

(**RAY KNIGHT**, in *Cuckoo Program*.)

GEORGE: Gracie, I think you're nuts. . . . I think your brother's nuts . . . and that Milton Watson's a double crosser.

GRACIE: I know that . . . but maybe you don't know that he's an Oxford man.

GEORGE: Who? Milton Watson?

GRACIE: No . . . my brother.

GEORGE: Your brother is an Oxford man?

GRACIE: Yeah . . . a bootblack.

(**GEORGE BURNS** and **GRACIE ALLEN**, *Campbell Tomato Juice Program*.)



BOB BURNS: Someone said you could buy a wife for fifty cents in foreign countries. My uncle said: "Well, if she's a good wife she's worth it." But he didn't feel like puttin' out the money just then because he hadn't been working for some time. We didn't know just how long he had been out of work, because we couldn't find his birth certificate.

(**BOB BURNS**, on *Kraft Music Hall*.)

BOTTLE: In your accordion, does the music go 'round and 'round?

BAKER: Yes.

BOTTLE: Then why must it come out here?

(**PHIL BAKER** and **BOTTLE**, *Gulf Program*.)

MARY: Oh, Jack, I got the cutest little puppy dog from a movie actor friend of mine!

JACK: Oh, a little dog, eh? Is he a Fox Terrier?

MARY: No, he works for Paramount.

JACK: What gave you the idea that your father was deaf?

MARY: He thinks the boiler factory next door is his wrist watch.

(**JACK BENNY** and **MARY LIVINGSTONE**, *Jello Program*.)

ELSIE: I gotta run along now. I gotta get a bag of soup.

M.C.: A BAG of soup?

ELSIE: Yeah . . . but don't tell anybody. I don't want it to leak out!

(**DESIGN FOR LISTENING** program.)

GIRL: You ought to take singing lessons from me. Everyone says I have the largest repertoire in town.

EDDIE: You should go on a diet.

WALLINGTON: Eddie, how did you like the show where the girl danced in a coat of gold paint?

EDDIE: Ask my uncle. He saw her dance twelve times and he's gonna see her again tonight.

WALLINGTON: Why?

EDDIE: He figures sooner or later she'll go off the gold standard.

(**EDDIE CANTOR** and **JIMMIE WALLINGTON**, *Pebeco Program*.)

HANDSOME,
LUSTROUS

11 5/16 INCHES LONG -
DISTINCTIVE PATTERN



"A smart serving tray of a thousand uses," says Jonel Jorgulesco, famous New York designer, "perfect for tomato cocktails... for little cakes, sandwiches, bread... for cream and sugar... or on one's dresser. The design and weight are excellent."

"A \$1.25 VALUE"

"I shopped several leading department stores in New York and Philadelphia and found similar trays selling at \$1.25 to \$1.50—in no case less than \$1.25."

FRANCES ROGERS,
Research Investigator
145 95th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
January 3, 1936

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the \$1.25 chromium-plated serving tray we make this guarantee: If, within two weeks after buying this tray, you are not *entirely satisfied*, you may return the tray in good condition to us, and we will refund you the full 25¢ you paid for it. THE BORDEN COMPANY

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—ACT NOW!

\$1.25 Serving Tray

IN HEAVY CHROMIUM PLATE—VERIFIED VALUE

for

25¢

And the labels from two (2)
cans of Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk

TRY **EAGLE BRAND** FOR MAGIC SHORT-CUT COOKING:

Magic! Just 2 ingredients!

COCONUT MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut
Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.



Magic! Made in 5 minutes! Failure-proof!

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water
Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake (bought or home-made). Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with the amazing *magic* pies, frostings, puddings, cookies and candies that you can make in entirely new *magic* short-cut ways with Eagle Brand. You'll find an astonishingly *magic* recipe on every Eagle Brand wrapper and label. And at the left are two *magic* recipes you'll use again and again!

*Save \$1.00 by
prompt action!*

Don't delay. You can have the \$1.25 Serving Tray pictured above for only 25¢ and two Eagle Brand Sweetened Con-

densed Milk labels*, if you'll act at once. Please understand that this tray is in highly polished chromium plating—on a durable nickel-plated steel base. This amazing offer holds good for a limited time only. Use coupon at the lower right.

Free Cook Book

Along with the tray you get a whole cook book of *magic* recipes—for cookies, pies, puddings, candies, frostings, salad dressings and delicious ice creams.



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THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. MM-46
2901 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed are two (2) Eagle Brand labels and 25¢, in coin, for which please send me the chromium-plated tray of verified \$1.25 value with money-back guarantee as specified in your advertisement. Also please send your free Magic cook book.

If you live in Canada, send two Eagle Brand labels and 50¢ to The Borden Co., Ltd., Yardley House, Toronto, Ont.

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*Please note: The label required for this offer is the inner Eagle Brand label, not the loose, outer wrapper.



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*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS